FRIEDRICH SCHILLER'S WORKS

THE ROBBERS

FIESCO

LOVE AND INTRIGUE



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WITH FIVE ILLUSTRATIONS

LONDON
JOHN C. NIMMO, LTD.
14 KING WILLIAM STREET, STRAND
MDCCCCIII

Schiller's Preface

As prefixed to the first edition of The Robbers, published in 1781.

THIS play is to be regarded merely as a dramatic narrative in which, for the purpose of tracing out the innermost workings of the soul, advantage has been taken of the dramatic method, without otherwise conforming to the stringent rules of theatrical composition, or seeking the dubious advantage of stage adaptation. It must be admitted as somewhat inconsistent that three very remarkable people, whose acts are dependent on perhaps a thousand contingencies, should be completely developed within three hours, considering that it would scarcely be possible, in the ordinary course of events, that three such remarkable people should, even in twenty-four hours, fully reveal their characters to the most penetrating inquirer. A greater amount of incident is here crowded together than it was possible for me to confine within the narrow limits prescribed by Aristotle and Batteux.

It is, however, not so much the bulk of my play as its contents which banish it from the stage. Its scheme and economy require that several characters should appear who would offend the finer feelings of virtue and shock the delicacy of our manners. Every delineator of human character is placed in the same dilemma if he proposes to give a faithful picture of the world as it really is, and not an ideal phantasy, a mere creation of his own. It is the course of mortal things

that the good should be shadowed by the bad, and virtue shine the brightest when contrasted with vice. Whoever proposes to discourage vice and to vindicate religion, morality, and social order against their enemies, must unveil crime in all its deformity and place it before the eyes of men in its colossal magnitude; he must diligently explore its dark mazes, and make himself familiar with sentiments at the wickedness of which his soul revolts.

Vice is here exposed in its innermost workings. In Francis it resolves all the confused terrors of conscience into wild abstractions, destroys virtuous sentiments by dissecting them, and holds up the earnest voice of religion to mockery and scorn. He who has gone so far (a distinction by no means enviable) as to quicken his understanding at the expense of his soul — to him the holiest things are no longer holy; to him God and man are alike indifferent, and both worlds are as nothing. Of such a monster I have endeavoured to sketch a striking and lifelike portrait, to hold up to abhorrence all the machinery of his scheme of vice, and to test its strength by contrasting it with truth. How far my narrative is successful in accomplishing these objects the reader is left to judge. My conviction is that I have painted nature to the life.

Next to this man (Francis) stands another who would perhaps puzzle not a few of my readers. A mind for which the greatest crimes have only charms through the glory which attaches to them, the energy which their perpetration requires, and the dangers which attend them. A remarkable and important personage, abundantly endowed with the power of becoming either a Brutus or a Catiline, according as that power is directed. An unhappy conjunction of circumstances determines him to choose the latter for his example, and it is only after a fearful straying that he is recalled to emulate the former. Erroneous notions

of activity and power, an exuberance of strength which bursts through all the barriers of law, must of necessity conflict with the rules of social life. To these enthusiast dreams of greatness and efficiency it needed but a sarcastic bitterness against the unpoetic spirit of the age to complete the strange Don Quixote whom, in the Robber Moor, we at once detest and love, admire and pity. It is, I hope, unnecessary to remark that I no more hold up this picture as a warning exclusively to robbers than the greatest Spanish satire was levelled exclusively at knights errant.

It is nowadays so much the fashion to be witty at the expense of religion that a man will hardly pass for a genius if he does not allow his impious satire to run a tilt at its most sacred truths. The noble simplicity of holy writ must needs be abused and turned into ridicule at the daily assemblies of the so-called wits; for what is there so holy and serious that will not raise a laugh if a false sense be attached to it? Let me hope that I shall have rendered no inconsiderable service to the cause of true religion and morality in holding up these wanton misbelievers to the detestation of society, under the form of the most despicable robbers.

But still more. I have made these said immoral characters to stand out favourably in particular points, and even in some measure to compensate by qualities of the head for what they are deficient in those of the heart. Herein I have done no more than literally copy nature. Every man, even the most depraved, bears in some degree the impress of the Almighty's image, and perhaps the greatest villain is not farther removed from the most upright man than the petty offender; for the moral forces keep even pace with the powers of the mind, and the greater the capacity bestowed on man, the greater and more enormous becomes his misapplication of it; the more responsible is he for his errors.

The "Adramelech" of Klopstock (in his "Messiah") awakens in us a feeling in which admiration is blended with detestation. We follow Milton's Satan with shuddering wonder through the pathless realms of chaos. The Medea of the old dramatists is, in spite of all her crimes, a great and wondrous woman, and Shakespeare's Richard III. is sure to excite the admiration of the reader, much as he would hate the reality. If it is to be my task to portray men as they are, I must at the same time include their good qualities, of which even the most vicious are never totally destitute. If I would warn mankind against the tiger, I must not omit to describe his glossy, beautifully marked skin, lest, owing to this omission, the ferocious animal should not be recognised till too late. Besides this, a man who is so utterly depraved as to be without a single redeeming point is no meet subject for art, and would disgust rather than excite the interest of the reader; who would turn over with impatience the pages which concern him. A noble soul can no more endure a succession of moral discords than the musical ear the grating of knives upon glass.

And for this reason I should have been ill-advised in attempting to bring my drama on the stage. A certain strength of mind is required both on the part of the poet and the reader; in the former that he may not disguise vice, in the latter that he may not suffer brilliant qualities to beguile him into admiration of what is essentially detestable. Whether the author has fulfilled his duty he leaves others to judge, that his readers will perform theirs he by no means feels assured. The vulgar — among whom I would not be understood to mean merely the rabble — the vulgar I say (between ourselves) extend their influence far around, and unfortunately — set the fashion. Too short-sighted to reach my full meaning, too narrow-minded to comprehend the largeness of my views, too

disingenuous to admit my moral aim — they will, I fear, almost frustrate my good intentions, and pretend to discover in my work an apology for the very vice which it has been my object to condemn, and will perhaps make the poor poet, to whom anything rather than justice is usually accorded, responsible for his simplicity.

Thus we have a *Da capo* of the old story of Democritus and the Abderitans,[1] and our worthy Hippocrates would needs exhaust whole plantations of hellebore, were it proposed to remedy this mischief by a healing decoction. Let as many friends of truth as you will instruct their fellow citizens in the pulpit and on the stage, the vulgar will never cease to be vulgar, though the sun and moon may change their course, and "heaven and earth wax old as a garment." Perhaps, in order to please tender-hearted people, I might have been less true to nature; but if a certain beetle, of whom we have all heard, could extract filth even from pearls, if we have examples that fire has destroyed and water deluged, shall therefore pearls, fire, and water be condemned? In consequence of the remarkable catastrophe which ends my play, I may

[1] This alludes to the fable amusingly recorded by Wieland in his "Geschichte der Abderiten." The Abderitans, who were a byword among the ancients for their extreme simplicity, are said to have sent express for Hippocrates to cure their great townsman Democritus, whom they believed to be out of his senses, because his sayings were beyond their comprehension. Hippocrates, on conversing with Democritus, having at once discovered that the cause lay with themselves, assembled the senate and principal inhabitants in the market-place with the promise of instructing them in the cure of Democritus. He then banteringly advised them to import six shiploads of hellebore of the very best quality, and on its arrival to distribute it among the citizens, at least seven pounds per head, but to the senators double that quantity, as they were bound to have an extra supply of sense. By the time these worthies discovered that they had been laughed at, Hippocrates was out of their reach. The story in Wieland is infinitely more amusing than this short quotation from memory enables me to show. H. G. B.

justly claim for it a place among books of morality, for crime meets at last with the punishment it deserves; the lost one enters again within the pale of the law, and virtue is triumphant. Whoever will but be courteous enough toward me to read my work through with a desire to understand it, from him I may expect — not that he will admire the poet, but that he will esteem the honest man.

SCHILLER.

Easter Fair, 1781.

Advertisement to The Robbers

As communicated by Schiller to Dalberg in 1781, and supposed to have been used as a prologue.

THE picture of a great, misguided soul, endowed with every gift of excellence, yet lost in spite of all its gifts! Unbridled passions and bad companionship corrupt his heart, urge him on from crime to crime, until at last he stands at the head of a band of murderers, heaps horror upon horror, and plunges from precipice to precipice into the lowest depths of despair. Great and majestic in misfortune, by misfortune reclaimed, and led back to the paths of virtue. Such a man shall you pity and hate, abhor yet love, in the Robber Moor. You will likewise see a juggling, fiendish knave unmasked and blown to atoms in his own mines; a fond, weak, and overindulgent father; the sorrows of too enthusiastic love, and the tortures of ungoverned passion. Here, too, you will witness, not without a shudder, the interior economy of vice; and from the stage be taught how all the tinsel of fortune fails to smother the inward worm; and how terror, anguish, remorse, and despair tread close on the footsteps of guilt. Let the spectator weep to-day at our exhibition, and tremble, and learn to bend his passions to the laws of religion and reason; let the youth behold with alarm the consequences of unbridled excess; nor let the man depart without imbibing the lesson that the invisible hand of Providence makes even villains the instruments of its designs and judgments, and can marvellously unravel the most intricate perplexities of fate.

Preface to the Second Edition

THE eight hundred copies of the first edition of my "Robbers" were exhausted before all the admirers of the piece were supplied. A second was therefore undertaken, which has been improved by greater care in printing, and by the omission of those equivocal sentences which were offensive to the more fastidious part of the public. Such an alteration, however, in the construction of the play as should satisfy all the wishes of my friends and critics has not been my object.

In this second edition the several songs have been arranged for the pianoforte, which will enhance its value to the musical part of the public. I am indebted for this to an able composer,[1] who has performed his task in so masterly a manner that the hearer is not unlikely to forget the poet in the melody of the musician.

DOCTOR SCHILLER.

Stuttgart, Jan. 5, 1782.

[1] Alluding to his friend Zumsteeg. — ED.

List of Illustrations

The Robbers

A Tragedy

" Quæ medicamenta non sanant, ferrum sanat ; quæ ferrum non sanat, ignis sanat." — *Hippocrates.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

MAXIMILIAN, COUNT VON MOOR.
CHARLES, } his Sons.
FRANCIS, }
AMELIA VON EDELREICH, his Niece.
SPIEGELBERG,
SCHWEITZER,
GRIMM,
RAZMAN,
SCHUFTERLE,
ROLLER,
KOSINSKY,
SCHWARTZ, } Libertines, afterwards Banditti.
HERMANN, the natural son of a Nobleman.
DANIEL, an old Servant of Count von Moor.
PASTOR MOSER.
FATHER DOMINIC, a Monk.
BAND OF ROBBERS, SERVANTS, ETC.

The scene is laid in Germany. Period of action about two years.

The Robbers

ACT I.

SCENE I. — *Franconia.*

Apartment in the Castle of COUNT MOOR.

FRANCIS, OLD MOOR.

FRANCIS. But are you really well, father? You look so pale.

OLD M. Quite well, my son — what have you to tell me?

FRANCIS. The post is arrived — a letter from our correspondent at Leipzig.

OLD M. (*eagerly*) Any tidings of my son Charles?

FRANCIS. Hem! Hem! — Why, yes. But I fear — I know not — whether I dare — your health. — Are you really quite well, father?

OLD M. As a fish in water.[1] Does he write of my son? What means this anxiety about my health? You have asked me that question twice.

FRANCIS. If you are unwell — or are the least apprehensive of being so — permit me to defer — I will

[1] This is equivalent to our English saying "as sound as a roach."

speak to you at a fitter season. (*Half aside.*) These are no tidings for a feeble frame.

OLD M. Gracious Heavens! what am I doomed to hear?

FRANCIS. First let me retire and shed a tear of compassion for my lost brother. Would that my lips might be for ever sealed — for he is your son! Would that I could throw an eternal veil over his shame — for he is my brother! But to obey you is my first, though painful, duty — forgive me, therefore.

OLD M. Oh, Charles! Charles! Didst thou but know what thorns thou plantest in thy father's bosom! That one gladdening report of thee would add ten years to my life! yes, bring back my youth! whilst now, alas, each fresh intelligence but hurries me a step nearer to the grave!

FRANCIS. Is it so, old man, then, farewell! for even this very day we might all have to tear our hair over your coffin.[1]

OLD M. Stay! There remains but one short step more — let him have his will! (*He sits down.*) The sins of the father shall be visited unto the third and fourth generation — let him fulfil the decree.

FRANCIS. (*takes the letter out of his pocket*) You know our correspondent! See! I would give a finger of my right hand might I pronounce him a liar — a base and slanderous liar! Compose yourself! Forgive me if I do not let you read the letter yourself. You cannot, must not, yet know all.

OLD M. All, all, my son. You will but spare me crutches.[2]

FRANCIS. (*reads*) "Leipzig, May 1. Were I not

[1] This idiom is very common in Germany, and is used to express affliction.

[2] *Du ersparst mir die Krücke;* meaning that the contents of the letter can but shorten his declining years, and so spare him the necessity of crutches.

bound by an inviolable promise to conceal nothing from you, not even the smallest particular, that I am able to collect, respecting your brother's career, never, my dearest friend, should my guiltless pen become an instrument of torture to you. I can gather from a hundred of your letters how tidings such as these must pierce your fraternal heart. It seems to me as though I saw thee, for the sake of this worthless, this detestable" —(OLD M. *covers his face.*) Oh! my father, I am only reading you the mildest passages—"this detestable man, shedding a thousand tears." Alas! mine flowed—ay, gushed in torrents over these pitying cheeks. "I already picture to myself your aged pious father, pale as death." Good Heavens! and so you are, before you have heard anything.

OLD M. Go on! Go on!

FRANCIS. "Pale as death, sinking down on his chair, and cursing the day when his ear was first greeted with the lisping cry of 'Father!' I have not yet been able to discover all, and of the little I do know I dare tell you only a part. Your brother now seems to have filled up the measure of his infamy. I, at least, can imagine nothing beyond what he has already accomplished; but possibly his genius may soar above my conceptions. After having contracted debts to the amount of forty thousand ducats,"—a good round sum for pocket-money, father—"and having dishonoured the daughter of a rich banker, whose affianced lover, a gallant youth of rank, he mortally wounded in a duel, he yesterday, in the dead of night, took the desperate resolution of absconding from the arm of justice, with seven companions whom he had corrupted to his own vicious courses." Father! for heaven's sake, father! How do you feel?

OLD M. Enough. No more, my son, no more!

FRANCIS. I will spare your feelings. "The injured cry aloud for satisfaction. Warrants have been issued

for his apprehension — a price is set on his head — the name of Moor" — No, these unhappy lips shall not be guilty of a father's murder. (*He tears the letter.*) Believe it not, my father, believe not a syllable.

OLD M. (*weeps bitterly*) My name — my unsullied name!

FRANCIS. (*throws himself on his neck*) Infamous! most infamous Charles! Oh, had I not my forebodings, when, even as a boy, he would scamper after the girls, and ramble about over hill and common with ragamuffin boys and all the vilest rabble; when he shunned the very sight of a church as a malefactor shuns a gaol, and would throw the pence he had wrung from your bounty into the hat of the first beggar he met, whilst we at home were edifying ourselves with devout prayers and pious homilies? Had I not my misgivings when he gave himself up to reading the adventures of Julius Cæsar, Alexander the Great, and other benighted heathens, in preference to the history of the penitent Tobias? A hundred times over have I warned you — for my brotherly affection was ever kept in subjection to filial duty — that this forward youth would one day bring sorrow and disgrace on us all. Oh that he bore not the name of Moor! that my heart beat less warmly for him! This sinful affection, which I cannot overcome, will one day rise up against me before the judgment-seat of heaven.

OLD M. Oh! my prospects! my golden dreams!

FRANCIS. Ay, well I knew it. Exactly what I always feared. That fiery spirit, you used to say, which is kindling in the boy, and renders him so susceptible to impressions of the beautiful and grand — the ingenuousness which reveals his whole soul in his eyes — the tenderness of feeling which melts him into weeping sympathy at every tale of sorrow — the manly courage which impels him to the summit of giant oaks, and urges him over fosse and palisade and foaming torrents

— that youthful thirst of honour — that unconquerable resolution — all those resplendent virtues which in the father's darling gave such promise — would ripen into the warm and sincere friend — the excellent citizen — the hero — the great, the very great man! Now, mark the result, father; the fiery spirit *has* developed itself — expanded — and behold its precious fruits. Observe this ingenuousness — how nicely it has changed into effrontery; — this tenderness of soul — how it displays itself in dalliance with coquettes, in susceptibility to the blandishments of a courtesan! See this fiery genius, how in six short years it hath burnt out the oil of life, and reduced his body to a living skeleton; so that passing scoffers point at him with a sneer and exclaim — "*C'est l'amour qui a fait cela.*" Behold this bold, enterprising spirit — how it conceives and executes plans, compared to which the deeds of a Cartouche or a Howard sink into insignificance. And presently, when these precious germs of excellence shall ripen into full maturity, what may not be expected from the full development of such a boyhood? Perhaps, father, you may yet live to see him at the head of some gallant band, which assembles in the silent sanctuary of the forest, and kindly relieves the weary traveller of his superfluous burden. Perhaps you may yet have the opportunity, before you go to your own tomb, of making a pilgrimage to the monument which he may erect for himself, somewhere between earth and heaven! Perhaps, — oh, father — father, look out for some other name, or the very peddlers and street boys who have seen the effigy of your worthy son exhibited in the market-place at Leipzig will point at you with the finger of scorn!

Old M. And thou, too, my Francis, thou too? Oh, my children, how unerringly your shafts are levelled at my heart.

Francis. You see that I too have a spirit; but my

spirit bears the sting of a scorpion. And then it was "the dry commonplace, the cold, the wooden Francis," and all the pretty little epithets which the contrast between us suggested to your fatherly affection, when he was sitting on your knee, or playfully patting your cheeks? "He would die, forsooth, within the boundaries of his own domain, moulder away, and soon be forgotten;" while the fame of this universal genius would spread from pole to pole! Ah! the cold, dull, wooden Francis thanks thee, Heaven, with uplifted hands, that he bears no resemblance to his brother.

Old M. Forgive me, my child! Reproach not thy unhappy father, whose fondest hopes have proved visionary. The merciful God who, through Charles, has sent these tears, will, through thee, my Francis, wipe them from my eyes!

Francis. Yes, father, we will wipe them from your eyes. Your Francis will devote his life to prolong yours. (*Taking his hand with affected tenderness.*) Your life is the oracle which I will especially consult on every undertaking — the mirror in which I will contemplate everything. No duty so sacred but I am ready to violate it for the preservation of your precious days. You believe me?

Old M. Great are the duties which devolve on thee, my son — Heaven bless thee for what thou has been, and wilt be to me.

Francis. Now tell me frankly, father. Should you not be a happy man, were you not obliged to call this son your own?

Old M. In mercy, spare me! When the nurse first placed him in my arms, I held him up to Heaven and exclaimed, "Am I not truly blest?"

Francis. So you said then. Now, have you found it so? You may envy the meanest peasant on your estate in this, that he is not the father of such a son. So long as you call him yours you are wretched.

Your misery will grow with his years — it will lay you in your grave.

OLD M. Oh! he has already reduced me to the decrepitude of fourscore.

FRANCIS. Well, then — suppose you were to disown this son.

OLD M. (*startled*) Francis! Francis! what hast thou said!

FRANCIS. Is not your love for him the source of all your grief? Root out this love, and he concerns you no longer. But for this weak and reprehensible affection he would be dead to you; — as though he had never been born. It is not flesh and blood, it is the heart that makes us sons and fathers! Love him no more, and this monster ceases to be your son, though he were cut out of your flesh. He has till now been the apple of your eye; but if thine eye offend you, says Scripture, pluck it out. It is better to enter heaven with one eye than hell with two! "It is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell." These are the words of the Bible!

OLD M. Wouldst thou have me curse my son?

FRANCIS. By no means, father. God forbid! But whom do you call your son? Him to whom you have given life, and who in return does his utmost to shorten yours.

OLD M. Oh, it is all too true! it is a judgment upon me. The Lord has chosen him as his instrument.

FRANCIS. See how filially your bosom child behaves. He destroys you by your own excess of paternal sympathy; murders you by means of the very love you bear him — has coiled round a father's heart to crush it. When you are laid beneath the turf he becomes lord of your possessions, and master of his own will. That barrier removed, and the torrent of his profligacy

will rush on without control. Imagine yourself in his place. How often he must wish his father under ground — and how often, too, his brother — who so unmercifully impede the free course of his excesses. But call you this a requital of love? Is this filial gratitude for a father's tenderness? to sacrifice ten years of your life to the lewd pleasures of an hour? in one voluptuous moment to stake the honour of an ancestry which has stood unspotted through seven centuries? Do you call this a son? Answer! Do you call this your son?

OLD M. An undutiful son! Alas! but still my child! my child!

FRANCIS. A most amiable and precious child — whose constant study is to get rid of his father. Oh, that you could learn to see clearly! that the film might be removed from your eyes! But your indulgence must confirm him in his vices! your assistance tend to justify them. Doubtless you will avert the curse of Heaven from his head, but on your own, father — on yours — will it fall with twofold vengeance.

OLD M. Just! most just! Mine, mine be all the guilt!

FRANCIS. How many thousands who have drained the voluptuous bowl of pleasure to the dregs have been reclaimed by suffering! And is not the bodily pain which follows every excess a manifest declaration of the divine will? And shall man dare to thwart this by an impious exercise of affection? Shall a father ruin for ever the pledge committed to his charge? Consider, father, if you abandon him for a time to the pressure of want will not he be obliged to turn from his wickedness and repent? Otherwise, untaught even in the great school of adversity, he must remain a confirmed reprobate? And then — woe to the father who by a culpable tenderness hath frustrated the ordinances of a higher wisdom! Well, father?

OLD M. I will write to him that I withdraw my protection.

FRANCIS. That would be wise and prudent.

OLD M. That he must never come into my sight again —

FRANCIS. 'Twill have a most salutary effect.

OLD M. (*tenderly*) Until he reforms.

FRANCIS. Right, quite right. But suppose that he comes disguised in the hypocrite's mask, implores your compassion with tears, and wheedles from you a pardon, then quits you again on the morrow, and jests at your weakness in the arms of his harlot. No, my father! He will return of his own accord, when his conscience awakens him to repentance.

OLD M. I will write to him, on the spot, to that effect.

FRANCIS. Stop, father, one word more. Your just indignation might prompt reproaches too severe, words which might break his heart — and then — do you not think that your deigning to write with your own hand might be construed into an act of forgiveness? It would be better, I think, that you should commit the task to me?

OLD M. Do it, my son. Ah! it would, indeed, have broken my heart! Write to him that —

FRANCIS. (*quickly*) That's agreed, then?

OLD M. Say that he has caused me a thousand bitter tears — a thousand sleepless nights — but oh! do not drive my son to despair!

FRANCIS. Had you not better retire to rest, father? This affects you too strongly.

OLD M. Write to him that a father's heart — But I charge you, drive him not to despair.

[*Exit in sadness.*

FRANCIS. (*looking after him with a chuckle*) Make thyself easy, old dotard! thou wilt never more press thy darling to thy bosom — there is a gulf between

thee and him impassable as heaven is from hell. He was torn from thy arms before even thou couldst have dreamed it possible to decree the separation. Why, what a sorry bungler should I be had I not skill enough to pluck a son from a father's heart; ay, though he were riveted there with hooks of steel![1] I have drawn around thee a magic circle of curses which he cannot overleap. Good speed to thee, Master Francis. Papa's darling is disposed of — the course is clear. I must carefully pick up all the scraps of paper, for how easily might my handwriting be recognised. (*He gathers the fragments of the letter.*) And grief will soon make an end of the old gentleman. And as for her — I must tear this Charles from her heart, though half her life come with him.

No small cause have I for being dissatisfied with Dame Nature, and, by my honour, I will have amends! Why did I not crawl the first from my mother's womb? why not the only one? why has she heaped on me this burden of deformity? on me especially? Just as if she had spawned me from her refuse.[2] Why to me in particular this snub of the Laplander? these negro lips? these Hottentot eyes? On my word, the lady seems to have collected from all the race of mankind whatever was loathsome into a heap, and kneaded the mass into my particular person. Death and destruction! who empowered her to deny to me what she accorded to him? Could a man pay his court to her before he was born? or offend her before he existed? Why went she to work in such a partial spirit?

No! no! I do her injustice — she bestowed inventive faculty, and set us naked and helpless on the shore of this great ocean, the world — let those swim who can

[1] "Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel." — *Hamlet*, Act i. Sc. 3.

[2] See "Richard III.," Act i. Sc. 1, line 17.

— the heavy[1] may sink. To me she gave naught else, and how to make the best use of my endowment is my present business. Men's natural rights are equal; claim is met by claim, effort by effort, and force by force — right is with the strongest — the limits of our power constitute our laws.

It is true there are certain organised conventions, which men have devised to keep up what is called the social compact. Honour! truly a very convenient coin, which those who know how to pass it may lay out with great advantage.[2] Conscience! oh yes, a useful scare-crow to frighten sparrows away from cherry-trees; it is something like a fairly written bill of exchange with which your bankrupt merchant staves off the evil day.

Well! these are all most admirable institutions for keeping fools in awe, and holding the mob under foot, that the cunning may live the more at their ease. Rare institutions, doubtless. They are something like the fences my boors plant so closely to keep out the hares — yes i' faith, not a hare can trespass on the enclosure, but my lord claps spurs to his hunter, and away he gallops over the teeming harvest!

Poor hare! thou playest but a sorry part in this world's drama, but your worshipful lord must needs have hares![3]

Then courage, and onward, Francis. The man who fears nothing is as powerful as he who is feared by everybody. It is now the mode to wear buckles on

[1] *Heavy* is used in a double meaning; the German word is *plump*, which means lumpish, clumsy, awkward.

[2] So Falstaff, "Hen. IV.," Pt. 1., Act v. Sc. 1, "Honour is a mere scutcheon."

[3] This may help to illustrate a passage in Shakespeare which puzzles the commentators — "Cupid is a good hare-finder." — *Much Ado*, Act i. Sc. 1.

The hare, in Germany, is considered an emblem of abject submission and cowardice. The word may also be rendered "Simpleton," "Sawney," or any other of the numerous epithets which imply a soft condition.

your small-clothes, that you may loosen or tighten them at pleasure. I will be measured for a conscience after the newest fashion, one that will stretch handsomely as occasion may require. Am I to blame? It is the tailor's affair! I have heard a great deal of twaddle about the so-called ties of blood — enough to make a sober man beside himself. He is your brother, they say; which interpreted, means that he was manufactured in the same mould, and for that reason he must needs be sacred in your eyes! To what absurd conclusions must this notion of a sympathy of souls, derived from the propinquity of bodies, inevitably tend? A common source of being is to produce community of sentiment; identity of matter, identity of impulse! Then again, — he is thy father! He gave thee life, thou art his flesh and blood — and therefore he must be sacred to thee! Again a most inconsequential deduction! I should like to know why he begot me;[1] certainly not out of love for me — for I must first have existed! Could he know me before I had being, or did he think of me during my begetting? or did he wish for me at the moment? Did he know what I should be? If so I would not advise him to acknowledge it or I should pay him off for his feat. Am I to be thankful to him that I am a man? As little as I should have had a right to blame him if he had made me a woman. Can I acknowledge an affection which is not based on any personal regard? Could personal regard be present before the existence of its object? In what, then, consists the sacredness of paternity? Is it in the act itself out of which existence arose? as though this were aught else than an animal process to appease animal desires. Or does it lie, perhaps, in the result of this act, which is nothing more after all than one of iron necessity, and which men

[1] The reader of Sterne will remember a very similar passage in the first chapter of "Tristram Shandy."

would gladly dispense with, were it not at the cost of flesh and blood? Do I then owe him thanks for his affection? Why, what is it but a piece of vanity, the besetting sin of the artist who admires his own works, however hideous they may be? Look you, this is the whole juggle, wrapped up in a mystic veil to work on our fears. And shall I, too, be fooled like an infant? Up, then! and to thy work manfully. I will root up from my path whatever obstructs my progress toward becoming the master. Master I must be, that I may extort by force what I cannot win by affection.[1] [*Exit.*

SCENE II. — *A Tavern on the Frontier of Saxony.*

CHARLES VON MOOR *intent on a book;* SPIEGELBERG *drinking at the table.*

CHARLES VON M. (*lays the book aside*) I am disgusted with this age of puny scribblers when I read of great men in my Plutarch.

SPIEGEL. (*places a glass before him, and drinks*) Josephus is the book you should read.

CHARLES VON M. The glowing spark of Prometheus is burnt out, and now they substitute for it the flash of lycopodium,[2] a stage-fire which will not so much as light a pipe. The present generation may be compared to rats crawling about the club of Hercules.[3] A

[1] This soliloquy in some parts resembles that of Richard, Duke of Gloster, in Shakespeare's "Henry VI.," Act v. Sc. 6.

[2] Lycopodium (in German *Bärlappen-mehl*), vulgarly known as the Devil's Puff-ball or Witchmeal, is used on the stage, as well in England as on the Continent, to produce flashes of fire. It is made of the pollen of common club moss, or wolf's-claw (*Lycopodium clavatum*), the capsules of which contain a highly inflammable powder. Translators have uniformly failed in rendering this passage.

[3] This simile brings to mind Shakespeare's —

"We petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about."
— *Julius Cæsar*, Act i. Sc. 2.

French abbé lays it down that Alexander was a poltroon; a phthisicky professor, holding at every word a bottle of *sal volatile* to his nose, lectures on strength. Fellows who faint at the veriest trifle criticise the tactics of Hannibal; whimpering boys store themselves with phrases out of the slaughter at Cannæ, and blubber over the victories of Scipio, because they are obliged to construe them.

SPIEGEL. Spouted in true Alexandrian style.

CHARLES VON M. A brilliant reward for your sweat in the battle-field truly to have your existence perpetuated in gymnasiums, and your immortality laboriously dragged about in a schoolboy's satchel. A precious recompense for your lavished blood to be wrapped round gingerbread by some Nuremberg chandler, or, if you have great luck, to be screwed upon stilts by a French playwright, and be made to move on wires! Ha, ha, ha!

SPIEGEL. (*drinks*) Read Josephus, I tell you.

CHARLES VON M. Fie! fie upon this weak, effeminate age, fit for nothing but to ponder over the deeds of former times, and torture the heroes of antiquity with commentaries, or mangle them in tragedies. The vigour of its loins is dried up, and the propagation of the human species has become dependent on potations of malt liquor.

SPIEGEL. Tea, brother! tea!

CHARLES VON M. They curb honest nature with absurd conventionalities; have scarcely the heart to charge a glass, because they are tasked to drink a health in it; fawn upon the lackey that he may put in a word for them with his Grace, and bully the unfortunate wight from whom they have nothing to fear. They worship any one for a dinner, and are just as ready to poison him should he chance to outbid them for a feather-bed at an auction. They damn the Sadducee who fails to come regularly to church,

although their own devotion consists in reckoning up their usurious gains at the very altar. They cast themselves on their knees that they may have an opportunity of displaying their mantles, and hardly take their eyes off the parson from their anxiety to see how his wig is frizzled. They swoon at the sight of a bleeding goose, yet clap their hands with joy when they see their rival driven bankrupt from the Exchange. Warmly as I pressed their hands, — "Only one more day." In vain! To prison with the dog! Entreaties! Vows! Tears! (*Stamping the ground.*) Hell and the devil!

SPIEGEL. And all for a few thousand paltry ducats!

CHARLES VON M. No, I hate to think of it. Am I to squeeze my body into stays, and strait-lace my will in the trammels of law? What might have risen to an eagle's flight has been reduced to a snail's pace by law. Never yet has law formed a great man; 'tis liberty that breeds giants and heroes. Oh! that the spirit of Herman[1] still glowed in his ashes! Set me at the head of an army of fellows like myself, and out of Germany shall spring a republic compared to which Rome and Sparta will be but as nunneries. (*Rises and flings his sword upon the table.*)

SPIEGEL. (*jumping up*) Bravo! Bravissimo! you are coming to the right key now. I have something for your ear, Moor, which has long been on my mind, and you are the very man for it — drink, brother, drink! What if we turned Jews and brought the kingdom of Jerusalem again on the tapis? But tell me, is it not a clever scheme? We send forth a manifesto to the four quarters of the world, and summon to Palestine all that do not eat swine-flesh. Then I prove by incontestable documents that Herod the Tetrarch was

[1] Herman is the German for *Armin* or *Arminius*, the celebrated deliverer of Germany from the Roman yoke. See Menzel's History, vol. i. p. 85, etc.

my direct ancestor, and so forth. There will be a victory, my fine fellow, when they return and are restored to their lands, and are able to rebuild Jerusalem. Then make a clean sweep of the Turks out of Asia while the iron is hot, hew cedars in Lebanon, build ships, and then the whole nation shall chaffer with old clothes and old lace throughout the world. Meanwhile —

CHARLES VON M. (*smiles and takes him by the hand*) Comrade! There must be an end now of our fooleries.

SPIEGEL. (*with surprise*) Fie! you are not going to play the prodigal son! — a fellow like you who with his sword has scratched more hieroglyphics on other men's faces than three quill-drivers could inscribe in their day-books in a leap-year! Shall I tell you the story of the great dog funeral? Ha! I must just bring back your own picture to your mind; that will kindle fire in your veins, if nothing else has power to inspire you. Do you remember how the heads of the college caused your dog's leg to be shot off, and you, by way of revenge, proclaimed a fast through the whole town? They fumed and fretted at your edict. But you, without losing time, ordered all the meat to be bought up in Leipzig, so that in the course of eight hours there was not a bone left to pick all over the place, and even fish began to rise in price. The magistrates and the town council vowed vengeance. But we students turned out lustily, seventeen hundred of us, with you at our head, and butchers and tailors and haberdashers at our backs, besides publicans, barbers, and rabble of all sorts, swearing that the town should be sacked if a single hair of a student's head was injured. And so the affair went off like the shooting at Hornberg,[1] and they were obliged to be off

[1] The "shooting at Hornberg" is a proverbial expression in Germany for any expedition from which, through lack of courage, the parties retire without firing a shot.

with their tails between their legs. You sent for doctors — a whole posse of them — and offered three ducats to any one who would write a prescription for your dog. We were afraid the gentlemen would stand too much upon honour and refuse, and had already made up our minds to use force. But this was quite unnecessary; the doctors got to fisticuffs for the three ducats, and their competition brought down the price to three groats; in the course of an hour a dozen prescriptions were written, of which, of course, the poor beast very soon died.

Charles von M. The vile rascals.

Spiegel. The funeral procession was arranged with all due pomp; odes for the dog were indited by the gross; and at night we all turned out, near a thousand of us, a lantern in one hand and our rapier in the other, and so proceeded through the town, the bells chiming and ringing, till the dog was entombed. Then came a feed which lasted till broad daylight, when you sent your acknowledgments to the college dons for their kind sympathy, and ordered the meat to be sold at half-price. *Mort de ma vie,* if we had not as great a respect for you as a garrison for the conqueror of a fortress.

Charles von M. And are you not ashamed to boast of these things? Have you not shame enough in you to blush even at the recollection of such pranks?

Spiegel. Come, come! You are no longer the same Moor. Do you remember how, a thousand times, bottle in hand, you made game of the miserly old governor, bidding him by all means rake and scrape together as much as he could, for that you would swill it all down your throat? Don't you remember, eh? — don't you remember? O you good-for-nothing, miserable braggart! that was speaking like a man, and a gentleman, but —

CHARLES VON M. A curse on you for reminding me of it! A curse on myself for what I said! But it was done in the fumes of wine, and my heart knew not what my tongue uttered.

SPIEGEL. (*shakes his head*) No, no! that cannot be! Impossible, brother! You are not in earnest! Tell me! most sweet brother, is it not poverty which has brought you to this mood? Come! let me tell you a little story of my youthful days. There was a ditch close to my house, eight feet wide at the least, which we boys were trying to leap over for a wager. But it was no go. Splash! there you lay sprawling, amidst hisses and roars of laughter, and a relentless shower of snow-balls. By the side of my house a hunter's dog was lying chained, a savage beast, which would catch the girls by their petticoats with a quickness of lightning if they incautiously passed too near him. Now it was my greatest delight to tease this brute in every possible way; and it was enough to make one burst with laughing to see the beast fix his eyes on me with such fierceness that he seemed ready to tear me to pieces if he could but get at me. Well, what happened? Once, when I was amusing myself in this manner, I hit him such a bang in the ribs with a stone that in his fury he broke loose and ran right upon me. I tore away like lightning, but — devil take it! — that confounded ditch lay right in my way. What was to be done? The dog was close at my heels and quite furious; there was no time to deliberate. I took a spring and cleared the ditch. To that leap I was indebted for life and limb; the beast would have torn me to atoms.

CHARLES VON M. And to what does all this tend?

SPIEGEL. To this — that you may be taught that strength grows with the occasion. For which reason I never despair even when things are the worst. Courage grows with danger. Powers of resistance increase

by pressure. It is evident by the obstacles she strews in my path that Fate must have designed me for a great man.

CHARLES VON M. (*angrily*) I am not aware of anything for which we still require courage, and have not already shown it.

SPIEGEL. Indeed! And so you mean to let your gifts go to waste? To bury your talent? Do you think your paltry achievements at Leipzig amount to the *ne plus ultra* of genius? Let us but once get to the great world — Paris and London! where you get your ears boxed if you salute a man as honest. It is a real jubilee to practise one's handicraft there on a grand scale. How you will stare! How you will open your eyes! to see signatures forged; dice loaded; locks picked, and strong boxes gutted; all that you shall learn of Spiegelberg! The rascal deserves to be hanged on the first gallows that would rather starve than manipulate with his fingers.

CHARLES VON M. (*in a fit of absence*) How now? I should not wonder if your proficiency went further still.

SPIEGEL. I begin to think you mistrust me. Only wait till I have grown warm at it; you shall see wonders; your little brain shall whirl clean round in your pericranium when my teeming wit is delivered. (*He rises excited.*) How it clears up within me! Great thoughts are dawning in on my soul! Gigantic plans are fermenting in my creative brain. Cursed lethargy (*striking his forehead*) which has hitherto enchained my faculties, cramped and fettered my prospects! I awake; I feel what I am — and what I am to be!

CHARLES VON M. You are a fool! The wine is swaggering in your brain.

SPIEGEL. (*more excited*) Spiegelberg, they will say, art thou a magician, Spiegelberg? 'Tis a pity, the king will say, that thou wert not made a general,

Spiegelberg, thou wouldst have thrust the Austrians through a buttonhole. Yes, I hear the doctors lamenting, 'tis a crying shame that he was not bred to medicine, he would have discovered the *elixir vitæ.* Ay, and that he did not take to financiering, the Sullys will deplore in their cabinets, — he would have turned flints into louis-d'or by his magic. And Spiegelberg will be the word from east to west; then down into the dirt with you, ye cowards, ye reptiles, while Spiegelberg soars with outspread wings to the temple of everlasting fame.

CHARLES VON M. A pleasant journey to you! I leave you to climb to the summit of glory on the pillars of infamy. In the shade of my ancestral groves, in the arms of my Amelia, a nobler joy awaits me. I have already, last week, written to my father to implore his forgiveness, and have not concealed the least circumstance from him; and where there is sincerity there is compassion and help. Let us take leave of each other, Moritz. After this day we shall meet no more. The post has arrived. My father's forgiveness must already be within the walls of this town.

Enter SCHWEITZER, GRIMM, ROLLER, SCHUFTERLE, *and* RAZMAN.

ROLLER. Are you aware that they are on our track?

GRIMM. That we are not for a moment safe from being taken?

CHARLES VON M. I don't wonder at it. It must be as it will! Have none of you seen Schwarz? Did he say anything about having a letter for me?

ROLLER. He has been long in search of you on some such errand, I suspect.

CHARLES VON M. Where is he? where, where? (*Is about to rush off in haste.*)

ROLLER. Stay! we have appointed him to come here. You tremble?—

CHARLES VON M. I do not tremble. Why should I tremble? Comrades, this letter—rejoice with me! I am the happiest man under the sun; why should I tremble?

Enter SCHWARZ.

CHARLES VON M. (*rushes toward him*) Brother, brother! the letter, the letter!

SCHW. (*gives him a letter, which he opens hastily*) What's the matter? You have grown as pale as a whitewashed wall!

CHARLES VON M. My brother's hand!

SCHW. What the deuce is Spiegelberg about there?

GRIMM. The fellow's mad. He jumps about as if he had St. Vitus' dance.

SCHUFT. His wits are gone a wool gathering! He's making verses, I'll be sworn!

RAZ. Spiegelberg! Ho! Spiegelberg! The brute does not hear.

GRIMM. (*shakes him*) Hallo! fellow! are you dreaming? or—

SPIEGEL. (*who has all this time been making gestures in a corner of the room, as if working out some great project, jumps up wildly*) Your money or your life! (*He catches* SCHWEITZER *by the throat, who very coolly flings him against the wall;* MOOR *drops the letter and rushes out. A general sensation.*)

ROLLER. (*calling after him*) Moor! where are you going? What's the matter?

GRIMM. What ails him? What has he been doing? He is as pale as death.

SCHW. He must have got strange news. Just let us see!

ROLLER. (*picks up the letter from the ground, and reads*) "Unfortunate brother!"—a pleasant beginning

—"I have only briefly to inform you that you have nothing more to hope for. You may go, your father directs me to tell you, wherever your own vicious propensities lead. Nor are you to entertain, he says, any hope of ever gaining pardon by weeping at his feet, unless you are prepared to fare upon bread and water in the lowest dungeon of his castle until your hair shall outgrow eagles' feathers,[1] and your nails the talons of a vulture. These are his very words. He commands me to close the letter. Farewell for ever! I pity you. FRANCIS VON MOOR."

SCHW. A most amiable and loving brother, in good truth! And the scoundrel's name is Francis.

SPIEGEL. (*slinking forward*) Bread and water! Is that it? A temperate diet! But I have made a better provision for you. Did I not say that I should have to think for you all at last?

SCHWEIT. What does the blockhead say? The jackass is going to think for us all!

SPIEGEL. Cowards, cripples, lame dogs are ye all if you have not courage enough to venture upon something great.

ROLLER. Well, of course, so we should be, you are right; but will your proposed scheme get us out of this devil of a scrape? eh?

SPIEGEL. (*with a proud laugh*) Poor thing! Get us out of this scrape? Ha, ha, ha! Get us out of the scrape!—and is that all your thimbleful of brain can reach? And with that you trot your mare back to the stable?[2] Spiegelberg would have been a miserable bungler indeed if that were the extent of his aim. Heroes, I tell you, barons, princes, gods, it will make of you.

[1] See Daniel, chap. iv. ver. 33.

[2] Our proverb, "A fool's bolt is soon shot," is somewhat parallel.

RAZ. That's pretty well for one bout, truly! But no doubt it is some neck-breaking piece of business; it will cost a head or so at the least.

SPIEGEL. It wants nothing but courage; as to the headwork, I take that entirely upon myself. Courage, I say, Schweitzer! Courage, Roller! Grimm! Razman! Schufterle! Courage!

SCHW. Courage! If that is all, I have courage enough to walk through hell barefoot.

SCHUFT. And I courage enough to fight the very devil himself under the open gallows for the rescue of any poor sinner.

SPIEGEL. That's just what it should be! If ye have courage, let any one of you step forward and say he has still something to lose, and not everything to gain?

SCHW. Verily, I should have a great deal to lose, if I were to lose all that I have yet to win!

RAZ. Yes, by Jove! and I much to win, if I could win all that I have not got to lose.

SCHUFT. Were I to lose what I carry on my back on trust I should at any rate have nothing to lose on the morrow.

SPIEGEL. Very well, then! (*He takes his place in the middle of them, and says in solemn adjuration.*) — if but a drop of the heroic blood of the ancient Germans still flow in your veins — come! We will fix our abode in the Bohemian forests, draw together a band of robbers, and — What are you gaping at? Has your slender stock of courage oozed out already?

ROLLER. You are not the first rogue by many that has defied the gallows; — and yet what other choice have we?

SPIEGEL. Choice? You have no choice. Do you want to lie rotting in the debtor's jail and beat hemp till you are bailed by the last trumpet? Would you toil with pickaxe and spade for a morsel of dry bread?

or earn a pitiful alms by singing doleful ditties under people's windows? Or will you be sworn at the drum-head — and then comes the question, whether anybody would trust your hang-dog visages — and so under the splenetic humour of some despotic sergeant serve your time of purgatory in advance? Would you like to run the gauntlet to the beat of the drum? or be doomed to drag after you, like a galley slave, the whole iron store of Vulcan? Behold your choice. You have before you the complete catalogue of all that you may choose from!

ROLLER. Spiegelberg is not altogether wrong! I, too, have been concocting plans, but they come much to the same thing. How would it be, thought I, were we to club our wits together, and dish up a pocketbook, or an almanac, or something of that sort, and write reviews at a penny a line, as is now the fashion?

SCHUFT. The devil's in you! you are pretty nearly hitting on my own schemes. I have been thinking to myself how would it answer were I to turn Methodist, and hold weekly prayer-meetings?

GRIMM. Capital! and, if that fails, turn atheist! We might fall foul of the four Gospels, get our book burned by the hangman, and then it would sell at a prodigious rate.

RAZ. Or we might take the field to cure a fashionable ailment. I know a quack doctor, who has built himself a house with nothing but mercury, as the motto over his door implies.

SCHWEIT. (*rises and holds out his hand to Spiegelberg*) Spiegelberg, thou art a great man! or else a blind hog has by chance found an acorn.

SCHW. Excellent schemes! Honourable professions! How great minds sympathise! All that seems wanting to complete the list is that we should turn pimps and bawds.

SPIEGEL. Pooh! Pooh! Nonsense. And what is

to prevent our combining most of these occupations in one person? My plan will exalt you the most, and it holds out glory and immortality into the bargain. Remember, too, ye sorry varlets, and it is a matter worthy of consideration: one's fame hereafter — the sweet thought of immortality —

ROLLER. And that at the very head of the muster-roll of honourable names! You are a master of eloquence, Spiegelberg, when the question is how to convert an honest man into a scoundrel. But does any one know what has become of Moor?

SPIEGEL. Honest, say you? Do you think you'll be less honest then than you are now? What do you call honest? To relieve rich misers of half of those cares which only scare golden sleep from their eyelids; to force hoarded coin into circulation; to restore the equalisation of property; in one word, to bring back the golden age; to relieve Providence of many a burdensome pensioner, and to save it the trouble of sending war, pestilence, famine, and, above all, doctors — that is what I call honesty, d'ye see; that's what I call being a worthy instrument in the hand of Providence, — and then, at every meal you eat, to have the sweet reflection: this is what thy own ingenuity, thy lion boldness, thy night watchings, have procured for thee — to command the respect both of great and small —

ROLLER. And at last to mount toward heaven in the living body, and in spite of wind and storm, in spite of the greedy maw of old father Time, to be hovering beneath the sun and moon and all the stars of the firmament, where even the unreasoning birds of heaven, attracted by noble instinct, chant their seraphic music, and angels with tails hold their most holy councils? Don't you see? And, while monarchs and potentates become a prey to moths and worms, to have the honour of receiving visits from the royal bird of

Jove. Moritz, Moritz, Moritz! beware of the three-legged beast.[1]

SPIEGEL. And does that fright thee, craven-heart?[2] Has not many a universal genius, who might have reformed the world, rotted upon the gallows? And does not the renown of such a man live for hundreds and thousands of years, whereas many a king and elector would be passed over in history, were not historians obliged to give him a niche to complete the line of succession, or that the mention of him did not swell the volume a few octavo pages, for which he counts upon hard cash from the publisher? And when the wayfarer sees you swinging to and fro in the breeze he will mutter to himself, "That fellow's brains had no water in them, I'll warrant me," and then groan over the hardship of the times.

SCHWEIT. (*slaps him on the shoulder*) Well said, Spiegelberg! Well said! Why the devil do we stand here hesitating?

SCHW. And suppose it is called disgrace — what then? Cannot one, in case of need, always carry a small powder about one, which quietly smooths the weary traveller's passage across the Styx, where no cock-crowing will disturb his rest? No, brother Moritz! Your scheme is good; so at least says my creed.

SCHUFT. Zounds! and mine too! Spiegelberg, I am your recruit.

RAZ. Like a second Orpheus, Spiegelberg, you have charmed to sleep that howling beast, conscience! Take me as I stand, I am yours entirely!

GRIMM. *Si omnes consentiunt ego non dissentio;*[3] mind, without a comma. There is an auction going on in my head — Methodists — quack doctors — re-

[1] The gallows, which in Germany is formed of three posts.
[2] The German is *Hasen-herz*. See note at page 13.
[3] The joke is explained by placing a comma after *non*.

viewers — rogues; — the highest bidder has me. Here is my hand, Moritz!

ROLLER. And you too, Schweitzer? (*He gives his right hand to* SPIEGELBERG.) Thus I consign my soul to the devil.

SPIEGEL. And your name to the stars! What does it signify where the soul goes to? If crowds of *avant-couriers* give notice of our descent that the devils may put on their holiday gear, wipe the accumulated soot of a thousand years from their eyelashes, and myriads of horned heads pop up from the smoking mouth of their sulphurous chimneys to welcome our arrival! Up, comrades! (*Leaping up.*) Up! What in the world is equal to this ecstasy of delight? Come along, comrades!

ROLLER. Gently, gently! Where are you going? Every beast must have a head, boys!

SPIEGEL. (*with bitterness*) What is that incubus preaching about? Was not the head already there before a single limb began to move? Follow me, comrades!

ROLLER. Gently, I say! even liberty must have its master. Rome and Sparta perished for want of a chief.

SPIEGEL. (*in a wheedling manner*) Yes, — stay — Roller is right. And he must have an enlightened head. Do you understand? A keen, politic head. Yes! when I think what you were only an hour ago, and what you are now, and that it is all owing to one happy thought. Yes, of course, you must have a chief, and you'll own that he who struck out this idea may claim to have an enlightened and politic head?

ROLLER. If one could hope, if one could dream, but I fear he will not consent.

SPIEGEL. Why not? Speak out boldly, friend! Difficult as it may be to steer a labouring vessel against wind and tide, oppressive as may be the weight of a

crown, speak your thought without hesitation, Roller! Perhaps he may be prevailed upon after all!

ROLLER. And if he does not the whole vessel will be crazy enough. Without Moor we are a body without a soul.

SPIEGEL. (*turning angrily from him*) Dolt! blockhead!

Enter CHARLES VON MOOR *in violent agitation, stalking backward and forward, and speaking to himself.*

CHARLES VON M. Man — man! false, perfidious crocodile-brood! Your eyes are all tears, but your hearts steel! Kisses on your lips, but daggers couched in your bosoms! Even lions and tigers nourish their young. Ravens feast their brood on carrion, and he — he! Malice I have learned to bear; and I can smile when my fellest enemy drinks to me in my own heart's blood; but when kindred turn traitors, when a father's love becomes a fury's hate; oh, then, let manly resignation give place to raging fire! the gentle lamb become a tiger! and every nerve strain itself to vengeance and destruction!

ROLLER. Hark ye, Moor! What think ye of it? A robber's life is pleasanter, after all, than to lie rotting on bread and water in the lowest dungeon of the castle?

CHARLES VON M. Why was not this spirit implanted in a tiger which gluts its raging jaws with human flesh? Is this a father's tenderness? Is this love for love? Would I were a bear to rouse all the bears of the north against this murderous race! Repentance, and no pardon! Oh, that I could poison the ocean that men might drink death from every spring! Contrition, implicit reliance, and no pardon!

ROLLER. But listen, Moor, — listen to what I am telling you!

CHARLES VON M. 'Tis incredible! 'tis a dream — a delusion! Such earnest entreaty, such a vivid picture of misery and tearful penitence — a savage beast would have been melted to compassion! stones would have wept, and yet he — it would be thought a malicious libel upon human nature were I to proclaim it — and yet, yet — oh, that I could sound the trumpet of rebellion through all creation, and lead air, and earth, and sea into battle array against this generation of hyenas!

GRIMM. Hear me, only hear me! You are deaf with raving.

CHARLES VON M. Avaunt, avaunt! Is not thy name man? Art thou not born of woman? Out of my sight, thou thing with human visage! I loved him so unutterably! — never son so loved a father; I would have sacrificed a thousand lives for him — (*Foaming and stamping the ground.*) Ha! where is he that will put a sword into my hand that I may strike this generation of vipers to the quick? Who will teach me how to reach their heart's core, to crush, to annihilate the whole race? — Such a man shall be my friend, my angel, my god — him will I worship!

ROLLER. Such friends behold in us! be but advised!

SCHW. Come with us into the Bohemian forests! We will form a band of robbers there, and you — (MOOR *stares at him.*)

SCHWEIT. You shall be our captain! you *must* be our captain!

SPIEGEL. (*throws himself into a chair in a rage*) Slaves and cowards!

CHARLES VON M. Who inspired thee with that thought? Hark, fellow! (*Grasping* ROLLER *tightly.*) that human soul of thine did not produce it; who suggested it to thee? Yes, by the thousand arms of death! that's what we will, and what we must do! the thought's

divine. He who conceived it deserves to be canonised. Robbers and murderers! As my soul lives, I am your captain!

ALL. (*with tumultuous shouts*) Hurrah! long live our captain!

SPIEGEL. (*starting up, aside*) Till I give him his *coup de grace!*

CHARLES VON M. See, it falls like a film from my eyes! What a fool was I to think of returning to be caged! My soul's athirst for deeds, my spirit pants for freedom. Murderers, robbers! with these words I trample the law underfoot — mankind threw off humanity when I appealed to it. Away, then, with human sympathies and mercy! I no longer have a father, no longer affections; blood and death shall teach me to forget that anything was ever dear to me! Come! come! Oh, I will recreate myself with some most fearful vengeance; — 'tis resolved, I am your captain! and success to him who shall spread fire and slaughter the widest and most savagely — I pledge myself he shall be right royally rewarded. Stand around me, all of you, and swear to me fealty and obedience unto death! Swear by this trusty right hand.

ALL. (*place their hands in his*) We swear to thee fealty and obedience unto death!

CHARLES VON M. And, by this same trusty right hand, I here swear to you to remain your captain, true and faithful unto death! This arm shall make an instant corpse of him who doubts, or fears, or retreats. And may the same befall me from your hands if I betray my oath! Are you content?

[SPIEGELBERG *runs up and down in a furious rage.*

ALL. (*throwing up their hats*) We are content!

CHARLES VON M. Well, then, let us be gone! Fear neither death nor danger, for an unalterable destiny rules over us. Every man has his doom, be it to die on the soft pillow of down, or in the field of blood, or

on the scaffold, or the wheel! One or the other of these must be our lot! [*Exeunt.*

SPIEGEL. (*looking after them after a pause*) Your catalogue has a hole in it. You have omitted poison. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. — MOOR'S *Castle.* — AMELIA'S *Chamber.*

FRANCIS, AMELIA.

FRANCIS. Your face is averted from me, Amelia? Am I less worthy than he who is accursed of his father?

AMELIA. Away! Oh! what a loving, compassionate father, who abandons his son a prey to wolves and monsters! In his own comfortable home he pampers himself with delicious wines and stretches his palsied limbs on down, while his noble son is starving. Shame upon you, inhuman wretches! Shame upon you, ye souls of dragons, ye blots on humanity! — his only son!

FRANCIS. I thought he had two.

AMELIA. Yes, he deserves to have such sons as you are. On his death-bed he will in vain stretch out his withered hands for his Charles, and recoil with a shudder when he feels the ice-cold hand of his Francis. Oh, it is sweet, deliciously sweet, to be cursed by such a father! Tell me, Francis, dear brotherly soul — tell me what must one do to be cursed by him?

FRANCIS. You are raving, dearest; you are to be pitied.

AMELIA. Oh! indeed. Do you pity your brother? No, monster, you hate him! I hope you hate me too.

FRANCIS. I love you as dearly as I love myself, Amelia!

AMELIA. If you love me you will not refuse me one little request.

FRANCIS. None, none! if you ask no more than my life.

AMELIA. Oh, if that is the case! then one request, which you will so easily, so readily grant. (*Loftily.*) Hate me! I should perforce blush crimson if, whilst thinking of Charles, it should for a moment enter my mind that you do not hate me. You promise me this? Now go, and leave me; I so love to be alone!

FRANCIS. Lovely enthusiast! how greatly I admire your gentle, affectionate heart. Here, here, Charles reigned sole monarch, like a god within his temple; he stood before thee waking, he filled your imagination dreaming; the whole creation seemed to thee to centre in Charles, and to reflect him alone; it gave thee no other echo but of him.

AMELIA. (*with emotion*) Yes, verily, I own it. Despite of you all, barbarians as you are, I will own it before all the world. I love him!

FRANCIS. Inhuman, cruel! So to requite a love like this! To forget her—

AMELIA. (*starting*) What! forget me?

FRANCIS. Did you not place a ring on his finger? —a diamond ring, the pledge of your love? To be sure how is it possible for youth to resist the fascinations of a wanton? Who can blame him for it, since he had nothing else left to give away? and of course she repaid him with interest by her caresses and embraces.

AMELIA. (*with indignation*) My ring to a wanton?

FRANCIS. Fie, fie! it is disgraceful. 'Twould not be much, however, if that were all. A ring, be it ever so costly, is, after all, a thing which one may always buy of a Jew. Perhaps the fashion of it did not please him, perhaps he exchanged it for one more beautiful.

AMELIA. (*with violence*) But *my* ring, I say, *my* ring?

Francis. Even yours, Amelia. Ha! such a brilliant, and on my finger; and from Amelia! Death itself should not have plucked it hence. It is not the costliness of the diamond, not the cunning of the pattern — it is love which constitutes its value. Is it not so, Amelia? Dearest child, you are weeping. Woe be to him who causes such precious drops to flow from those heavenly eyes; ah, and if you knew all, if you could but see him yourself, see him under that form?

Amelia. Monster! what do you mean? What form do you speak of?

Francis. Hush, hush, gentle soul, press me no further (*as if soliloquising, yet aloud*). If it had only some veil, that horrid vice, under which it might shroud itself from the eye of the world! But there it is, glaring horribly through the sallow, leaden eye; proclaiming itself in the sunken, deathlike look; ghastly protruding bones; the faltering, hollow voice; preaching audibly from the shattered, shaking skeleton; piercing to the most vital marrow of the bones, and sapping the manly strength of youth — faugh! the idea sickens me. Nose, eyes, ears shrink from it. You saw that miserable wretch, Amelia, in our hospital who was heavily breathing out his spirit; modesty seemed to cast down her abashed eye as she passed him; you cried woe upon him. Recall that hideous image to your mind, and your Charles stands before you. His kisses are pestilence, his lips poison.

Amelia. (*strikes him*) Shameless liar!

Francis. Does such a Charles inspire you with horror? Does the mere picture fill you with disgust? Go, then! gaze upon him yourself, your handsome, your angelic, your divine Charles! Go, drink his balmy breath, and revel in the ambrosial fumes which ascend from his throat! The very exhalations of his body will plunge you into that dark and deathlike dizziness which follows the smell of a bursting carcase, or the

sight of a corpse-strewn battle-field. (AMELIA *turns away her face.*) What sensations of love! What rapture in those embraces! But is it not unjust to condemn a man because of his diseased exterior? Even in the most wretched lump of deformity a soul great and worthy of love may beam forth brightly like a pearl on a dunghill. (*With a malignant smile.*) Even from lips of corruption love may — To be sure if vice should undermine the very foundations of character, if with chastity virtue too should take her flight, as the fragrance departs from the faded rose — if with the body the soul too should be tainted and corrupted —

AMELIA. (*rising joyfully*) Ha! Charles! now I recognise thee again! Thou art whole, whole! It was all a lie! Dost thou not know, miscreant, that it would be impossible for Charles to be the being you describe? (FRANCIS *remains standing for some time, lost in thought, then suddenly turns around to go away.*) Whither are you going in such haste? Are you flying from your own infamy?

FRANCIS. (*hiding his face*) Let me go, let me go! to give free vent to my tears! tyrannical father, thus to abandon the best of your sons to misery and disgrace on every side! Let me go, Amelia! I will throw myself at his feet, on my knees I will conjure him to transfer to me the curse that he has pronounced, to disinherit me, to hate me, my blood, my life, my all —

AMELIA. (*falls on his neck*) Brother of my Charles! Dearest, most excellent Francis!

FRANCIS. Oh, Amelia! how I love you for this unshaken constancy to my brother. Forgive me for venturing to subject your love to so severe a trial! How nobly you have realised my wishes! By those tears, those sighs, that divine indignation — and for me too, for me — our souls did so truly harmonise.

AMELIA. Oh, no! that they never did!

FRANCIS. Alas! they harmonised so truly that I always thought we must be twins. And were it not for that unfortunate difference in person, to be twin-like, which, it must be admitted, would be to the disadvantage of Charles, we should again and again be mistaken for each other. Thou art, I often said to myself, thou art the very Charles, his echo, his counterpart.

AMELIA. (*shakes her head*) No, no! by that chaste light of heaven! not an atom of him, not the least spark of his soul.

FRANCIS. So entirely the same in our dispositions; the rose was his favourite flower, and what flower do I esteem above the rose? He loved music beyond expression; and ye are witnesses, ye stars! how often you have listened to me playing on the harpsichord in the dead silence of night, when all around lay buried in darkness and slumber; and how is it possible for you, Amelia, still to doubt? if our love meets in one perfection, and if it is the self-same love, how can its fruits degenerate? (AMELIA *looks at him with astonishment.*) It was a calm, serene evening, the last before his departure for Leipzig, when he took me with him to the bower where you so often sat together in dreams of love, — we were long speechless; at last he seized my hand, and said, in a low voice, and with tears in his eyes, "I am leaving Amelia; I know not, but I have a sad presentiment that it is for ever; forsake her not, brother; be her friend, her Charles — if Charles — should never — never return." (*He throws himself down before her, and kisses her hand with fervour.*) Never, never, never will he return; and I stand pledged by a sacred oath to fulfil his behest!

AMELIA. (*starting back*) Traitor! Now thou art unmasked! In that very bower he conjured me, if he died, to admit no other love. Dost thou see how impious, how execrable — Quit my sight!

FRANCIS. You know me not, Amelia; you do not know me in the least!

AMELIA. Oh, yes, I know you; from henceforth I know you; and you pretend to be like him? You mean to say that he wept for me in your presence? Yours? He would sooner have inscribed my name on the pillory! Begone — this instant!

FRANCIS. You insult me.

AMELIA. Go — I say. You have robbed me of a precious hour; may it be deducted from your life.

FRANCIS. You hate me then!

AMELIA. I despise you — away!

FRANCIS. (*stamping with fury*) Only wait! you shall learn to tremble before me! — To sacrifice me for a beggar! [*Exit in anger.*

AMELIA. Go, thou base villain! Now, Charles, am I again thine own. Beggar, did he say! then is the world turned upside down, beggars are kings, and kings are beggars! I would not change the rags he wears for the imperial purple. The look with which he begs must, indeed, be a noble, a royal look, a look that withers into naught the glory, the pomp, the triumphs of the rich and great! Into the dust with thee, glittering baubles! (*She tears her pearls from her neck.*) Let the rich and the proud be condemned to bear the burden of gold, and silver, and jewels! Be they condemned to carouse at the tables of the voluptuous! To pamper their limbs on the downy couch of luxury! Charles! Charles! Thus am I worthy of thee!

[*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. FRANCIS VON MOOR *in his chamber — in meditation.*

FRANCIS. It lasts too long — and the doctor even says is recovering — an old man's life is a very eternity! The course would be free and plain before me, but for this troublesome, tough lump of flesh, which, like the infernal demon-hound in ghost stories, bars the way to my treasures.

Must, then, my projects bend to the iron yoke of a mechanical system? Is my soaring spirit to be chained down to the snail's pace of matter? To blow out a wick which is already flickering upon its last drop of oil — 'tis nothing more. And yet I would rather not do it myself, on account of what the world would say. I should not wish him to be killed, but merely disposed of. I should like to do what your clever physician does, only the reverse way — not stop Nature's course by running a bar across her path, but only help her to speed a little faster. Are we not able to prolong the conditions of life? Why, then, should we not also be able to shorten them?

Philosophers and physiologists teach us how close is the sympathy between the emotions of the mind and movements of the bodily machine. Convulsive sensations are always accompanied by a disturbance of the mechanical vibrations — passions injure the vital powers — an overburdened spirit bursts its shell. Well, then — what if one knew how to smooth this unbeaten path, for the easier entrance of death into the citadel of life? — to work the body's destruction through the mind — ha! an original device! — who can accomplish this? — a device without a parallel! Think upon it, Moor! That were an art worthy of thee for its in-

ventor. Has not poisoning been raised almost to the rank of a regular science, and Nature compelled, by the force of experiments, to define her limits, so that one may now calculate the heart's throbbings for years in advance, and say to the beating pulse, "So far, and no farther?" Why should not one try one's skill in this line?[1]

And how, then, must I, too, go to work to dissever that sweet and peaceful union of soul and body? What species of sensations should I seek to produce? Which would most fiercely assail the condition of life? *Anger?* — that ravenous wolf is too quickly satiated. *Care?* — that worm gnaws far too slowly. *Grief?* — that viper creeps too lazily for me. *Fear?* — hope destroys its power. What! and are these the only executioners of man? is the armory of death so soon exhausted? (*In deep thought.*) How now! what! ho! I have it! (*Starting up.*) *Terror!* What is proof against terror? What powers have religion and reason under that giant's icy grasp? And yet — if he should withstand even this assault? If he should! Oh, then, come *Anguish* to my aid! and thou, gnawing *Repentance!* — furies of hell, burrowing snakes who regorge your food, and feed upon your own excrements; ye that are for ever destroying, and for ever reproducing your poison! And thou, howling *Remorse*, that desolatest thine own habitation, and feedest upon thy mother. And come ye, too, gentle Graces, to my aid; even you, sweet smiling *Memory*, goddess of the past — and thou, with thy over-

[1] A woman in Paris, by means of a regularly performed series of experiments, carried the art of poisoning to such perfection that she could predict almost to a certainty the day of death, however remote. Fie upon our physicians, who should blush to be outdone by a woman in their own province. Beckmann, in his article on secret poisoning, has given a particular account of this woman, the Marchioness de Brinvilliers. — See "History of Inventions," Standard Library Edition, vol. i. pp. 47–63.

flowing horn of plenty, blooming *Futurity;* show him in your mirror the joys of Paradise, while with fleeting foot you elude his eager grasp. Thus will I work my battery of death, stroke after stroke, upon his fragile body, until the troop of furies close upon him with *Despair!* Triumph! triumph! — the plan is complete — difficult and masterly beyond compare — sure — safe; for then (*with a sneer*) the dissecting knife can find no trace of wound or of corrosive poison. (*Resolutely.*) Be it so! (*Enter* HERMANN.) Ha! *Deus ex machinâ!* Hermann!

HERMANN. At your service, gracious sir!

FRANCIS. (*shakes him by the hand*) You will not find it that of an ungrateful master.

HERMANN. I have proofs of this.

FRANCIS. And you shall have more soon — very soon, Hermann! — I have something to say to thee, Hermann.

HERMANN. I am all attention.

FRANCIS. I know thee — thou art a resolute fellow — a man of mettle. — To call thee smooth-tongued — My father has greatly belied thee, Hermann.

HERMANN. The devil take me if I forget it!

FRANCIS. Spoken like a man! Vengeance becomes a manly heart! Thou art to my mind, Hermann. Take this purse, Hermann. It should be heavier were I master here.

HERMANN. That is my unceasing wish, most gracious sir. I thank you.

FRANCIS. Really, Hermann! dost thou wish that I were master? But my father has the marrow of a lion in his bones, and I am but a younger son.

HERMANN. I wish you were the eldest son, and that your father were as marrowless as a girl sinking in a consumption.

FRANCIS. Ha! how that elder son would recompense thee! How he would raise thee from this grov-

elling condition, so ill suited to thy spirit and noble birth, to be a light of the age! — Then shouldst thou be covered with gold from head to foot, and dash through the streets four in hand — verily thou shouldst! — But I am losing sight of what I meant to say. — Have you already forgotten the Lady Amelia, Hermann?

HERMANN. A curse upon it! Why do you remind me of her?

FRANCIS. My brother has filched her away from you.

HERMANN. He shall rue it.

FRANCIS. She gave you the sack. And, if I remember right, he kicked you down-stairs.

HERMANN. For which I will kick him into hell.

FRANCIS. He used to say, it was whispered abroad, that your father could never look upon you without smiting his breast and sighing, "God be merciful to me a sinner!"

HERMANN. (*wildly*) Thunder and lightning! No more of this!

FRANCIS. He advised you to sell your patent of nobility by auction, and to get your stockings mended with the proceeds.

HERMANN. By all the devils in hell, I'll scratch out his eyes with my own nails!

FRANCIS. What? you are growing angry? What signifies your anger? What harm can you do him? What can a mouse like you do to such a lion? Your rage only makes his triumph the sweeter. You can do nothing more than gnash your teeth, and vent your rage upon a dry crust.

HERMANN. (*stamping*) I will grind him to powder!

FRANCIS. (*slapping his shoulder*) Fie, Hermann! You are a gentleman. You must not put up with the affront. You must not give up the lady, no, not for all the world, Hermann! By my soul, I would move heaven and earth were I in your place.

HERMANN. I will not rest till I have *him*, and *him*, too, under ground.

FRANCIS. Not so violent, Hermann! Come nearer — you shall have Amelia.

HERMANN. That I must; despite the devil himself, I *will* have her.

FRANCIS. You shall have her, I tell you; and that from my hand. Come closer, I say. — You don't know, perhaps, that Charles is as good as disinherited.

HERMANN. (*going closer to him*) Incredible! The first I have heard of it.

FRANCIS. Be patient, and listen! Another time you shall hear more. — Yes, I tell you, as good as banished these eleven months. But the old man already begins to lament the hasty step, which, however, I flatter myself (*with a smile*) is not entirely his own. Amelia, too, is incessantly pursuing him with her tears and reproaches. Presently he will be having him searched for in every quarter of the world; and if he finds him — then it's all over with you, Hermann. You may perhaps have the honour of most obsequiously holding the coach-door while he alights with the lady to get married.

HERMANN. I'll strangle him at the altar first.

FRANCIS. His father will soon give up his estates to him, and live in retirement in his castle. Then the proud roysterer will have the reins in his own hands, and laugh his enemies to scorn; — and I, who wished to make a great man of you — a man of consequence — I myself, Hermann, shall have to make my humble obeisance at his threshold —

HERMANN. (*with fire*) No, as sure as my name is Hermann, that shall never be! If but the smallest spark of wit glimmer in this brain of mine, that shall never be!

FRANCIS. Will you be able to prevent it? You, too, my good Hermann, will be made to feel his lash.

He will spit in your face when he meets you in the streets; and woe be to you should you venture to shrug your shoulders or to make a wry mouth. Look, my friend! this is all that your love-suit, your prospects, and your mighty plans amount to.

HERMANN. Tell me, what am I to do?

FRANCIS. Well, then, listen, Hermann! You see how I enter into your feelings, like a true friend. Go — disguise yourself, so that no one may recognise you; obtain audience of the old man; pretend to come straight from Bohemia, to have been at the battle of Prague along with my brother — to have seen him breathe his last on the field of battle —

HERMANN. Will he believe me?

FRANCIS. Ho! ho! let that be my care! Take this packet. There you will find your commission set forth at large; and documents, to boot, which shall convince the most incredulous. Only make haste to get away unobserved. Slip through the back gate into the yard, and then scale the garden wall. The dénouement of this tragi-comedy you may leave to me!

HERMANN. That, I suppose, will be, "Long live our new baron, Francis von Moor!"

FRANCIS. (*patting his cheeks*) How cunning you are! By this means, you see, we attain all our aims at once and quickly. Amelia relinquishes all hope of him, — the old man reproaches himself for the death of his son, and — he sickens — a tottering edifice needs no earthquake to bring it down — he will not survive the intelligence — then am I his only son, — Amelia loses every support, and becomes the plaything of my will, and you may easily guess — in short, all will go as we wish — but you must not flinch from your word.

HERMANN. What do you say? (*Exultingly.*) Sooner shall the ball turn back in its course, and bury itself in the entrails of the marksman. Depend upon me! Only let me to the work. Adieu!

FRANCIS. (*calling after him*) The harvest is thine, dear Hermann! (*Alone.*) When the ox has drawn the corn into the barn, he must put up with hay. A dairy-maid for thee, and no Amelia!

SCENE II. — OLD MOOR'S *Bedchamber.*

OLD MOOR *asleep in an armchair;* AMELIA.

AMELIA. (*approaching him on tiptoe*) Softly! Softly! he slumbers. (*She places herself before him.*) How beautiful! how venerable! — venerable as the picture of a saint! No, I cannot be angry with thee, thou head with the silver locks; I cannot be angry with thee! Slumber on gently, wake up cheerfully — I alone will be the sufferer.

OLD M. (*dreaming*) My son! my son! my son!

AMELIA. (*seizes his hand*) Hark! Hark! his son is in his dreams.

OLD M. Are you there? Are you really there! Alas! how miserable you seem! Fix not on me that mournful look! I am wretched enough.

AMELIA. (*awakens him abruptly*) Look up, dear old man! 'Twas but a dream. Collect yourself!

OLD M. (*half awake*) Was he not there? Did I not press his hands? Cruel Francis! wilt thou tear him even from my dreams?

AMELIA. (*aside*) Ha! mark that, Amelia!

OLD M. (*rousing himself*) Where is he? Where? Where am I? You here, Amelia?

AMELIA. How do you find yourself? You have had a refreshing slumber.

OLD M. I was dreaming about my son. Why did I not dream on? Perhaps I might have obtained forgiveness from his lips.

AMELIA. Angels bear no resentment — he forgives

you. (*Seizes his hand sorrowfully.*) Father of my Charles! I, too, forgive you.

OLD M. No, no, my child! That deathlike paleness of thy cheek is the father's condemnation. Poor girl! I have robbed thee of the happiness of thy youth. Oh, do not curse me!

AMELIA. (*affectionately kissing his hand*) I curse you?

OLD M. Dost thou know this portrait, my daughter?

AMELIA. Charles!

OLD M. Such was he in his sixteenth year. But now, alas! how changed. Oh, it is raging within me. That gentleness is now indignation; that smile despair. It was his birthday, was it not, Amelia — in the jessamine bower — when you drew this picture of him? Oh, my daughter! How happy was I in your loves.

AMELIA. (*with her eye still riveted upon the picture*) No, no, it is not he! By Heaven, that is not Charles! Here (*pointing to her head and her heart*), here he is perfect; and how different. The feeble pencil avails not to express that heavenly spirit which reigned in his fiery eye. Away with it! This is a poor image, an ordinary man! I was a mere dauber.

OLD M. That kind, that cheering look! Had that been at my bedside, I should have lived in the midst of death. Never, never should I have died!

AMELIA. No, you would never, never have died. It would have been but a leap, as we leap from one thought to another and a better. That look would have lighted you across the tomb — that look would have lifted you beyond the stars!

OLD M. It is hard! it is sad! I am dying, and my son Charles is not here — I am borne to my tomb, and he weeps not over my grave. How sweet it is to be lulled into the sleep of death by a son's prayer — that is the true requiem.

AMELIA. (*with enthusiasm*) Yes, sweet it is, heav-

enly sweet, to be lulled into the sleep of death by the song of the beloved. Perhaps our dreams continue in the grave — a long, eternal, never-ending dream of Charles — till the trumpet of resurrection sounds — (*rising in ecstasy*) — and thenceforth and for ever in his arms! (*A pause; she goes to the piano and plays.*)

ANDROMACHE.

Oh, Hector, wilt thou go for evermore,
When fierce Achilles, on the blood-stained shore,
Heaps countless victims o'er Patroclus' grave?
Who then thy hapless orphan boy will rear,
Teach him to praise the gods and hurl the spear,
When thou art swallow'd up in Xanthus' wave?

OLD M. A beautiful song, my daughter. You must play that to me before I die.

AMELIA. It is the parting of Hector and Andromache. Charles and I used often to sing it together to the guitar. (*She continues.*)

HECTOR.

Beloved wife! stern duty calls to arms!—
Go, fetch my lance! and cease those vain alarms!
On me is cast the destiny of Troy!
Astyanax, my child, the Gods will shield,
Should Hector fall upon the battle-field;
And in Elysium we shall meet with joy!

Enter DANIEL.

DANIEL. There is a man without, who craves to be admitted to your presence, and says he brings tidings of importance.

OLD M. To me there is but one thing in this world of importance; thou knowest it, Amelia. Perhaps it

is some unfortunate creature who seeks assistance? He shall not go hence in sorrow.

AMELIA. If it is a beggar, let him come up quickly.

OLD M. Amelia, Amelia! spare me!

AMELIA. (*continues to play and sing*)

ANDROMACHE.

Thy martial tread no more will grace my hall—
Thine arms shall hang sad relics on the wall—
And Priam's race of godlike heroes fade!
Oh, thou wilt go where Phœbus sheds no light—
Where black Cocytus wails in endless night—
Thy love will die in Lethe's gloomy shade.

HECTOR.

Though I in Lethe's darksome wave should sink,
And cease on other mortal ties to think,
Yet thy true love shall never be forgot!
Hark! on the walls I hear the battle roar—
Gird on my armour—and, oh, weep no more.
Thy Hector's love in Lethe dieth not!

Enter FRANCIS, HERMANN *in disguise*, DANIEL.

FRANCIS. Here is the man. He says that he brings terrible news. Can you bear the recital?

OLD M. I know but one thing terrible to hear. Come hither, friend, and spare me not! Hand him a cup of wine!

HERMANN. (*in a feigned voice*) Most gracious sir! Let not a poor man be visited with your displeasure, if against his will he lacerates your heart. I am a stranger in these parts, but I know you well; you are the father of Charles von Moor.

OLD M. How know you that?

HERMANN. I knew your son—

AMELIA. (*starting up*) He lives then? He lives! You know him? Where is he? Where? (*About to rush out.*)

OLD M. What know you about my son?

HERMANN. He was a student at the university of Leipzig. From thence he travelled about, I know not how far. He wandered all over Germany, and, as he told me himself, barefoot and bareheaded, begging his bread from door to door. After five months, the fatal war between Prussia and Austria broke out afresh, and as he had no hopes left in this world, the fame of Frederick's victorious banner drew him to Bohemia. Permit me, said he to the great Schwerin, to die on the bed of heroes, for I have no longer a father!—

OLD M. O! Amelia! Look not on me!

HERMANN. They gave him a pair of colours. With the Prussians he flew on the wings of victory. We chanced to lie together, in the same tent. He talked much of his old father, and of happy days that were past—and of disappointed hopes—it brought the tears into our eyes.

OLD M. (*buries his face in his pillow*) No more! Oh, no more!

HERMANN. A week after, the fierce battle of Prague was fought—I can assure you your son behaved like a brave soldier. He performed prodigies that day in sight of the whole army. Five regiments were successively cut down by his side, and still he kept his ground. Fiery shells fell right and left, and still your son kept his ground. A ball shattered his right hand: he seized the colours with his left, and still he kept his ground—

AMELIA. (*in transport*) Hector, Hector! do you hear? He kept his ground—

HERMANN. On the evening of the battle I found him on the same spot. He had sunk down, amidst a shower of hissing balls: with his left hand he was

stanching the blood that flowed from a fearful wound; his right he had buried in the earth. "Comrade!" cried he, when he saw me, "there has been a report through the ranks that the general fell an hour ago —" "He is fallen," I replied, "and thou? —" "Well, then," he cried, withdrawing his left hand from the wound, "let every brave soldier follow his general!" Soon after he breathed out his noble soul, to join his heroic leader.

FRANCIS. (*feigning to rush wildly on* HERMANN) May death seal thy accursed lips! Art thou come here to give the death-blow to our father? Father! Amelia! Father!

HERMANN. It was the last wish of my expiring comrade. "Take this sword," faltered he, with his dying breath, "deliver it to my aged father; his son's blood is upon it — he is avenged — let him rejoice. Tell him that his curse drove me into battle and into death; that I fell in despair." His last sigh was "Amelia."

AMELIA. (*like one aroused from lethargy*) His last sigh — Amelia!

OLD M. (*screaming horribly, and tearing his hair*) My curse drove him into death! He fell in despair!

FRANCIS. (*pacing up and down the room*) Oh! what have you done, father? My Charles! my brother!

HERMANN. Here is the sword; and here, too, is a picture which he drew from his breast at the same time. It is the very image of this young lady. "This for my brother Francis," he said; I know not what he meant by it.

FRANCIS. (*feigning astonishment*) For me? Amelia's picture? For me — Charles — Amelia? For me?

AMELIA. (*rushing violently upon* HERMANN) Thou venal, bribed impostor! (*Lays hold of him.*)

HERMANN. I am no impostor, noble lady. See yourself if it is not your picture. It may be that you yourself gave it to him.

FRANCIS. By heaven, Amelia! your picture! It is, indeed.

AMELIA. (*returns him the picture*) My picture, mine! Oh! heavens and earth!

OLD M. (*screaming and tearing his face*) Woe, woe! my curse drove him into death! He fell in despair!

FRANCIS. And he thought of me in the last and parting hour — of me. Angelic soul! When the black banner of death already waved over him he thought of me!

OLD M. (*stammering like an idiot*) My curse drove him into death. In despair my son perished.

HERMANN. This is more than I can bear! Farewell, old gentleman! (*Aside to* FRANCIS.) How could you have the heart to do this? [*Exit in haste.*

AMELIA. (*rises and rushes after him*) Stay! stay! What were his last words?

HERMANN. (*calling back*) His last sigh was "Amelia." [*Exit.*

AMELIA. His last sigh was Amelia! No, thou art no impostor. It is too true — true — he is dead — dead! (*staggering to and fro till she sinks down*) — dead — Charles is dead!

FRANCIS. What do I see? What is this line on the sword? — written with blood — Amelia!

AMELIA. By him?

FRANCIS. Do I see clearly, or am I dreaming? Behold, in characters of blood, "Francis, forsake not my Amelia." And on the other side, "Amelia, all-powerful death has released thee from thy oath." Now do you see — do you see? With hand stiffening in death he wrote it, with his warm life's blood he wrote it — wrote it on the solemn brink of eternity. His spirit lingered in his flight to unite Francis and Amelia.

AMELIA. Gracious heaven! it is his own hand. He never loved me. [*Rushes off.*

FRANCIS. (*stamping the ground*) Confusion! her stubborn heart foils all my cunning!

OLD MOOR. Woe, woe! forsake me not, my daughter! Francis, Francis! give me back my son!

FRANCIS. Who was it that cursed him? Who was it that drove his son into battle, and death, and despair? Oh, he was an angel, a jewel of heaven! A curse on his destroyers! A curse, a curse upon yourself!

OLD MOOR. (*strikes his breast and forehead with his clenched fist*) He was an angel, a jewel of heaven! A curse, a curse, perdition, a curse on myself! I am the father who slew his noble son! He loved me even to death! To expiate my vengeance he rushed into battle and into death!. Monster, monster that I am! (*He rages against himself.*)

FRANCIS. He is gone. What avail these tardy lamentations? (*with a satanic sneer*) It is easier to murder than to restore to life. You will never bring him back from his grave.

OLD MOOR. Never, never, never bring him back from the grave! Gone! lost for ever! And you it was that beguiled my heart to curse him — you — you — Give me back my son!

FRANCIS. Rouse not my fury, lest I forsake you even in the hour of death!

OLD MOOR. Monster! inhuman monster! Restore my son to me. (*Starts from the chair and attempts to catch* FRANCIS *by the throat, who flings him back.*)

FRANCIS. Feeble old dotard! would you dare? Die! despair! [*Exit.*

OLD MOOR. May the thunder of a thousand curses light upon thee! thou hast robbed me of my son. (*Throwing himself about in his chair full of despair.*) Alas! alas! to despair and yet not die. They fly, they forsake me in death; my guardian angels fly from me; all the saints withdraw from the hoary

murderer. Oh, misery! will no one support this head, no one release this struggling soul? No son, no daughter, no friend, not one human being — will no one? Alone — forsaken. Woe, woe! To despair, yet not to die!

Enter AMELIA, *her eyes red with weeping.*

OLD MOOR. Amelia! messenger of heaven! Art thou come to release my soul?

AMELIA. (*in a gentle tone*) You have lost a noble son.

OLD MOOR. Murdered him, you mean. With the weight of this impeachment I shall present myself before the judgment-seat of God.

AMELIA. Not so, old man! Our heavenly Father has taken him to himself. We should have been too happy in this world. Above, above, beyond the stars, we shall meet again.

OLD MOOR. Meet again! Meet again! Oh! it will pierce my soul like a sword — should I, a saint, meet him among the saints. In the midst of heaven the horrors of hell will strike through me![1] The remembrance of that deed will crush me in the presence of the Eternal: I have murdered my son!

AMELIA. Oh, his smiles will chase away the bitter remembrance from your soul! Cheer up, dear father! I am quite cheerful. Has he not already sung the name of Amelia to listening angels on seraphic harps, and has not heaven's choir sweetly echoed it? Was not his last sigh, Amelia? And will not Amelia be his first accent of joy?

[1] This may be illustrated by a parallel from Shakespeare:

"When we shall meet at compt,
This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,
And fiends will snatch at it."
— *Othello*, Act v. Sc. 2.

OLD MOOR. Heavenly consolation flows from your lips! He will smile upon me, you say? He will forgive me? You must stay with me, beloved of my Charles, when I die.

AMELIA. To die is to fly to his arms. Oh, how happy and enviable is your lot! Would that my bones were decayed! — that my hairs were gray! Woe upon the vigour of youth! Welcome, decrepit age, nearer to heaven and my Charles!

Enter FRANCIS.

OLD MOOR. Come near, my son! Forgive me if I spoke too harshly to you just now! I forgive you all. I wish to yield up my spirit in peace.

FRANCIS. Have you done weeping for your son? For aught that I see you had but one.

OLD MOOR. Jacob had twelve sons, but for his Joseph he wept tears of blood.

FRANCIS. Hum!

OLD MOOR. Bring the Bible, my daughter, and read to me the story of Jacob and Joseph! It always appeared to me so touching, even before I myself became a Jacob.

AMELIA. What part shall I read to you? (*Takes the Bible and turns over the leaves.*)

OLD MOOR. Read to me the grief of the bereaved father when he found his Joseph no more among his children; — when he sought him in vain amidst his eleven sons; — and his lamentation when he heard that he was taken from him for ever.

AMELIA. (*reads*) "And they took Joseph's coat, and killed a kid of the goats, and dipped the coat in the blood; and they sent the coat of many colours, and they brought it to their father, and said, 'This have we found: know now whether it be thy son's coat or no.' (*Exit* FRANCIS *suddenly.*) And he knew



it and said, 'It is my son's coat; an evil beast hath devoured him; Joseph is without doubt rent in pieces —'"

OLD MOOR. (*falls back upon the pillow*) An evil beast hath devoured Joseph!

AMELIA. (*continues reading*) "And Jacob rent his clothes, and put sackcloth upon his loins, and mourned for his son many days. And all his sons and all his daughters rose up to comfort him, but he refused to be comforted, and he said, 'For I will go down into the grave —'"

OLD MOOR. Leave off! leave off. I feel very ill.

AMELIA. (*running toward him, lets fall the book*) Heaven help us! What is this?

OLD MOOR. It is death — darkness — is waving — before my eyes — I pray thee — send for the minister — that he may — give me — the Holy Communion. Where is — my son Francis?

AMELIA. He is fled. God have mercy upon us!

OLD MOOR. Fled — fled from his father's death-bed? And is that all — all — of two children full of promise — thou hast given — thou hast — taken away — thy name be —

AMELIA. (*with a sudden cry*) Dead! both dead!
[*Exit in despair.*

Enter FRANCIS, *dancing with joy.*

FRANCIS. Dead, they cry, dead! Now am I master. Through the whole castle it rings, dead! but stay, perchance he only sleeps? To be sure, yes, to be sure! that certainly is a sleep after which no "good-morrow" is ever said. Sleep and death are but twin-brothers. We will for once change their names! Excellent, welcome sleep! We will call thee death! (*He closes the eyes of* OLD MOOR.) Who now will come forward and dare to accuse me at the bar of justice, or tell me to

my face, thou art a villain? Away, then, with this troublesome mask of humility and virtue! Now you shall see Francis as he is, and tremble! My father was overgentle in his demands, turned his domain into a family circle, sat blandly smiling at the gate, and saluted his peasants as brethren and children. My brows shall lower upon you like thunder-clouds; my lordly name shall hover over you like a threatening comet over the mountains; my forehead shall be your weather-glass! He would caress and fondle the child that lifted its stubborn head against him. But fondling and caressing is not my mode. I will drive the rowels of the spur into their flesh, and give the scourge a trial. Under my rule it shall be brought to pass that potatoes and small-beer shall be considered a holiday treat; and woe to him who meets my eye with the audacious front of health. Haggard want and crouching fear are my insignia; and in this livery I will clothe ye. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. — *The Bohemian Woods.*

SPIEGELBERG, RAZMAN, *a troop of* ROBBERS.

RAZ. Are you come? Is it really you? Oh, let me squeeze thee into a jelly, my dear heart's brother! Welcome to the Bohemian forests! Why, you are grown quite stout and jolly! You have brought us recruits in right earnest, a little army of them; you are the very prince of crimps.

SPIEGEL. Eh, brother? Eh? And proper fellows they are! You must confess the blessing of Heaven is visibly upon me; I was a poor, hungry wretch, and had nothing but this staff when I went over the Jordan, and now there are eight and seventy of us, mostly ruined shopkeepers, rejected masters of arts, and law-

clerks from the Swabian provinces. They are a rare set of fellows, brother, capital fellows, I promise you; they will steal you the very buttons off each other's trousers in perfect security, although in the teeth of a loaded musket,[1] and they live in clover and enjoy a reputation for forty miles round, which is quite astonishing. There is not a newspaper in which you will not find some little feat or other of that cunning fellow, Spiegelberg; I take in the papers for nothing else; they have described me from head to foot; you would think you saw me; they have not forgotten even my coat-buttons. But we lead them gloriously by the nose. The other day I went to the printing-office and pretended that I had seen the famous Spiegelberg, dictated to a penny-a-liner who was sitting there the exact image of a quack doctor in the town; the matter gets wind, the fellow is arrested, put to the rack, and in his anguish and stupidity he confesses — the devil take me if he does not — confesses that he is Spiegelberg. Fire and fury! I was on the point of giving myself up to a magistrate rather than have my fair fame marred by such a poltroon; however, within three months he was hanged. I was obliged to stuff a right good pinch of snuff into my nose as some time afterward I was passing the gibbet and saw the pseudo Spiegelberg parading there in all his glory; and, while Spiegelberg's representative is dangling by the neck, the real Spiegelberg very quietly slips himself out of the noose, and makes jolly long noses behind the backs of these sagacious wiseacres of the law.

RAZ. (*laughing*) You are still the same fellow you always were.

SPIEGEL. Ay, sure! body and soul. But I must tell you a bit of fun, my boy, which I had the other

[1] The acting edition reads, "Hang your hat up in the sun, and I'll take you a wager it's gone the next minute, as clean out of sight as if the devil himself had walked off with it."

day in the nunnery of St. Austin. We fell in with the convent just about sunset; and as I had not fired a single cartridge all day, — you know I hate the *diem perdidi* as I hate death itself, — I was determined to immortalise the night by some glorious exploit, even though it should cost the devil one of his ears![1] We kept quite quiet till late in the night. At last all is as still as a mouse — the lights are extinguished. We fancy the nuns must be comfortably tucked up. So I take brother Grimm along with me, and order the others to wait at the gate till they hear my whistle — I secure the watchman, take the keys from him, creep into the maid-servants' dormitory, take away all their clothes, and whisk the bundle out at the window. We go on from cell to cell, take away the clothes of one sister after another, and lastly those of the lady abbess herself. Then I sound my whistle, and my fellows outside begin to storm and halloo as if doomsday was at hand, and away they rush with the devil's own uproar into the cells of the sisters! Ha, ha, ha! You should have seen the game — how the poor creatures were groping about in the dark for their petticoats, and how they took on when they found they were gone; and we, in the meantime, at 'em like very devils; and now, terrified and amazed, they wriggled under their bedclothes, or cowered together like cats behind the stoves. There was such shrieking and lamentation; and then the old beldam of an abbess — you know, brother, there is nothing in the world I hate so much as a spider and an old woman — so you may just fancy that wrinkled old hag standing naked before me, conjuring me by her maiden modesty forsooth! Well, I was determined to make short work of it; either, said I, out with your plate and your convent jewels and all your shining dollars, or — my fel-

[1] A saying equivalent to "at all hazards;" or, "come what will of it."

lows knew what I meant. The end of it was I brought away more than a thousand dollars' worth out of the convent, to say nothing of the fun, which will tell its own story in due time.

RAZ. (*stamping on the ground*) Hang it, that I should be absent on such an occasion.

SPIEGEL. Do you see? Now tell me, is not that life? 'Tis that which keeps one fresh and hale, and braces the body so that it swells hourly like an abbot's paunch; I don't know, but I think I must be endowed with some magnetic property, which attracts all the vagabonds on the face of the earth toward me like steel and iron.

RAZ. A precious magnet, indeed. But I should like to know, I'll be hanged if I shouldn't, what witchcraft you use?

SPIEGEL. Witchcraft? No need of witchcraft. All it wants is a head — a certain practical capacity which, of course, is not taken in with every spoonful of barley meal; for you know I have always said that an honest man may be carved out of any willow stump, but to make a rogue you must have brains; besides which it requires a national genius — a certain rascal-climate — so to speak.[1]

RAZ. Brother, I have heard Italy celebrated for its artists.

SPIEGEL. Yes, yes! Give the devil his due. Italy makes a very noble figure; and if Germany goes on as it has begun, and if the Bible gets fairly kicked out, of which there is every prospect, Germany, too, may in time arrive at something respectable; but I should tell

[1] In the first (and suppressed) edition was added, "*Go to the Grisons, for instance; that is what I call the thief's Athens.*" This obnoxious passage has been carefully expunged from all the subsequent editions. It gave mortal offense to the Grison magistrates, who made a formal complaint of the insult and caused Schiller to be severely rebuked by the grand duke. This incident forms one of the epochs in our author's history.

you that climate does not, after all, do such a wonderful deal; genius thrives everywhere; and as for the rest, brother, a crab, you know, will never become a pineapple, not even in Paradise. But to pursue our subject, where did I leave off?

RAZ. You were going to tell me about your stratagems.

SPIEGEL. Ah, yes! my stratagems. Well, when you get into a town, the first thing is to fish out from the beadles, watchmen, and turnkeys, who are their best customers, and for these, accordingly, you must look out; then ensconce yourself snugly in coffee-houses, brothels, and beer-shops, and observe who cry out most against the cheapness of the times, the reduced five per cents., and the increasing nuisance of police regulations; who rail the loudest against government, or decry physiognomical science, and such like. These are the right sort of fellows, brother. Their honesty is as loose as a hollow tooth; you have only to apply your pincers. Or a shorter and even better plan is to drop a full purse in the public highway, conceal yourself somewhere near, and mark who finds it. Presently after you come running up, search, proclaim your loss aloud, and ask him, as it were casually, "Have you perchance picked up a purse, sir?" If he says "Yes," why then the devil fails you. But if he denies it, with a "Pardon me, sir, I remember, I am sorry, sir" (*he jumps up*), then, brother, you've done the trick. Extinguish your lantern, cunning Diogenes, you have found your match.

RAZ. You are an accomplished practitioner.

SPIEGEL. My God! As if that had ever been doubted. Well, then, when you have got your man into the net, you must take great care to land him cleverly. You see, my son, the way I have managed is thus: as soon as I was on the scent I stuck to my candidate like a leech; I drank brotherhood with him,

and, *nota bene,* you must always pay the score. That costs a pretty penny, it is true, but never mind that. You must go further; introduce him to gaming-houses and brothels; entangle him in broils and rogueries till he becomes bankrupt in health and strength, in purse, conscience, and reputation; for I must tell you, by the way, that you will make nothing of it unless you ruin both body and soul. Believe me, brother, and I have experienced it more than fifty times in my extensive practice, that when the honest man is once ousted from his stronghold, the devil has it all his own way — the transition is then as easy as from a whore to a devotee. But hark! What bang was that?

RAZ. It was thunder; go on.

SPIEGEL. Or, there is a yet shorter and still better way. You strip your man of all he has, even to his very shirt, and then he will come to you of his own accord; you won't teach me to suck eggs, brother; ask that copper-faced fellow there. My eyes, how neatly I got him into my meshes. I showed him forty ducats, which I promised to give him if he would bring me an impression in wax of his master's keys. Only think, the stupid brute not only does this, but actually brings me — I'll be hanged if he did not — the keys themselves; and then thinks to get the money. "Sirrah," said I, "are you aware that I am going to carry these keys straight to the lieutenant of police, and to bespeak a place for you on the gibbet?" By the powers! you should have seen how the simpleton opened his eyes, and began to shake from head to foot like a dripping poddle. "For heaven's sake, sir, do but consider. I will — will — " "What will you? Will you at once cut your stick and go to the devil with me?" "Oh, with all my heart, with great pleasure." Ha! ha! ha! my fine fellow; toasted cheese is the thing to catch mice with; do have a good laugh at him, Razman; ha! ha! ha!

RAZ. Yes, yes, I must confess. I shall inscribe that lesson in letters of gold upon the tablet of my brain. Satan must know his people right well to have chosen you for his factor.

SPIEGEL. Eh, brother? Eh? And if I help him to half a score of fellows he will, of course, let me off scot-free — publishers, you know, always give one copy in ten gratis to those who collect subscribers for them; why should the devil be more of a Jew? Razman, I smell powder.

RAZ. Zounds! I smelt it long ago. You may depend upon it there has been something going forward hereabouts. Yes, yes! I can tell you, Spiegelberg, you will be welcome to our captain with your recruits; he, too, has got hold of some brave fellows.

SPIEGEL. But look at mine! at mine here, bah!

RAZ. Well, well! they may be tolerably expert in the finger department, but, I tell you, the fame of our captain has tempted even some honourable men to join his staff.

SPIEGEL. So much the worse.

RAZ. Without joking. And they are not ashamed to serve under such a leader. He does not commit murder as we do for the sake of plunder; and as to money, as soon as he had plenty of it at command, he did not seem to care a straw for it; and his third of the booty, which belongs to him of right, he gives away to orphans, or supports promising young men with it at college. But should he happen to get a country squire into his clutches who grinds down his peasants like cattle, or some gold-laced villain, who warps the law to his own purposes, and hoodwinks the eyes of justice with his gold, or any chap of that kidney; then, my boy, he is in his element, and rages like a very devil, as if every fibre in his body were a fury.

SPIEGEL. Humph!

RAZ. The other day we were told at a tavern that

a rich count from Ratisbon was about to pass through, who had gained the day in a suit worth a million of money by the craftiness of his lawyer. The captain was just sitting down to a game of backgammon. "How many of us are there?" said he to me, rising in haste. I saw him bite his nether lip, which he never does except when he is very determined. "Not more than five," I replied. "That's enough," he said; threw his score on the table, left the wine he had ordered untouched, and off we went. The whole time he did not utter a syllable, but walked aloof and alone, only asking us from time to time whether we heard anything, and now and then desiring us to lay our ears to the ground. At last the count came in sight, his carriage heavily laden, the lawyer seated by his side, an outrider in advance, and two horsemen riding behind. Then you should have seen the man. With a pistol in each hand he ran before us to the carriage,— and the voice with which he thundered, "Halt!" The coachman, who would not halt, was soon toppled from his box: the count fired out of the carriage and missed —the horseman fled. "Your money, rascal!" cried Moor, with his stentorian voice. The count lay like a bullock under the axe: "And are you the rogue who turns justice into a venal prostitute?" The lawyer shook till his teeth chattered again; and a dagger soon stuck in his body, like a stake in a vineyard. "I have done my part," cried the captain, turning proudly away; "the plunder is your affair." And with this he vanished into the forest.

SPIEGEL. Hum! hum! Brother, what I told you just now remains between ourselves; there is no occasion for his knowing it. You understand me?

RAZ. Yes, yes, I understand!

SPIEGEL. You know the man! He has his own notions! You understand me?

RAZ. Oh, I quite understand.

Enter SCHWARZ *at full speed.*

Who's there? What is the matter? Any travellers in the forest?

SCHWARZ. Quick, quick! Where are the others? Zounds! there you stand gossiping! Don't you know — do you know nothing of it? — that poor Roller —

RAZ. What of him? What of him?

SCHWARZ. He's hanged, that's all, and four others with him —

RAZ. Roller hanged? 'Sdeath! when? How do you know?

SCHWARZ. He has been in limbo more than three weeks, and we knew nothing of it. He was brought up for examination three several days, and still we heard nothing. They put him to the rack to make him tell where the captain was to be found — but the brave fellow would not slip. Yesterday he got his sentence, and this morning was despatched express to the devil —

RAZ. Confound it! Does the captain know?

SCHWARZ. He heard of it only yesterday. He foamed like a wild boar. You know that Roller was always an especial favourite; and then the rack! Ropes and scaling-ladders were conveyed to the prison, but in vain. Moor himself got access to him disguised as a Capuchin monk, and proposed to change clothes with him; but Roller absolutely refused; whereupon the captain swore an oath that made our very flesh creep. He vowed that he would light a funeral pile for him, such as had never yet graced the bier of royalty, one that should burn them all to cinders. I fear for the city. He has long owed it a grudge for its intolerable bigotry; and you know, when he says "I'll do it," the thing is as good as done.

RAZ. That is true! I know the captain. If he had pledged his word to the devil to go to hell he never would pray again, though half a *paternoster*

would take him to heaven. Alas! poor Roller!--poor Roller!

SPIEGEL. *Memento mori!* But it does not concern me. (*Hums a tune.*)

Should I happen to pass the gallows stone,
I shall just take a sight with one eye,
And think to myself, you may dangle alone,
Who now sir, 's the fool, you or I?

RAZ. (*jumping up*) Hark! a shot! (*Firing and noise is heard behind the scenes.*)

SPIEGEL. Another!

RAZ. And another! The captain!

(*Voices behind the scenes are heard singing.*)

The Nürnbergers deem it the wisest plan,
Never to hang till they've caught their man.
(*Da capo.*)

SCHWEITZER *and* ROLLER. (*behind the scenes*) Holla, ho! Holla, ho!

RAZ. Roller! by all the devils! Roller!

SCHWEITZER *and* ROLLER. (*still behind the scenes*) Razman! Schwarz! Spiegelberg! Razman!

RAZ. Roller! Schweitzer! Thunder and lightning! Fire and fury! (*They run toward him.*)

Enter CHARLES VON MOOR (*on horseback*), SCHWEITZER, ROLLER, GRIMM, SCHUFTERLE, *and a troop of* ROBBERS *covered with dust and mud.*

CHARLES (*leaping from his horse*) Liberty! Liberty!—Thou art on terra firma, Roller! Take my horse, Schweitzer, and wash him with wine. (*Throws himself on the ground.*) That was hot work!

RAZ. (*to* ROLLER) Well, by the fires of Pluto! Art thou risen from the wheel?

SCHWARZ. Art thou his ghost? or am I a fool? or art thou really the man?

ROLLER. (*still breathless*) The identical — alive — whole. — Where do you think I come from?

SCHWARZ. It would puzzle a witch to tell! The staff was already broken over you.

ROLLER. Ay, that it was, and more than that! I come straightway from the gallows. Only let me get my breath. Schweitzer will tell you all. Give me a glass of brandy! You there too, Spiegelberg! I thought we should have met again in another place. But give me a glass of brandy! my bones are tumbling to pieces. Oh, my captain! Where is my captain?

SCHWARZ. Have patience, man, have patience. Just tell me — say — come, let's hear — how did you escape? In the name of wonder how came we to get you back again? My brain is bewildered. From the gallows, you say?

ROLLER. (*swallows a flask of brandy*) Ah, that is capital! that warms the inside! Straight from the gallows, I tell you. You stand there and stare as if that was impossible. I can assure you, I was not more than three paces from that blessed ladder, on which I was to mount to Abraham's bosom — so near, so very near, that I was sold, skin and all, to the dissecting-room! The fee-simple of my life was not worth a pinch of snuff. To the captain I am indebted for breath, and liberty, and life.

SCHWEITZER. It was a trick worth the telling. We had heard the day before, through our spies, that Roller was in the devil's own pickle; and unless the vault of heaven fell in suddenly he would, on the morrow — that is, to-day — go the way of all flesh. Up! says the captain, and follow me —what is not a friend worth? Whether we save him or not, we will

at least light him up a funeral pile such as never yet honoured royalty; one which shall burn them black and blue. The whole troop was summoned. We sent Roller a trusty messenger, who conveyed the notice to him in a little billet, which he slipped into his porridge —

ROLLER. I had but small hope of success.

SCHWEITZER. We waited till the thoroughfares were clear. The whole town was out after the sight; equestrians, pedestrians, carriages, all pell-mell; the noise and the gibbet-psalm sounded far and wide. Now, says the captain, light up, light up! We all flew like darts; they set fire to the city in three and thirty places at once; threw burning firebrands on the powder-magazine, and into the churches and granaries. *Morbleu!* in less than a quarter of an hour a northeaster, which, like us, must have owed a grudge to the city, came seasonably to our aid, and helped to lift the flames up to the highest gables. Meanwhile we ran up and down the streets like furies, crying, fire! ho! fire! ho! in every direction. There was such howling — screaming — tumult — fire-bells tolling. And presently the powder-magazine blew up into the air with a crash as if the earth were rent in twain, heaven burst to shivers, and hell sunk ten thousand fathoms deeper.

ROLLER. Now my guards looked behind them — there lay the city, like Sodom and Gomorrah — the whole horizon was one mass of fire, brimstone, and smoke; and forty hills echoed and reflected the infernal prank far and wide. A panic seized them all — I take advantage of the moment, and, quick as lightning — my fetters had been taken off, so nearly was my time come — while my guards were looking away petrified, like Lot's wife, I shot off — tore through the crowd — and away! After running some sixty paces I throw off my clothes, plunge into the river, and swim along under water till I think they have lost sight of me. My cap-

tain stood ready, with horses and clothes — and here I am. Moor! Moor! I only wish that you may soon get into just such another scrape that I may requite you in like manner.

RAZ. A brutal wish, for which you deserve to be hanged. It was a glorious prank, though.

ROLLER. It was help in need; you cannot judge of it. You should have marched, like me, with a rope round your neck, travelling to your grave in the living body, and seen their horrid sacramental forms and hangman's ceremonies — and then, at every reluctant step, as the struggling feet were thrust forward, to see the infernal machine, on which I was to be elevated, glaring more and more hideously in the blaze of a noonday sun — and the hangman's rascallions watching for their prey — and the horrible psalm-singing — the cursed twang still rings in my ears — and the screeching hungry ravens, a whole flight of them, who were hovering over the half-rotten carcass of my predecessor. To see all this — ay, more, to have a foretaste of the blessedness which was in store for me! Brother, brother! And then, all of a sudden, the signal of deliverance. It was an explosion as if the vault of heaven were rent in twain. Hark ye, fellows! I tell you, if a man were to leap out of a fiery furnace into a freezing lake he could not feel the contrast half so strongly as I did when I gained the opposite shore.

SPIEGEL. (*laughs*) Poor wretch! Well, you have got over it. (*Pledges him.*) Here's to a happy regeneration!

ROLLER. (*flings away his glass*) No, by all the treasures of Mammon, I should not like to go through it a second time. Death is something more than a harlequin's leap, and its terrors are even worse than death itself.

SPIEGEL. And the powder-magazine leaping into the air! Don't you see it now, Razman? That was

the reason the air stunk so, for miles round, of brimstone, as if the whole wardrobe of Moloch was being aired under the open firmament. It was a masterstroke, captain! I envy you for it.

SCHWEITZER. If the town makes it a holiday treat to see our comrade killed by a baited hog, why the devil should we scruple to sacrifice the city for the rescue of our comrade? And, by the way, our fellows had the extra treat of being able to plunder worse than the old emperor. Tell me, what have you sacked?

ONE OF THE TROOP. I crept into St. Stephen's church during the hubbub, and tore the gold lace from the altar-cloth. The patron saint, thought I to myself, can make gold lace out of packthread.

SCHWEITZER. 'Twas well done. What is the use of such rubbish in a church? They offer it to the Creator, who despises such trumpery, while they leave his creatures to die of hunger. And you, Sprazeler — where did you throw your net?

A SECOND. I and Brizal broke into a merchant's store, and have brought stuffs enough with us to serve fifty men.

A THIRD. I have filched two gold watches and a dozen silver spoons.

SCHWEITZER. Well done, well done! And we have lighted them a bonfire that will take a fortnight to put out again. And, to get rid of the fire, they must ruin the city with water. Do you know, Schufterle, how many lives have been lost?

SCHUFT. Eighty-three, they say. The powder-magazine alone blew threescore to atoms.

CHARLES. (*very seriously*) Roller, thou art dearly bought.

SCHUFT. Bah! bah! What of that? If they had but been men it would have been another matter — but they were babes in swaddling-clothes, and shrivelled old nurses that kept the flies from them, and

dried-up stove-squatters who could not crawl to the door — patients whining for the doctor, who, with his stately gravity, was marching to the sport. All that had the use of their legs had gone forth in the sight, and nothing remained at home but the dregs of the city.

CHARLES. Alas for the poor creatures! Sick people, sayest thou, old men and infants?

SCHUFT. Ay, the devil go with them! And lying-in women into the bargain; and women far gone with child, who were afraid of miscarrying under the gibbet; and young mothers, who thought the sight might do them a mischief, and mark the gallows upon the foreheads of their unborn babes — poor poets, without a shoe, because their only pair had been sent to the cobbler to mend — and other such vermin, not worth the trouble of mentioning. As I chanced to pass by a cottage I heard a great squalling inside. I looked in; and, when I came to examine, what do you think it was? Why, an infant — a plump and ruddy urchin — lying on the floor under a table which was just beginning to burn. Poor little wretch! said I, you will be cold there, and with that I threw it into the flames —

CHARLES. Indeed, Schufterle? Then may those flames burn in thy bosom to all eternity! Avaunt, monster! Never let me see thee again in my troop! What! Do you murmur? Do you hesitate? Who dares hesitate when I command? Away with him, I say! And there are others among you ripe for my vengeance. I know thee, Spiegelberg. But I will step in among you ere long, and hold a fearful muster-roll. [*Exeunt, trembling.*

CHARLES. (*alone, walking up and down in great agitation*) Hear them not, thou avenger in heaven! How can I avert it? Art thou to blame, great God, if thy engines, pestilence, and famine, and floods, overwhelm the just with the unjust? Who can stay the

flame, which is kindled to destroy the hornet's nest, from extending to the blessed harvest? Oh! fie on the slaughter of women, and children, and the sick! How this deed weighs me down! It has poisoned my fairest achievements! There he stands, poor fool, abashed and disgraced in the sight of heaven; the boy that presumed to wield Jove's thunder, and overthrew pigmies when he should have crushed Titans. Go, go! 'tis not for thee, puny son of clay, to wield the avenging sword of sovereign justice! Thou didst fail at thy first essay. Here, then, I renounce the audacious scheme. I go to hide myself in some deep cleft of the earth, where no daylight will be witness of my shame. (*He is about to fly.*)

Enter a ROBBER *hurriedly.*

ROBBER. Look out, captain! There is mischief in the wind! Whole detachments of Bohemian cavalry are scouring the forests. That infernal bailiff must have betrayed us.

Enter more ROBBERS.

SECOND ROBBER. Captain! captain! they have tracked us! Some thousands of them are forming a cordon round the middle forest.

Enter more ROBBERS *again.*

THIRD ROBBER. Woe, woe, woe! we are all taken, hanged, drawn, and quartered. Thousands of hussars, dragoons, and chasseurs are mustering on the heights, and guard all the passes. [*Exit* CHARLES VON MOOR.

Enter SCHWEITZER, GRIMM, ROLLER, SCHWARZ, SCHUFTERLE, SPIEGELBERG, RAZMAN, *and the whole troop.*

SCHWEITZER. Ha! Have we routed them out of their feather-beds at last? Come, be jolly, Roller! I have long wished to have a bout with those knights of the bread-basket. Where is the captain? Is the whole troop assembled? I hope we have powder enough?

RAZ. Powder, I believe you; but we are only eighty in all and therefore scarcely one to twenty.

SCHWEITZER. So much the better! And though there were fifty against my great toe-nail — fellows who have waited till we lit the straw under their very seats. Brother, brother, there is nothing to fear. They sell their lives for tenpence; and are we not fighting for our necks? We will pour into them like a deluge, and fire volleys upon their heads like crashes of thunder. But where the devil is the captain.

SPIEGEL. He forsakes us in this extremity. Is there no hope of escape?

SCHWEITZER. Escape?

SPIEGEL. Oh, that I had tarried in Jerusalem!

SCHWEITZER. I wish you were choked in a cess-pool, you paltry coward! With defenceless nuns you are a mighty man; but at sight of a pair of fists a confirmed sneak! Now show your courage or you shall be sewn up alive in an ass's hide and baited to death with dogs.

RAZ. The captain! the captain!

Enter CHARLES (*speaking slowly to himself*).

CHARLES. I have allowed them to be hemmed in on every side. Now they must fight with the energy of despair. (*Aloud.*) Now my boys! now for it! We must fight like wounded boars, or we are utterly lost!

SCHWEITZER. Ha! I'll rip them open with my tusks, till their entrails protrude by the yard! Lead

on, captain! we will follow you into the very jaws of death.

CHARLES. Charge all your arms! You've plenty of powder, I hope?

SCHWEITZER. (*with energy*) Powder? ay, enough to blow the earth up to the moon.

RAZ. Every one of us has five brace of pistols, ready loaded, and three carbines to boot.

CHARLES. Good! good! Now some of you must climb up the trees, or conceal yourselves in the thickets, and some fire upon them in ambush —

SCHWEITZER. That part will suit you, Spiegelberg.

CHARLES. The rest will follow me, and fall upon their flanks like furies.

SCHWEITZER. There will I be!

CHARLES. At the same time let every man make his whistle ring through the forest, and gallop about in every direction, so that our numbers may appear the more formidable. And let all the dogs be unchained, and set on upon their ranks, that they may be broken and dispersed and run in the way of our fire. We three, Roller, Schweitzer, and myself, will fight wherever the fray is hottest.

SCHWEITZER. Masterly! excellent! We will so bewilder them with balls that they shall not know whence the salutes are coming. I have more than once shot away a cherry from the mouth. Only let them come on! (SCHUFTERLE *is pulling* SCHWEITZER; *the latter takes the captain aside, and entreats him in a low voice.*)

CHARLES. Silence!

SCHWEITZER. I entreat you —

CHARLES. Away! Let him have the benefit of his disgrace; it has saved him. He shall not die on the same field with myself, my Schweitzer, and my Roller. Let him change his apparel, and I will say he is a traveller whom I have plundered. Make

yourself easy, Schweitzer. Take my word for it he will be hanged yet.

Enter FATHER DOMINIC.

FATHER DOM. (*to himself, starts*) Is this the dragon's nest? With your leave, sirs! I am a servant of the Church; and yonder are seventeen hundred men who guard every hair of my head.

SCHWEITZER. Bravo! bravo! Well spoken to keep his courage warm.

CHARLES. Silence, comrade! Will you tell us briefly, good father, what is your errand here?

FATHER DOM. I am delegated by the high justices, on whose sentence hangs life or death — ye thieves — ye incendiaries — ye villains — ye venomous generation of vipers, crawling about in the dark, and stinging in secret — ye refuse of humanity — brood of hell — food for ravens and worms — colonists for the gallows and the wheel —

SCHWEITZER. Dog! a truce with your foul tongue! or — (*He holds the butt end of his gun before* FATHER DOMINIC'S *face.*)

CHARLES. Fie, fie, Schweitzer! You cut the thread of his discourse. He has got his sermon so nicely by heart. Pray go on, sir! — "for the gallows and the wheel?"

FATHER DOM. And thou, their precious captain! — commander-in-chief of cut-purses! — king of sharpers! — Grand Mogul of all the rogues under the sun! — great prototype of that first hellish ringleader who imbued a thousand legions of innocent angels with the flame of rebellion, and drew them down with him into the bottomless pit of damnation! The agonising cries of bereaved mothers pursue thy footsteps! Thou drinkest blood like water! and thy murderous knife holds men cheaper than air-bubbles!

CHARLES. Very true — exceedingly true! Pray proceed, sir!

FATHER DOM. What do you mean? Very true — exceedingly true! Is that an answer?

CHARLES. How, sir? You were not prepared for that, it seems? Go on — by all means go on. What more were you going to say?

FATHER DOM. (*heated*) Abominable wretch! Avaunt! Does not the blood of a murdered count of the empire cling to thy accursed fingers? Hast thou not, with sacrilegious hands, dared to break into the Lord's sanctuary, and carry off the consecrated vessels of the *sanctissimum?* Hast thou not flung firebrands into our godly city, and brought down the powder-magazine upon the heads of devout Christians? (*Clasps his hands.*) Horrible, horrible wickedness! that stinketh in the nostrils of Heaven, and provoketh the day of judgment to burst upon you suddenly! ripe for retribution — rushing headlong to the last trump!

CHARLES. Masterly guesses thus far! But now, sir, to the point! What is it that the right worshipful justices wish to convey to me through you?

FATHER DOM. What you are not worthy to receive. Look around you, incendiary! As far as your eye can reach you are environed by our horsemen — there is no chance of escape. As surely as cherries grow on these oaks, and peaches on these firs, so surely shall you turn your backs upon these oaks and these firs in safety.

CHARLES. Do you hear that, Schweitzer? But go on!

FATHER DOM. Hear, then, what mercy and forbearance justice shows toward such miscreants. If you instantly prostrate yourselves in submission and sue for mercy and forgiveness, then severity itself will relent to compassion, and justice be to thee an indulgent mother. She will shut one eye upon your hor-

rible crimes, and be satisfied — only think! — to let you be broken on the wheel.

SCHWEITZER. Did you hear that, captain? Shall I throttle this well-trained shepherd's cur till the red blood spurts from every pore?

ROLLER. Captain! Fire and fury! Captain! How he bites his lip! Shall I topple this fellow upside down like a ninepin?

SCHWEITZER. Mine, mine be the job! Let me kneel to you, captain; let me implore you! I beseech you to grant me the delight of pounding him to a jelly! (FATHER DOMINIC *screams.*)

CHARLES. Touch him not! Let no one lay a finger on him! — (*To* FATHER DOMINIC, *drawing his sword.*) Hark ye, sir father! Here stand nine and seventy men, of whom I am the captain, and not one of them has been taught to trot at a signal, or learned to dance to the music of artillery; while yonder stand seventeen hundred men grown gray under the musket. But now listen! Thus says Moor, the captain of incendiaries. It is true I have slain a count of the empire, burnt and plundered the church of St. Dominic, flung firebrands into your bigoted city, and brought down the powder-magazine upon the heads of devout Christians. But that is not all, — I have done more. (*He holds out his right hand.*) Do you observe these four costly rings, one on each finger? Go and report punctually to their worships, on whose sentence hangs life or death, what you shall hear and see. This ruby I drew from the finger of a minister, whom I stretched at the feet of his prince, during the chase. He had fawned himself up from the lowest dregs, to be the first favourite; — the ruin of his neighbour was his ladder to greatness — orphans' tears helped him to mount it. This diamond I took from a lord treasurer, who sold offices of honour and trust to the highest bidder, and drove the sorrowing patriot from his door. This opal I wear in

honour of a priest of your cloth, whom I despatched with my own hand, after he had publicly deplored in his pulpit the waning power of the Inquisition. I could tell you more stories about my rings, but that I repent the words I have already wasted upon you—

FATHER DOM. O Pharaoh! Pharaoh!

CHARLES. Do you hear it? Did you mark that sigh? Does he not stand there as if he were imploring fire from heaven to descend and destroy this troop of Korah? He pronounces judgment with a shrug of the shoulders, and eternal damnation with a Christian "Alas!" Is it possible for humanity to be so utterly blind? He who has the hundred eyes of Argus to spy out the faults of his brother—can he be so totally blind to his own? They thunder forth from their clouds about gentleness and forbearance, while they sacrifice human victims to the God of love as if he were the fiery Moloch. They preach the love of one's neighbour, while they drive the aged and blind with curses from their door. They rave against covetousness; yet for the sake of gold they have depopulated Peru, and yoked the natives, like cattle, to their chariots. They rack their brains in wonder to account for the creation of a Judas Iscariot, yet the best of them would betray the whole Trinity for ten shekels. Out upon you, Pharisees! ye falsifiers of truth! ye apes of Deity! You are not ashamed to kneel before crucifixes and altars; you lacerate your backs with thongs, and mortify your flesh with fasting; and with these pitiful mummeries you think, fools as you are, to veil the eyes of Him whom, with the same breath, you address as the Omniscient, just as the great are the most bitterly mocked by those who flatter them while they pretend to hate flatterers. You boast of your honesty and your exemplary conduct; but the God who sees through your hearts would be wroth with Him that made you, were He not the same that had also

created the monsters of the Nile. Away with him out of my sight!

FATHER DOM. That such a miscreant should be so proud!

CHARLES. That's not all. Now I will speak proudly. Go and tell the right worshipful justices — who set men's lives upon the cast of a die — I am not one of those thieves who conspire with sleep and midnight, and play the hero and the lordling on a scaling-ladder. What I have done I shall no doubt hereafter be doomed to read in the register of heaven; but with his miserable ministers of earth I will waste no more words. Tell your masters that my trade is retribution — vengeance my occupation! (*He turns his back upon him.*)

FATHER DOM. Then you despise mercy and forbearance? — Be it so, I have done with you. (*Turning to the troops.*) Now then, sirs, you shall hear what the high powers direct me to make known to you! — If you will instantly deliver up to me this condemned malefactor, bound hand and foot, you shall receive a full pardon — your enormities shall be entirely blotted out, even from memory. The holy Church will receive you, like lost sheep, with renewed love, into her maternal bosom, and the road to honourable employment shall be open to you all. (*With a triumphant smile.*) Now sir! how does your Majesty relish this? Come on! bind him! and you are free!

CHARLES. Do you hear that? Do you hear it? What startles you? Why do you hesitate? They offer you freedom — you that are already their prisoners. They grant you your lives, and that is no idle pretence, for it is clear you are already condemned felons. They promise you honour and emolument; and, on the other hand, what can you hope for, even should you be victorious to-day, but disgrace, and curses, and persecution? They ensure you the pardon

of Heaven; you that are actually damned. There is not a single hair on any of you that is not already bespoke in hell. Do you still hesitate? are you staggered? Is it so difficult, then, to choose between heaven and hell? — Do put in a word, father!

FATHER DOM. (*aside*) Is the fellow crazy? (*Aloud.*) Perhaps you are afraid that this is a trap to catch you alive? Read it yourselves! Here is the general pardon fully signed. (*He hands a paper to* SCHWEITZER.) Can you still doubt?

CHARLES. Only see! only see! What more can you require? Signed with their own hands! It is mercy beyond all bounds! Or are you afraid of their breaking their word, because you have heard it said that no faith need be kept with traitors? Dismiss that fear? Policy alone would constrain them to keep their word, even though it should merely have been pledged to old Nick. Who hereafter would believe them? How could they trade with it a second time? I would take my oath upon it that they mean it sincerely. They know that I am the man who has goaded you on and incited you; they believe you innocent. They look upon your crimes as so many juvenile errors — exuberances of rashness. It is I alone they want. I must pay the penalty. Is it not so, father?

FATHER DOM. What devil incarnate is it that speaks out of him? Of course it is so — of course. The fellow turns my brain.

CHARLES. What! no answer yet? Do you think it possible to cut your way through yon phalanx? Only look round you! just look round! You surely do not reckon upon that; that were indeed a childish conceit! Or do you flatter yourselves that you will fall like heroes, because you saw that I rejoiced in the prospect of the fight? Oh, do not console yourself with the thought! You are not MOOR. You are miserable thieves! wretched tools of my great designs!

despicable as the rope in the hand of the hangman! No! no! Thieves do not fall like heroes. Life must be the hope of thieves, for something fearful has to follow. Thieves may well be allowed to quake at the fear of death. Hark! Do you hear their horns echoing through the forest? See there! how their glittering sabres threaten! What! are you still irresolute? are you mad? are you insane? It is unpardonable. Do you imagine I shall thank you for my life? I disdain your sacrifice!

FATHER DOM. (*in utter amazement*) I shall go mad! I must be gone! Was the like ever heard of?

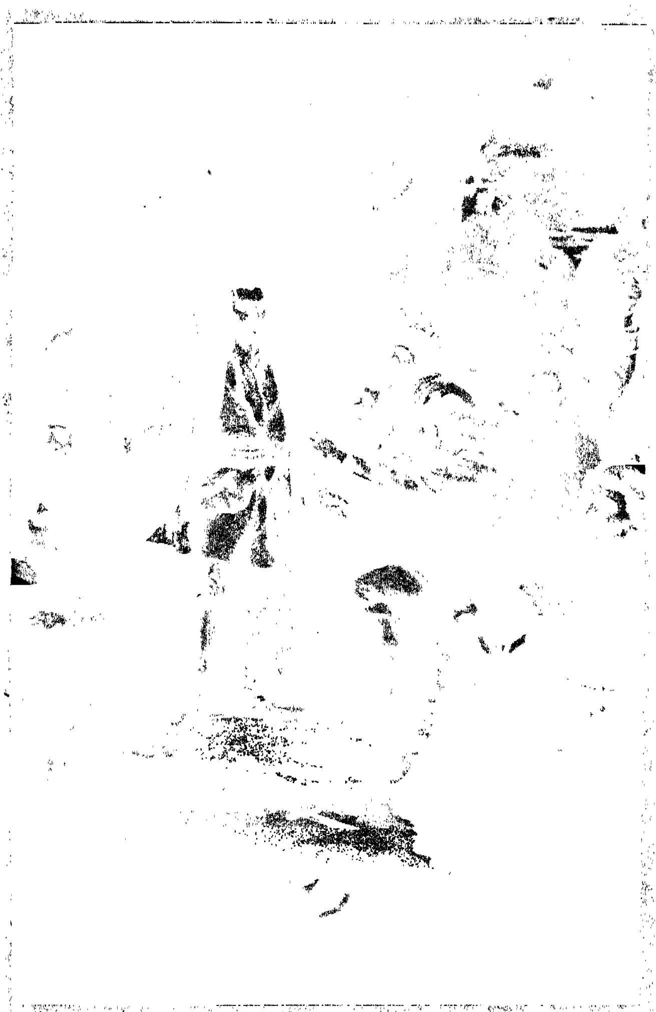
CHARLES. Or are you afraid that I shall stab myself, and so by suicide put an end to the bargain, which only holds good if I am given up alive? No, comrades! that is a vain fear. Here, I fling away my dagger, and my pistols, and this phial of poison, which might have been a treasure to me. I am so wretched that I have lost the power even over my own life. What! still in suspense? Or do you think, perhaps, that I shall stand on my defence when you try to seize me? See here! I bind my right hand to this oak branch; now I am quite defenceless, a child may overpower me. Who is the first to desert his captain in the hour of need?

ROLLER. (*with wild energy*) And what though hell encircle us with ninefold coils! (*Brandishing his sword.*) Who is the coward that will betray his captain?

SCHWEITZER. (*tears the pardon and flings the pieces into* FATHER DOMINIC'S *face*) Pardon be in our bullets! Away with thee, rascal! Tell your senate that you could not find a single traitor in all Moor's camp. Huzza! Huzza! Save the captain!

ALL. (*shouting*) Huzza! Save the captain! Save him! Save our noble captain!

CHARLES. (*releasing his hand from the tree, joy-*



fully) Now we are free, comrades! I feel a host in this single arm! Death or liberty! At the least they shall not take a man of us alive!

[*They sound the signal for attack; noise and tumult. Exeunt with drawn swords.*]

ACT III.

Scene I.

Amelia *in the garden, playing the guitar.*

Bright as an angel from Walhalla's hall,
  More beautiful than aught of earth was he!
Heaven-mild his look, as sunbeams when they fall,
  Reflected from a calm cerulean sea.

His warm embrace — oh, ravishing delight!
  With heart to heart the fiery pulses danced —
Our every sense wrap'd in ecstatic night —
  Our souls in blissful harmony entranced.

His kisses — oh, what paradise of feeling!
  E'en as two flames which round each other twine —
Or flood of seraph harp-tones gently stealing
  In one soft swell, away to realms divine!

They rushed, commingled, melted, soul in soul!
  Lips glued to lips, with burning tremor bound!
Cold earth dissolved, and love without control
  Absorbed all sense of worldly things around!

He's gone! — for ever gone! Alas! in vain
  My bleeding heart in bitter anguish sighs;
To me is left alone this world of pain,
  And mortal life in hopeless sorrow dies.

Enter FRANCIS.

FRANCIS. Here again already, perverse enthusiast? You stole away from the festive banquet, and marred the mirthful pleasures of my guests.

AMELIA. 'Tis pity, truly, to mar such innocent pleasures! Shame on them! The funeral knell that tolled over your father's grave must still be ringing in your ears —

FRANCIS. Wilt thou sorrow, then, for ever! Let the dead sleep in peace, and do thou make the living happy! I come —

AMELIA. And when do you go again?

FRANCIS. Alas! Look not on me thus sorrowfully! You wound me, Amelia. I come to tell you —

AMELIA. To tell me, I suppose, that Francis von Moor has become lord and master here.

FRANCIS. Precisely so; that is the very subject on which I wish to communicate with you. Maximilian von Moor is gone to the tomb of his ancestors. I am master. But I wish to be so in the fullest sense, Amelia. You know what you have been to our house; always regarded as Moor's daughter, his love for you will survive even death itself; that, assuredly, you will never forget?

AMELIA. Never, never! Who could be so unfeeling as to drown the memory of it in festive banqueting?

FRANCIS. It is your duty to repay the love of the father to his sons; and Charles is dead. Ha! you are struck with amazement; dizzy with the thought! To be sure 'tis a flattering and an elating prospect which may well overpower the pride of a woman. Francis tramples under foot the hopes of the noblest and the richest, and offers his heart, his hand, and with them all his gold, his castles, and his forests to a poor, and, but for him, destitute orphan. Francis — the feared — voluntarily declares himself Amelia's slave —

AMELIA. Why does not a thunderbolt cleave the impious tongue which utters the criminal proposal! Thou hast murdered my beloved Charles; and shall Amelia, his betrothed, call thee husband? Thou?—

FRANCIS. Be not so violent, most gracious princess! It is true that Francis does not come before you like a whining Celadon—'tis true he has not learned, like a lovesick swain of Arcadia, to sigh forth his amorous plaints to the echo of caves and rocks. Francis speaks—and, when not answered, commands!

AMELIA. Commands? thou reptile! Command me? And what if I laughed your command to scorn?—

FRANCIS. That you will hardly do. There are means, too, which I know of, admirably adapted to humble the pride of a capricious, stubborn girl—cloisters and walls!

AMELIA. Excellent! delightful! to be for ever secure within cloisters and walls from thy basilisk look, and to have abundant leisure to think and dream of Charles. Welcome with your cloister! welcome your walls!

FRANCIS. Ha! Is that it? Beware! Now you have taught me the art of tormenting you. The sight of me shall, like a fiery-haired fury, drive out of your head these eternal fantasies of Charles. Francis shall be the dread phantom ever lurking behind the image of your beloved, like the fiend-dog that guards the subterranean treasure. I will drag you to church by the hair, and sword in hand wring the nuptial vow from your soul. By main force will I ascend your virginal couch, and storm your haughty modesty with still greater haughtiness.

AMELIA. *(gives him a slap in the face)* Then take that first by way of dowry!

FRANCIS. Ha! I will be tenfold, and twice tenfold revenged for this! My wife! No, that honour you shall never enjoy. You shall be my mistress, my strumpet! The honest peasant's wife shall point her

finger at you as she passes you in the street. Ay, gnash your teeth as fiercely as you please — scatter fire and destruction from your eyes — the fury of a woman piques my fancy — it makes you more beautiful, more tempting. Come, this resistance will garnish my triumph, and your struggles give zest to my embraces. Come, come to my chamber — I burn with desire. Come this instant. (*Attempts to drag her away.*)

AMELIA. (*falls on his neck*) Forgive me, Francis! (*As he is about to clasp her in his arms, she suddenly draws the sword at his side, and hastily disengages herself.*) Do you see now, miscreant, how I am able to deal with you? I am only a woman, but a woman enraged. Dare to approach, and this steel shall strike your lascivious heart to the core — the spirit of my uncle will guide my hand. Avaunt, this instant. (*She drives him away.*)

Ah! how different I feel! Now I breathe again — I feel strong as the snorting steed, ferocious as the tigress when she springs upon the ruthless destroyer of her cubs. To a cloister, did he say? I thank thee for the happy thought! Now has disappointed love found a place of refuge — the cloister — the Redeemer's bosom is the sanctuary of disappointed love. (*She is on the point of going.*)[1]

[1] In the acting edition the following scene occurs between Hermann and Francis, immediately before that with Amelia. As Schiller himself thought this among the happiest of his additions, and regretted that it was "entirely and very unfortunately overlooked in the first editions," it seems desirable to introduce it here, as well as the soliloquy immediately following, which has acquired some celebrity.

SCENE VIII.

Enter HERMANN.

FRANCIS. Ha! Welcome, my Euryalus! My prompt and trusty instrument!

HERMANN. (*abruptly and peevishly*) You sent for me, count — why?

Enter HERMANN, *timidly.*

HERMANN. Lady Amelia! Lady Amelia!

AMELIA. Unhappy man! why dost thou disturb me?

HERMANN. I must throw this weight from my soul

FRANCIS. That you might put the seal to your masterpiece.

HERMANN. (*gruffly*) Indeed?

FRANCIS. Give the picture its finishing touch.

HERMANN. Poh! Poh!

FRANCIS. (*startled*) Shall I call the carriage? We'll arrange the business during the drive?

HERMANN. (*scornfully*) No ceremony, sir, if you please. For any business we may have to arrange there is room enough between these four walls. At all events I'll just say a few words to you by way of preface, which may save your lungs some unnecessary exertion.

FRANCIS. (*reservedly*) Hum! And what may those words be?

HERMANN. (*with bitter irony*) "You shall have Amelia — and that from my hand — "

FRANCIS. (*with astonishment*) Hermann!

HERMANN. (*as before with his back turned on* FRANCIS) "Amelia will become the plaything of my will — and you may easily guess the rest — in short, all will go as we wish." (*Breaks into an indignant laugh, and then turns haughtily to* FRANCIS.) Now, Count von Moor, what have you to say to me?

FRANCIS. (*evasively*) To thee? Nothing. I had something to say to Hermann.

HERMANN. No evasion. Why was I sent for hither? Was it to be your dupe a second time, and to hold the ladder for a thief to mount? to sell my soul for a hangman's fee? What else did you want with me?

FRANCIS. (*as if recollecting*) Ha! It just occurs to me! We must not forget the main point. Did not my steward mention it to you? I wanted to talk to you about the dowry.

HERMANN. This is mere mockery, sir; or, if not mockery, something worse. Moor, take care of yourself — beware how you kindle my fury, Moor. We are alone! And I have still an unsullied name to stake against yours! Trust not the devil, although he be of your own raising.

FRANCIS. (*with dignity*) Does this deportment become thee towards thy sovereign and gracious master? Tremble, slave!

HERMANN. (*ironically*) For fear of your displeasure, I suppose? What signifies your displeasure to a man who is at war with himself? Fie, Moor. I already abhor you as a villain; let me not despise you for a fool. I can open graves, and restore the dead to life! Which of us now is the slave?

before it drags it down to hell. (*Falls down before her.*) Pardon! pardon! I have grievously injured you, Lady Amelia!

AMELIA. Arise! depart! I will hear nothing. (*Going.*)

HERMANN. (*detaining her*) No; stay! In the name

FRANCIS. (*in a conciliating tone*) Come, my good friend, be discreet, and do not prove faithless.

HERMANN. Pshaw! To expose a wretch like you is here the best discretion — to keep faith with you would be an utter want of sense. Faith? with whom? Faith with the prince of liars? Oh, I shudder at the thought of such faith. A very little timely faithlessness would have almost made a saint of me. But patience! patience! Revenge is cunning in resources.

FRANCIS. Ah, by the bye, I just remember. You lately lost a purse with a hundred louis in it, in this apartment. I had almost forgotten it. Here, my good friend! take back what belongs to you. (*Offers him a purse.*)

HERMANN. (*throws it scornfully at his feet*) A curse on your Judas bribe! It is the earnest-money of hell. You once before thought to make my poverty a pander to my conscience — but you were mistaken, count! egregiously mistaken. That purse of gold came most opportunely — to maintain certain persons.

FRANCIS. (*terrified*) Hermann! Hermann! Let me not suspect certain things of you. Should you have done anything contrary to my instructions — you would be the vilest of traitors!

HERMANN. (*exultingly*) Should I? Should I really? Well then, count, let me give you a little piece of information! (*Significantly.*) I will fatten up your infamy, and add fuel to your doom. The book of your misdeeds shall one day be served up as a banquet, and all the world be invited to partake of it. (*Contemptuously.*) Do you understand me now, my most sovereign, gracious, and excellent master?

FRANCIS. (*starts up, losing all command of himself*) Ha! Devil! Deceitful impostor! (*Striking his forehead.*) To think that I should stake my fortune on the caprice of an idiot! That was madness! (*Throws himself, in great excitement, on a couch.*)

HERMANN. (*whistles through his fingers*) Wheugh! the biter bit! —

FRANCIS. (*biting his lip*) But it is true, and ever will be true — that there is no thread so feebly spun, or which snaps asunder so readily, as that which weaves the bands of guilt! —

HERMANN. Gently! Gently! Are angels, then, superseded, that devils turn moralists?

FRANCIS. (*starts up abruptly; to* HERMANN *with a malignant laugh*) And certain persons will no doubt acquire much honour by making the discovery?

of Heaven! In the name of the Eternal! You must know all!

AMELIA. Not another word. I forgive you. Depart in peace. (*In the act of going.*)

HERMANN. Only one word — listen; it will restore all your peace of mind.

HERMANN. (*clapping his hands*) Masterly! Inimitable! You play your part to admiration! First you lure the credulous fool into the slough, and then chuckle at the success of your malice, and cry "Woe be to you, sinner!" (*Laughing and clenching his teeth.*) Oh, how cleverly these imps of the devil manœuvre. But, count (*clapping him on the shoulder*), you have not yet got your lesson quite perfect — by heavens! You first learn what the losing gamester will hazard. Set fire to the powder-magazine, says the pirate, and blow all to hell — both friend and foe!

FRANCIS. (*runs to the wall, and takes down a pistol*) Here is treason! I must be resolute —

HERMANN. (*draws a pistol as quickly from his pocket, and presents it at him*) Don't trouble yourself — one must be prepared for everything with you.

FRANCIS. (*lets the pistol fall, and throws himself on the sofa in great confusion*) Only keep my counsel till — till I have collected my thoughts —

HERMANN. I suppose till you have hired a dozen assassins to silence my tongue for ever! Is it not so? But (*in his ear*) the secret is committed to paper, which my heirs will publish. [*Exit.*

SCENE IX.

FRANCIS, *solus.*

Francis! Francis! Francis! What is all this? Where was thy courage? where thy once so fertile wit? Woe! Woe! And to be betrayed by thy own instruments! The pillars of my good fortune are tottering to their fall, the fences are broken down, and the raging enemy is already bursting in upon me. Well! this calls for some bold and sudden resolve! What if I went in person — and secretly plunged this sword in his body? A wounded man is but a child. Quick! I'll do it. (*He walks with a resolute step to the end of the stage, but stops suddenly as if overcome by sensations of horror.*) Who are these gliding behind me? (*Rolling his eyes fearfully.*) Faces such as I have never yet beheld. What hideous yells do I hear! I feel that I have courage — courage! oh yes, to overflowing! But if a mirror should betray me? or my shadow! or the whistling of the murderous stroke! Ugh! Ugh! How my hair bristles! A shudder creeps through my frame. (*He lets a poignard fall from under his clothes.*) I am no coward — perhaps somewhat too tender-hearted. Yes!

AMELIA. (*turning back and looking at him with astonishment*) How, friend? Who in heaven or on earth can restore my peace of mind?

HERMANN. One word from my lips can do it. Hear me!

AMELIA. (*seizing his hand with compassion*) Good sir! Can one word from thy lips burst asunder the portals of eternity?

HERMANN. (*rising*) Charles lives!

AMELIA. (*screaming*) Wretch!

HERMANN. Even so. And one word more. Your uncle —

AMELIA. (*rushing upon him*) Thou liest!

HERMANN. Your uncle —

AMELIA. Charles lives?

HERMANN. And your uncle —

AMELIA. Charles lives?

HERMANN. And your uncle too — betray me not! (HERMANN *runs off.*)

AMELIA. (*stands a long while like one petrified; after which she starts up wildly, and rushes after* HERMANN) Charles lives!

SCENE II. — *Country near the Danube.*

THE ROBBERS (*encamped on a rising ground, under trees, their horses are grazing below*).

CHARLES. Here must I lie. (*Throwing himself upon the ground*) I feel as if my limbs were all shattered. My tongue is as dry as a potsherd. (SCHWEITZER *disap-*

that is it! These are the last struggles of expiring virtue. I revere them. I should indeed be a monster were I to become the murderer of my own brother. No! no! no! That thought be far from me! Let me cherish this vestige of humanity. I will not murder. Nature, thou hast conquered. I still feel something here that seems like — affection. He shall live. [*Exit.*

pears unperceived.) I would ask one of you to bring me a handful of water from that stream, but you are all tired to death.

SCHWARZ. Our wine-flasks, too, are all empty.

CHARLES. See how beautiful the harvest looks! The trees are breaking with the weight of their fruit. The vines are full of promise.

GRIMM. It is a fruitful year.

CHARLES. Do you think so? Then at least one toil in the world will be repaid. One? Yet in the night a hailstorm may come and destroy it all.

SCHWARZ. That is very possible. It all may be destroyed an hour before the reaping.

CHARLES. Just what I say. All will be destroyed. Why should man prosper in that which he has in common with the ant, while he fails in that which places him on a level with the gods? Or is this the aim and limit of his destiny?

SCHWARZ. I know not.

CHARLES. Thou hast said well; and wilt have done better, if thou never seekest to know. Brother, I have looked on men, their insect cares and their giant projects, — their god-like plans and mouse-like occupations, their intensely eager race after happiness, — one trusting to the fleetness of his horse, — another to the nose of his ass, — a third to his own legs; this checkered lottery of life, in which so many stake their innocence and their heaven to snatch a prize, and, — blanks are all they draw, — for they find, too late, that there was no prize in the wheel. It is a drama, brother, enough to bring tears into your eyes, while it shakes your sides with laughter.

SCHWARZ. How gloriously the sun is setting yonder!

CHARLES. (*absorbed in the scene*) So dies a hero! Worthy of adoration!

SCHWARZ. You seem deeply moved.

CHARLES. When I was but a boy — it was my darling thought to live like him, like him to die — (*With suppressed grief.*) It was a boyish thought!

GRIMM. It was, indeed.

CHARLES. There was a time — (*Pressing his hat down upon his face.*) I would be alone, comrades.

SCHWARZ. Moor! Moor! Why, what the deuce! How his colour changes.

GRIMM. By all the devils! What ails him? Is he ill?

CHARLES. There was a time when I could not have slept had I forgotten my evening prayers —

GRIMM. Are you beside yourself? Would you let the remembrances of your boyish years school you now?

CHARLES. (*lays his head upon the breast of* GRIMM) Brother! Brother!

GRIMM. Come! Don't play the child — I pray you —

CHARLES. Oh that I were — that I were again a child!

GRIMM. Fie! fie!

SCHWARZ. Cheer up! Behold this smiling landscape — this delicious evening!

CHARLES. Yes, friends, this world is very lovely —

SCHWARZ. Come, now, that was well said.

CHARLES. This earth so glorious! —

GRIMM. Right — right — I love to hear you talk thus.

CHARLES. (*sinking back*) And I so hideous in this lovely world — a monster on this glorious earth!

GRIMM. Oh dear! oh dear!

CHARLES. My innocence! give me back my innocence! Behold, every living thing is gone forth to bask in the cheering rays of the vernal sun — why must I alone inhale the torments of hell out of the joys of heaven? All are so happy, all so united in brotherly love, by the spirit of peace! The whole world one family, and one Father above — but He not

my father! I alone the outcast, I alone rejected from the ranks of the blessed — the sweet name of child is not for me — never for me the soul-thrilling glance of her I love — never, never the bosom friend's embrace — (*starting back wildly*) — surrounded by murderers — hemmed in by hissing vipers — riveted to vice with iron fetters — whirling headlong on the frail reed of sin to the gulf of perdition — amid the blooming flowers of a glad world, a howling Abaddon!

SCHWARZ. (*to the others*) How strange! I never saw him thus before.

CHARLES. (*with melancholy*) Oh, that I might return again to my mother's womb. That I might be born a beggar! I should desire no more, — no more, oh heaven! — but that I might be like one of those poor labourers! Oh, I would toil till the blood streamed down my temples — to buy myself the luxury of one guiltless slumber — the blessedness of a single tear.

GRIMM. (*to the others*) A little patience — the paroxysm is nearly over.

CHARLES. There was a time when my tears flowed so freely. Oh, those days of peace! Dear home of my fathers — ye verdant halcyon vales! O all ye Elysian scenes of my childhood! — will you never return? — will your delicious breezes never cool my burning bosom? Mourn with me, Nature, mourn! They will never return! never will their delicious breezes cool my burning bosom! They are gone! gone! irrevocably gone!

Enter SCHWEITZER *with water in his hat.*

SCHWEITZER. (*offering him water in his hat*) Drink, captain; here is plenty of water, and cold as ice.

SCHWARZ. You are bleeding! What have you been doing?

SCHWEITZER. A bit of a freak, you fool, which had well-nigh cost me two legs and a neck. As I was

frolicking along the steep sand-banks of the river, plump, in a moment, the whole concern slid from under me, and I after it, some ten fathoms deep; — there I lay, and, as I was recovering my five senses, lo and behold, the most sparkling water in the gravel! Not so much amiss this time, said I to myself, for the caper I have cut. The captain will be sure to relish a drink.

CHARLES. (*returns him the hat and wipes his face*) But you are covered with mud, Schweitzer, and we can't see the scar which the Bohemian horseman marked on your forehead — your water was good, Schweitzer — and those scars become you well.

SCHWEITZER. Bah! There's room for a score or two more yet.

CHARLES. Yes, boys — it was a hot day's work — and only one man lost. Poor Roller! he died a noble death. A marble monument would be erected to his memory had he died in any other cause than mine. Let this suffice. (*He wipes the tears from his eyes.*) How many, did you say, of the enemy were left on the field?

SCHWEITZER. A hundred and sixty huzzars, ninety-three dragoons, some forty chasseurs — in all about three hundred.

CHARLES. Three hundred for one! Every one of you has a claim upon this head. (*He bares his head.*) By this uplifted dagger! As my soul liveth, I will never forsake you!

SCHWEITZER. Swear not! You do not know but you may yet be happy, and repent your oath.

CHARLES. By the ashes of my Roller! I will never forsake you.

Enter KOSINSKY.

KOSINSKY. (*aside*) Hereabouts, they say, I shall find him. Ha! What faces are these? Should they

be — if these — they must be the men! Yes, 'tis they, 'tis they! I will accost them.

SCHWARZ. Take heed! Who goes there?

KOSINSKY. Pardon, sirs. I know not whether I am going right or wrong.

CHARLES. Suppose right, whom do you take us to be?

KOSINSKY. Men!

SCHWEITZER. I wonder, captain, whether we have given any proof of that?

KOSINSKY. I am in search of men who can look death in the face, and let danger play around them like a tamed snake; who prize liberty above life or honour; whose very names, hailed by the poor and the oppressed, appal the boldest, and make tyrants tremble.

SCHWEITZER. (*to the* CAPTAIN) I like that fellow. Hark ye, friend! You have found your men.

KOSINSKY. So I should think, and I hope soon to find them brothers. You can direct me to the man I am looking for. 'Tis your captain, the great Count von Moor.

SCHWEITZER. (*taking him warmly by the hand*) There's a good lad. You and I must be chums.

CHARLES. (*coming nearer*) Do you know the captain?

KOSINSKY. Thou art he! — in those features — that air — who can look at thee, and doubt it? (*Looks earnestly at him for some time.*) I have always wished to see the man with the annihilating look, as he sat on the ruins of Carthage.[1] That wish is realised.

SCHWEITZER. A mettlesome fellow!

CHARLES. And what brings you to me?

KOSINSKY. Oh, captain! my more than cruel fate. I have suffered shipwreck on the stormy ocean of the world; I have seen all my fondest hopes perish;

[1] Alluding to Caius Marius. See "Plutarch's Lives."

and nought remains to me but a remembrance of the bitter past, which would drive me to madness, were I not to drown it by directing my energies to new objects.

CHARLES. Another arraignment of the ways of Providence! Proceed.

KOSINSKY. I became a soldier. Misfortune still followed me in the army. I made a venture to the Indies, and my ship was shivered on the rocks — nothing but frustrated hopes! At last, I heard tell far and wide of your valiant deeds, incendiarisms, as they called them, and I came straightway hither, a distance of thirty leagues, firmly resolved to serve under you, if you will deign to accept my services. I entreat thee, noble captain, refuse me not!

SCHWEITZER. (*with a leap into the air*) Hurrah! Hurrah! Our Roller replaced ten hundredfold! An out-and-out brother cutthroat for our troop.

CHARLES. What is your name?

KOSINSKY. Kosinsky.

CHARLES. What? Kosinsky! And do you know that you are but a thoughtless boy, and are embarking on the most weighty passage of your life as heedlessly as a giddy girl? You will find no playing at bowls or ninepins here, as you probably imagine.

KOSINSKY. I understand you, sir. I am, 'tis true, but four and twenty years old, but I have seen swords glittering, and have heard balls whistling around me.

CHARLES. Indeed, young gentleman? And was it for this that you took fencing lessons, to run poor travellers through the body for the sake of a dollar, or stab women in the back? Go! go! You have played truant to your nurse because she shook the rod at you.

SCHWEITZER. Why, what the devil, captain! what are you about? Do you mean to turn away such a Hercules? Does he not look as if he could baste Maréchal Saxe across the Ganges with a ladle?

CHARLES. Because your silly schemes miscarry, you come here to turn rogue and assassin! Murder, boy, do you know the meaning of that word? You may have slumbered in peace after cropping a few poppy-heads, but to have a murder on your soul —

KOSINSKY. All the murders you bid me commit be upon my head!

CHARLES. What! Are you so nimble-witted? Do you take measure of a man to catch him by flattery? How do you know that I am not haunted by terrific dreams, or that I shall not tremble on my death-bed? How much have you already done of which you have considered the responsibility?

KOSINSKY. Very little, I must confess; excepting this long journey to you, noble count —

CHARLES. Has your tutor let the story of Robin Hood get into your hands? Such careless rascals ought to be sent to the galleys. And has it heated your childish fancy, and infected you with the mania of becoming a hero? Are you thirsting for honour and fame? Would you buy immortality by deeds of incendiarism? Mark me, ambitious youth! No laurel blooms for the incendiary. No triumph awaits the victories of the bandit — nothing but curses, danger, death, disgrace. Do you see the gibbet yonder on the hill?

SPIEGEL. (*going up and down indignantly*) Oh, how stupid! How abominably, unpardonably stupid! That's not the way. I went to work in a very different manner.

KOSINSKY. What should he fear, who fears not death?

CHARLES. Bravo! Capital! You have made good use of your time at school; you have got your Seneca cleverly by heart. But, my good friend, you will not be able with these fine phrases to cajole nature in the hour of suffering; they will never blunt the biting tooth

of remorse. Ponder on it well, my son! (*Takes him by the hand.*) I advise you as a father. First learn the depth of the abyss before you plunge headlong into it. If in this world you can catch a single glimpse of happiness — moments may come when you — awake, — and then — it may be too late. Here you step out as it were beyond the pale of humanity — you must either be more than human or a demon. Once more, my son! if but a single spark of hope glimmer for you elsewhere, fly this fearful compact, where nought but despair enters, — unless a higher wisdom has so ordained it. You may deceive yourself — believe me, it is possible to mistake that for strength of mind which in reality is nothing more than despair. Take my counsel! mine! and depart quickly.

KOSINSKY. No: I will not stir. If my entreaties fail to move you, hear but the story of my misfortunes. And then you will force the dagger into my hand as eagerly as you now seek to withhold it. Seat yourselves awhile on the grass and listen.

CHARLES. I will hear your story.

KOSINSKY. Know, then, that I am a Bohemian nobleman. By the early death of my father I became master of large possessions. The scene of my domain was a paradise; for it contained an angel — a maid adorned with all the charms of blooming youth, and chaste as the light of heaven. But to whom do I talk of this? It falls unheeded on your ears — ye never loved, ye were never beloved —

SCHWEITZER. Gently, gently! The captain grows red as fire.

CHARLES. No more! I'll hear you some other time — to-morrow, — or by and by, or — after I have seen blood.

KOSINSKY. Blood, blood! Only hear on! Blood will fill your whole soul. She was of citizen birth, a German — but her look dissolved all the prejudices of

aristocracy. With blushing modesty she received the bridal ring from my hand, and on the morrow I was to have led my AMELIA to the altar. (CHARLES *rises suddenly*) In the midst of my intoxicating dream of happiness, and while our nuptials were preparing, an express summoned me to court. I obeyed the summons. Letters were shown me which I was said to have written, full of treasonable matter. I grew scarlet with indignation at such malice; they deprived me of my sword, thrust me into prison, and all my senses forsook me.

SCHWEITZER. And in the meantime — go on! I already scent the game.

KOSINSKY. There I lay a whole month, and knew not what was taking place. I was full of anxiety for my Amelia, who I was sure would suffer the pangs of death every moment in apprehension of my fate. At last the prime minister makes his appearance, — congratulates me in honey-sweet words on the establishment of my innocence, — reads to me a warrant of discharge, — and returns me my sword. I flew in triumph to my castle, to the arms of my Amelia, but she had disappeared! She had been carried off, it was said, at midnight, no one knew whither, and no eye had beheld her since. A suspicion instantly flashed across my mind. I rushed to the capital — I made inquiries at court — all eyes were upon me, — no one would give me information. At last I discovered her through a grated window of the palace — she threw me a small billet.

SCHWEITZER. Did I not say so?

KOSINSKY. Death and destruction! The contents were these! They had given her the choice between seeing me put to death, and becoming the mistress of the prince. In the struggle between honour and love she chose the latter, and (*with a bitter smile*) I was saved.

SCHWEITZER. And what did you do then?

KOSINSKY. Then I stood like one transfixed with a thunderbolt! Blood was my first thought, blood my last! Foaming at the mouth, I ran to my quarters, armed myself with a two-edged sword, and, with all haste, rushed to the minister's house, for he — he alone — had been the fiendish pander. They must have observed me in the street, for, as I went up, I found all the doors fastened. I searched, I inquired. He was gone, they said, to the prince. I went straight thither, but nobody there would know anything about him. I return, force the doors, find the base wretch, and was on the point — when five or six servants suddenly rushed on me from behind, and wrenched the weapon from my hands.

SCHWEITZER. (*stamping the ground*) And so the fellow got off clear, and you lost your labour?

KOSINSKY. I was arrested, accused, criminally prosecuted, degraded, and — mark this — transported beyond the frontier, as a special favour. My estates were confiscated to the minister, and Amelia remained in the clutches of the tiger, where she weeps and mourns away her life, while my vengeance must keep a fast, and crouch submissively to the yoke of despotism.

SCHWEITZER. (*rising and whetting his sword*) That is grist to our mill, captain! There is something here for the incendiaries!

CHARLES. (*who has been walking up and down in violent agitation, with a sudden start to the* ROBBERS) I must see her. Up! collect your baggage — you'll stay with us, Kosinsky! Quick, pack up!

THE ROBBERS. Where to? What?

CHARLES. Where to? Who asks that question? (*Fiercely to* SCHWEITZER.) Traitor, wouldst thou keep me back? But by the hope for heaven! —

SCHWEITZER. I, a traitor? Lead on to hell and I will follow you!

CHARLES. (*falling on his neck*) Dear brother! thou shalt follow me. She weeps, she mourns away her life. Up! quickly! all of you! to Franconia! In a week we must be there. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. — *Rural scenery in the neighbourhood of* CHARLES VON MOOR'S *castle.*

CHARLES VON MOOR, KOSINSKY, *at a distance.*

CHARLES. Go forward, and announce me. You remember what you have to say?

KOSINSKY. You are Count Brand, you come from Mecklenburg. I am your groom. Do not fear, I shall take care to play my part. Farewell! [*Exit.*

CHARLES. Hail to thee, Earth of my Fatherland! (*kisses the earth.*) Heaven of my Fatherland! Sun of my Fatherland! Ye meadows and hills, ye streams and woods! Hail, hail to ye all! How deliciously the breezes are wafted from my native hills! What streams of balmy perfume greet the poor fugitive! Elysium! Realms of poetry! Stay, Moor, thy foot has strayed into a holy temple. (*Comes nearer.*)

See there! the old swallow-nests in the castle yard! — and the little garden gate! — and this corner of the fence where I so often watched in ambuscade to tease old Towzer! — and down there in the green valley, where, as the great Alexander, I led my Macedonians to the battle of Arbela; and the grassy hillock yonder, from which I hurled the Persian satrap — and then waved on high my victorious banner! (*He smiles.*) The golden age of boyhood lives again in the soul of the outcast. I was then so happy, so wholly, so cloudlessly happy — and now — behold all my prospects a

wreck! Here should I have presided, a great, a noble, an honoured man — here have lived over again the years of boyhood in the blooming children of my Amelia — here! — here have been the idol of my people — but the foul fiend opposed it! (*Starting.*) Why am I here? To feel like the captive when the clanking of his chains awakes him from his dream of liberty. No, let me return to my wretchedness! The captive had forgotten the light of day, but the dream of liberty flashes past his eyes like a blaze of lightning in the night, which leaves it darker than before. Farewell, ye native vales! once ye saw Charles as a boy, and then Charles was happy. Now ye have seen the man, his happiness turned to despair! (*He moves rapidly toward the most distant point of the landscape, where he suddenly stops and casts a melancholy look across to the castle.*) Not to behold her! not even one look! — and only a wall between me and Amelia! No! see her I must! — and him too! — though it crush me! (*He turns back.*) Father! father! thy son approaches. Away with thee, black, reeking gore! Away with that grim, ghastly look of death! Oh, give me but this one hour free! Amelia! Father! thy Charles approaches! (*He goes quickly toward the castle.*) Torment me when the morning dawns — give me no rest with the coming night — beset me in frightful dreams! But, oh! poison not this my only hour of bliss! (*He is standing at the gate.*) What is it I feel? What means this, Moor? Be a man! These death-like shudders — foreboding terrors.

[*Enters.*

SCENE II.[1] — *Gallery in the Castle.*

Enter CHARLES VON MOOR, AMELIA.

AMELIA. And are you sure that you should know his portrait among these pictures?

CHARLES. Oh, most certainly! his image has always been fresh in my memory. (*Passing along the pictures.*) This is not it.

AMELIA. You are right! He was the first count, and received his patent of nobility from Frederic Barbarossa, to whom he rendered some service against the corsairs.

CHARLES. (*still reviewing the pictures*) Neither is it this — nor this — nor that — it is not among these at all.

AMELIA. Nay! look more attentively! I thought you knew him.

CHARLES. As well as my own father! This picture wants the sweet expression around the mouth, which distinguished him from among a thousand. It is not he.

AMELIA. You surprise me. What! not seen him for eighteen years, and still —

CHARLES. (*quickly with a hectic blush*) Yes, this is he! (*He stands as if struck by lightning.*)

AMELIA. An excellent man!

CHARLES. (*absorbed in the contemplation of the picture*) Father! father! forgive me! Yes, an excellent man! (*He wipes his eyes.*) A godlike man!

AMELIA. You seem to take a deep interest in him.

CHARLES. Oh, an excellent man! And he is gone, you say!

AMELIA. Gone! as our best joys perish. (*Gently taking him by the hand.*) Dear sir, no happiness ripens in this world.

[1] In some editions this is the third scene, and there is no second

CHARLES. Most true, most true! And have you already proved this truth by sad experience? You, who can scarcely yet have seen your twenty-third year?

AMELIA. Yes, alas, I have proved it. Whatever lives, lives to die in sorrow. We engage our hearts, and grasp after the things of this world, only to undergo the pang of losing them.

CHARLES. What can you have lost, and yet so young?

AMELIA. Nothing — everything — nothing. Shall we go on, count?[1]

CHARLES. In such haste? Whose portrait is that on the right? There is an unhappy look about that countenance, methinks.

AMELIA. That portrait on the left is the son of the count, the present count. Come, let us pass on!

CHARLES. But this portrait on the right?

AMELIA. Will you not continue your walk, sir?

CHARLES. But this portrait on the right hand? You are in tears, Amelia?

[*Exit* AMELIA, *in precipitation.*

CHARLES. She loves me, she loves me! Her whole being began to rebel, and the traitor tears rolled down her cheeks. She loves me! Wretch, hast thou deserved this at her hands? Stand I not here like a condemned criminal before the fatal block? Is this the couch on which we so often sat — where I have hung in rapture on her neck? Are these my ancestral halls? (*Overcome by the sight of his father's portrait.*) Thou — thou — Flames of fire darting from thine eyes — His curse — His curse — He disowns me — Where

[1] In the acting edition is added:
"MOOR. And would you learn forgetfulness in that holy garb there? (*Pointing to a nun's habit.*)
AMELIA. To-morrow I hope to do so. Shall we continue our walk, sir?"

am I? My sight grows dim — Horrors of the living God — 'Twas I, 'twas I that killed my father!

[*He rushes off.*

Enter FRANCIS VON MOOR, *in deep thought.*

FRANCIS. Away with that image! Away with it! Craven heart! Why dost thou tremble, and before whom? Have I not felt, during the few hours that the count has been within these walls, as if a spy from hell were gliding at my heels? Methinks I should know him! There is something so lofty, so familiar, in his wild, sunburnt features which makes me tremble. Amelia, too, is not indifferent toward him! Does she not dart eager, languishing looks at the fellow — looks of which she is so chary to all the world beside? Did I not see her drop those stealthy tears into the wine, which, behind my back, he quaffed so eagerly that he seemed to swallow the very glass? Yes, I saw it — I saw it in the mirror with my own eyes. Take care, Francis! Look about you! Some destruction-brooding monster is lurking beneath all this! (*He stops, with a searching look, before the portrait of* CHARLES.) His long, crane-like neck — his black, fire-sparkling eyes — hem! hem! — his dark, over-hanging, bushy eyebrows. (*Suddenly starting back.*) Malicious hell! dost thou send me this suspicion? It is Charles! Yes, all his features are reviving before me. It is he! despite his mask! it is he! Death and damnation! (*Goes up and down with agitated steps.*) Is it for this that I have sacrificed my nights — that I have mowed down mountains and filled up chasms? For this that I have turned rebel against all the instincts of humanity? To have this vagabond outcast blunder in at last, and destroy all my cunningly devised fabric? But gently! gently! What remains to be done is but child's play. Have I not already waded up to my

very ears in mortal sin? Seeing how far the shore lies behind me, it would be madness to attempt to swim back. To return is now out of the question. Grace itself would be beggared, and infinite mercy become bankrupt, were they to be responsible for all my liabilities. Then onward like a man. (*He rings the bell.*) Let him be gathered to the spirit of his father, and now come on! For the dead I care not! Daniel! Ho! Daniel! I'd wager a trifle they have already inveigled him too into the plot against me! He looks so full of mystery!

Enter DANIEL.

DANIEL. What is your pleasure, my master?

FRANCIS. Nothing. Go, fill this goblet with wine, and quickly! (*Exit* DANIEL.) Wait a little, old man! I shall find you out! I will fix my eye upon you so keenly that your stricken conscience shall betray itself through your mask! He shall die! He is but a sorry bungler who leaves his work half finished, and then looks on idly, trusting to chance for what may come of it.

(*Enter* DANIEL, *with the wine.*

Bring it here! Look me steadfastly in the face! How your knees knock together! How you tremble! Confess, old man! what have you been doing?

DANIEL. Nothing, my honoured master, by heaven and my poor soul!

FRANCIS. Drink this wine! What? you hesitate? Out with it quickly! What have you put into the wine?

DANIEL. Heaven help me! What! I in the wine?

FRANCIS. You have poisoned it! Are you not as white as snow? Confess, confess! Who gave it

you? The count? Is it not so? The count gave it you?

DANIEL. The count? Jesu Maria! The count has not given me anything.

FRANCIS. (*grasping him tight*) I will throttle you till you are black in the face, you hoary-headed liar! Nothing? Why, then, are you so often closeted together? He, and you, and Amelia? And what are you always whispering about? Out with it! What secrets, eh? What secrets has he confided to you?

DANIEL. I call the Almighty to witness that he has not confided any secrets to me.

FRANCIS. Do you mean to deny it? What schemes have you been hatching to get rid of me? Am I to be smothered in my sleep? or is my throat to be cut in shaving? or am I to be poisoned in wine or chocolate? Eh? Out with it, out with it! Or am I to have my quietus administered in my soup? Out with it! I know it all!

DANIEL. May Heaven so help me in the hour of need as I now tell you the truth, and nothing but the pure, unvarnished truth!

FRANCIS. Well, this time I will forgive you. But the money! he most certainly put money into your purse? And he pressed your hand more warmly than is customary? something in the manner of an old acquaintance?

DANIEL. Never, indeed, sir.

FRANCIS. He told you, for instance, that he had known you before? that you ought to know him? that the scales[1] would some day fall from your eyes? that — what? Do you mean to say that he never spoke thus to you?

DANIEL. Not a word of the kind.

FRANCIS. That certain circumstances restrained him

[1] Used in the sense of film. So in Scripture, Acts ix. ver. 18, "there fell from his eyes as it had been scales."

— that one must sometimes wear a mask in order to get at one's enemies — that he would be revenged, most terribly revenged?

DANIEL. Not a syllable of all this.

FRANCIS. What? Nothing at all? Recollect yourself. That he knew the old count well — most intimately — that he loved him — loved him exceedingly — loved him like a son —

DANIEL. Something of that sort I remember to have heard him say.

FRANCIS. (*turning pale*) Did he say so? did he really? How? let me hear! He said he was my brother?

DANIEL. (*astonished*) What, my master? He did not say that. But as Lady Amelia was conducting him through the gallery — I was just dusting the picture-frames — he suddenly stood still before the portrait of my late master, and seemed thunderstruck. Lady Amelia pointed it out, and said, "An excellent man!" "Yes, a most excellent man!" he replied, wiping a tear from his eye.

FRANCIS. Hark, Daniel! You know I have ever been a kind master to you; I have given you food and raiment, and have spared you labour in consideration of your advanced age.

DANIEL. For which may Heaven reward you! and I, on my part, have always served you faithfully.

FRANCIS. That is just what I was going to say. You have never in all your life contradicted me; for you know much too well that you owe me obedience in all things, whatever I may require of you.

DANIEL. In all things with all my heart, so it be not against God and my conscience.

FRANCIS. Stuff! nonsense! Are you not ashamed of yourself? An old man, and believe that Christmas tale! Go, Daniel! that was a stupid remark. You know that I am your master. It is on me that God

and conscience will be avenged, if, indeed, there be a God and a conscience.

DANIEL. (*clasping his hands together*) Merciful Heaven!

FRANCIS. By your obedience! Do you understand that word? By your obedience, I command you. With to-morrow's dawn the count must no longer be found among the living.

DANIEL. Merciful Heaven! and wherefore?

FRANCIS. By your blind obedience! I shall rely upon you implicitly.

DANIEL. On me? May the Blessed Virgin have mercy on me! On me? What evil, then, have I, an old man, done?

FRANCIS. There is no time now for reflection; your fate is in my hands. Would you rather pine away the remainder of your days in the deepest of my dungeons, where hunger shall compel you to gnaw your own bones, and burning thirst make you suck your own blood? Or would you rather eat your bread in peace, and have rest in your old age?

DANIEL. What, my lord? Peace and rest in my old age? And I a murderer?

FRANCIS. Answer my question!

DANIEL. My gray hairs! my gray hairs!

FRANCIS. Yes or no!

DANIEL. No! God have mercy upon me!

FRANCIS. (*in the act of going*) Very well! you shall have need of it. (DANIEL *detains him and falls on his knees before him.*)

DANIEL. Mercy, master! mercy!

FRANCIS. Yes or no!

DANIEL. Most gracious master! I am this day seventy-one years of age! and have honoured my father and my mother, and, to the best of my knowledge, have never in the whole course of my life

defrauded any one to the value of a farthing, — and I have adhered to my creed truly and honestly, and have served in your house four and forty years, and am now calmly awaiting a quiet, happy end. Oh, master! master! (*violently clasping his knees*) and would you deprive me of my only solace in death, that the gnawing worm of an evil conscience may cheat me of my last prayer? that I may go to my long home an abomination in the sight of God and man? No, no! my dearest, best, most excellent, most gracious master! you do not ask that of an old man turned threescore and ten!

FRANCIS. Yes or no! What is the use of all this palaver?

DANIEL. I will serve you from this day forward more diligently than ever; I will wear out my old bones in your service like a common day-labourer; I will rise earlier and lie down later. Oh, and I will remember you in my prayers night and morning; and God will not reject the prayer of an old man.

FRANCIS. Obedience is better than sacrifice. Did you ever hear of the hangman standing upon ceremony when he was told to execute a sentence?

DANIEL. That is very true; but to murder an innocent man — one —

FRANCIS. Am I responsible to you? Is the axe to question the hangman why he strikes this way and not that? But see how forbearing I am. I offer you a reward for performing what you owe me in virtue of your allegiance.

DANIEL. But, when I swore allegiance to you, I at least hoped that I should be allowed to remain a Christian.

FRANCIS. No contradiction! Look you! I give you the whole day to think about it! Ponder well on it. Happiness or misery. Do you hear — do you

understand? The extreme of happiness or the extreme of misery! I can do wonders in the way of torture.

DANIEL. (*after some reflection*) I'll do it; I will do it to-morrow. [*Exit.*

FRANCIS. The temptation is strong, and I should think he was not born to die a martyr to his faith. Have with you, sir count! According to all ordinary calculations, you will sup to-morrow with old Beelzebub. In these matters all depends upon one's view of a thing; and he is a fool who takes any view that is contrary to his own interest. A father quaffs perhaps a bottle of wine more than ordinary — he is in a certain mood — the result is a human being, the last thing that was thought of in the affair. Well, I, too, am in a certain mood, — and the result is that a human being perishes; and surely there is more of reason and purpose in this than there was in his production. If the birth of a man is the result of an animal paroxysm, who should take it into his head to attach any importance to the negation of his birth? A curse upon the folly of our nurses and teachers, who fill our imaginations with frightful tales, and impress fearful images of punishment upon the plastic brain of childhood, so that involuntary shudders shake the limbs of the man with icy fear, arrest his boldest resolutions, and chain his awakening reason in the fetters of superstitious darkness. Murder! What a hell full of furies hovers around that word. Yet 'tis no more than if nature forgets to bring forth one man more — or the doctor makes a mistake — and thus the whole phantasmagoria vanishes. It was something, and it is nothing. Does not this amount to exactly the same thing as though it had been nothing, and came to nothing; and about nothing it is hardly worth while to waste a word. Man is made of filth, and for a time wades in filth, and produces filth, and sinks back into filth, till at last he

fouls the boots of his own posterity.[1] That is the burden of the song — the filthy cycle of human fate; and with that — a pleasant journey to you, sir brother! Conscience, that splenetic, gouty moralist, may drive shrivelled old drones out of brothels, and torture usurers on their death-beds — with me it shall never more have audience. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. — *Another Room in the Castle.*

CHARLES VON MOOR *enters from one side,* DANIEL *from the other.*

CHARLES. (*hastily*) Where is Lady Amelia?

DANIEL. Honoured sir! permit an old man to ask you a favour.

CHARLES. It is granted. What is it you ask?

DANIEL. Not much, and yet all — but little, and yet a great deal. Suffer me to kiss your hand!

CHARLES. That I cannot permit, good old man (*embraces him*), from one whom I should like to call my father.

DANIEL. Your hand, your hand! I beseech you.

CHARLES. That must not be.

DANIEL. It must! (*He takes hold of it, surveys it quickly, and falls down before him.*) Dear, dearest Charles!

CHARLES. (*startled; he composes himself, and says in a distant tone*) What mean you, my friend? I don't understand you.

DANIEL. Yes, you may deny it, you may dissemble as much as you please! 'Tis very well! very well. For all that you are my dearest, my excellent young

[1] "To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why, may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till we find it stopping a bunghole?" — *Hamlet*, Act v. Sc. 1.

master. Good Heaven! that I, poor old man should live to have the joy — what a stupid blockhead was I that I did not at a glance — oh, gracious powers! And you are really come back, and the dear old master is underground, and here you are again! What a purblind dolt I was, to be sure! (*Striking his forehead.*) that I did not on the instant — Oh, dear me! — who could have dreamt it — What I have so often prayed for with tears — Oh, mercy me! There he stands again, as large as life, in the old room!

CHARLES. What's all this oration about? Are you in a fit of delirium, and have escaped from your keepers; or are you rehearsing a stage-player's part with me?

DANIEL. Oh, fie! fie! It is not pretty of you to make game of an old servant. That scar! Eh! do you remember it? Good Heaven! what a fright you put me into — I always loved you so dearly; and what misery you might have brought upon me. You were sitting in my lap — do you remember? there in the round chamber. Has all that quite vanished from your memory — and the cuckoo, too, that you were so fond of listening to? Only think! the cuckoo is broken, broken all to shivers — old Susan smashed it in sweeping the room — yes, indeed, and there you sat in my lap, and cried, "Cockhorse!" and I ran off to fetch your wooden horse — mercy on me! what business had I, thoughtless old fool, to leave you alone — and how I felt as if I were in a boiling caldron when I heard you screaming in the passage; and, when I rushed in, there was your red blood gushing forth, and you lying on the ground. Oh, by the Blessed Virgin! did I not feel as if a bucket of icy cold water was emptied all over me? — but so it happens, unless one keeps all one's eyes upon children. Good Heaven! if it had gone into your eye! Unfortunately it happened to be the right hand. "As long as I live," said I, "never

again shall any child in my charge get hold of a knife or scissors, or any other edge tool." 'Twas lucky for me that both my master and mistress were gone on a journey. "Yes, yes! this shall be a warning to me for the rest of my life," said I — Gemini, Gemini! I might have lost my place, I might — God forgive you, you naughty boy — but, thank Heaven! it healed fairly, all but that ugly scar.

CHARLES. I do not comprehend one word of all that you are talking about.

DANIEL. Eh? eh? that was the time! was it not? How many a ginger-cake, and biscuit, and macaroon, have I slipped into your hands — I was always so fond of you. And do you recollect what you said to me down in the stable, when I put you upon old master's hunter, and let you scamper round the great meadow? "Daniel!" said you, "only wait till I am grown a big man, and you shall be my steward, and ride in the coach with me." "Yes," said I, laughing, "if Heaven grants me life and health, and you are not ashamed of the old man," I said, "I shall ask you to let me have the little house down in the village, that has stood empty so long; and then I will lay in a few butts of good wine, and turn publican in my old age." Yes, you may laugh, you may laugh! Eh, young gentleman, have you quite forgotten all that? You do not want to remember the old man, so you carry yourself strange and loftily; — but, you are my jewel of a young master, for all that. You have, it is true, been a little bit wild — don't be angry! — as young blood is apt to be! All may be well yet in the end.

CHARLES. (*falls on his neck*) Yes! Daniel! I will no longer hide it from you! I am your Charles, your lost Charles! And now tell me, how does my Amelia?

DANIEL. (*begins to cry*) That I, old sinner, should live to have this happiness — and my late blessed master wept so long in vain! Begone, begone, hoary old

head! Ye weary bones, descend into the grave with joy! My lord and master lives! my own eyes have beheld him!

CHARLES. And he will keep his promise to you. Take that, honest graybeard, for the old hunter. (*Forces a heavy purse upon him.*) I have not forgotten the old man.

DANIEL. How? What are you doing? Too much! You have made a mistake.

CHARLES. No mistake, Daniel! (DANIEL *is about to throw himself on his knees before him.*) Rise! Tell me, how does my Amelia?

DANIEL. Heaven reward you! Heaven reward you! O gracious me! Your Amelia will never survive it, she will die for joy!

CHARLES. (*eagerly*) She has not forgotten me then?

DANIEL. Forgotten you? How can you talk thus? Forgotten you, indeed! You should have been there, you should have seen how she took on, when the news came of your death, which his honour caused to be spread abroad —

CHARLES. What do you say? my brother —

DANIEL. Yes, your brother; his honour, your brother — another day I will tell you more about it, when we have time — and how cleverly she sent him about his business when he came a-wooing every blessed day, and offered to make her his countess. Oh, I must go; I must go and tell her; carry her the news. (*Is about to run off.*)

CHARLES. Stay! stay! she must not know — nobody must know, not even my brother —

DANIEL. Your brother? No, on no account; he must not know it! Certainly not! If he know not already more than he ought to know. Oh, I can tell you, there are wicked men, wicked brothers, wicked masters; but I would not for all my master's gold be a wicked servant. His honour thought you were dead.

CHARLES. Humph! What are you muttering about?

DANIEL. (*in a half-suppressed voice*) And to be sure when a man rises from the dead thus uninvited — your brother was the sole heir of our late master —

CHARLES. Old man! what is it you are muttering between your teeth, as if some dreadful secret were hovering on your tongue which you fear to utter, and yet ought? Out with it!

DANIEL. But I would rather gnaw my old bones with hunger, and suck my own blood for thirst, than gain a life of luxury by murder. [*Exit hastily.*

CHARLES. (*starting up, after a terrible pause*) Betrayed! Betrayed! It flashes upon my soul like lightning! A fiendish trick! A murderer and a robber through fiend-like machinations! Calumniated by him! My letters falsified, suppressed! his heart full of love! Oh, what a monstrous fool was I! His fatherly heart full of love! oh, villainy, villainy! It would have cost me but once kneeling at his feet — a tear would have done it — oh blind, blind fool that I was! (*Running up against the wall.*) I might have been happy — oh villainy, villainy! Knavishly, yes, knavishly cheated out of all happiness in this life! (*He runs up and down in a rage.*) A murderer, a robber, all through a knavish trick! He was not even angry! Not a thought of cursing ever entered his heart. Oh, miscreant! inconceivable, hypocritical, abominable miscreant!

Enter KOSINSKY.

KOSINSKY. Well, captain, where are you loitering? What is the matter? You are for staying here some time longer, I perceive?

CHARLES. Up! Saddle the horses! Before sunset we must be over the frontier!

KOSINSKY. You are joking.

CHARLES. (*in a commanding tone*) Quick! quick! delay not! leave everything behind! and let no eye see you! [*Exit* KOSINSKY.

I fly from these walls. The least delay might drive me raving mad; and he my father's son! Brother! brother! thou hast made me the most miserable wretch on earth; I never injured thee; this was not brotherly. Reap the fruits of thy crime in quiet, my presence shall no longer embitter thy enjoyment — but, surely, this was not acting like a brother. May oblivion shroud thy misdeed for ever, and death not bring it back to light.

Enter KOSINSKY.

KOSINSKY. The horses are ready saddled, you can mount as soon as you please.

CHARLES. Why in such haste? Why so urgent? Shall I see her no more?

KOSINSKY. I will take off the bridles again, if you wish it; you bade me hasten head over heels.

CHARLES. One more farewell! one more! I must drain this poisoned cup of happiness to the dregs, and then — Stay, Kosinsky! Ten minutes more — behind, in the castle yard — and we gallop off.

SCENE IV. — *In the Garden.*

AMELIA. "You are in tears, Amelia!" These were his very words — and spoken with such expression — such a voice! — Oh, it summoned up a thousand dear remembrances! — scenes of past delight, as in my youthful days of happiness, my golden springtide of love. The nightingale sung with the same sweetness, the flowers breathed the same delicious fragrance as

when I used to hang enraptured on his neck.[1] Ha! false, perfidious heart! And dost thou seek thus artfully to veil thy perjury? No, no! begone for ever from my soul, thou sinful image! I have not broken my oath, thou only one! Avaunt, from my soul, ye treacherous impious wishes! In the heart where Charles reigns no son of earth may dwell. But why, my soul, dost thou thus constantly, thus obstinately turn toward this stranger? Does he not cling to my heart in the very image of my only one? Is he not his inseparable companion in my thoughts? "You are in tears, Amelia?" Ha! let me fly from him! — fly! — never more shall my eyes behold this stranger!

[CHARLES *opens the garden-gate.*

AMELIA. (*starting*) Hark! hark! did I not hear the gate creak? (*She perceives* CHARLES *and starts up.*) He? — whither? — what? I am rooted to the spot, — I cannot fly! Forsake me not, good Heaven! No! thou shalt not tear me from my Charles! My soul has no room for two deities, I am but a mortal maid! (*She draws the picture of* CHARLES *from her bosom.*) Thou, my Charles! be thou my guardian angel against this stranger, this invader of our loves! At thee will I look, at thee, nor turn away my eyes — nor cast one sinful look toward him! (*She sits silent, her eyes fixed upon the picture.*)

CHARLES. You here, Lady Amelia? — and so sad? and a tear upon that picture? (AMELIA *gives him no answer.*) And who is the happy man for whom these silver drops fall from an angel's eyes? May I be permitted to look at — (*He endeavours to look at the picture.*)

AMELIA. No — yes — no!

[1] Here, in the acting edition, is added, "Assuredly, if the spirits of the departed wander among the living, then must this stranger be Charles's angel!"

CHARLES. (*starting back*) Ha — and does he deserve to be so idolised? Does he deserve it?

AMELIA. Had you but known him!

CHARLES. I should have envied him.

AMELIA. Adored, you mean.

CHARLES. Ha!

AMELIA. Oh, you would so have loved him! — there was so much, so much in his face — in his eyes, — in the tone of his voice, — which was so like yours — that I love so dearly! (CHARLES *casts his eyes down to the ground.*) Here, where you are standing, he has stood a thousand times — and by his side, one who, by his side, forgot heaven and earth. Here his eyes feasted on nature's most glorious panorama, — which, as if conscious of his approving glance, seemed to increase in beauty under the approbation of her masterpiece. Here he held the audience of the air captive with his heavenly music. Here, from this bush, he plucked roses, and plucked those roses for me. Here, here, he lay on my neck; here he imprinted burning kisses on my lips, and the flowers hung their heads with pleasure beneath the foot-tread of the lovers.[1]

[1] In the acting edition the scene changes materially at this point, and the most sentimental part of the whole drama is transformed into the most voluptuous. The stage direction here is, — "(*They give way to their transports without control, and mingle their kisses.* MOOR *hangs in ecstasy on her lips, while she sinks half delirious on the couch.*) O Charles! now avenge thyself; my vow is broken.

MOOR. (*tearing himself away from her, as if in frenzy*) Can this be hell that still pursues me! (*Gazing on her.*) I felt so happy!

AMELIA. (*perceiving the ring upon her finger, starts up from the couch*) What! Art thou still there — on that guilty hand? Witness of my perjury. Away with thee. (*She pulls the ring from her finger and gives it to* CHARLES.) Take it — take it, beloved seducer! and with it what I hold most sacred — take my all — my Charles! (*She falls back upon the couch.*)

MOOR. (*changes colour*) O thou Most High! was this thy almighty will? It is the very ring I gave her in the pledge of our

CHARLES. He is no more?

AMELIA. He sails on troubled seas — Amelia's love sails with him. He wanders through pathless, sandy deserts — Amelia's love clothes the burning sand with verdure, and the barren shrubs with flowers. Southern suns scorch his bare head, northern snows pinch his feet, tempestuous hail beats down on his temples, but Amelia's love lulls him to sleep in the midst of the storm. Seas, and mountains, and skies, divide the lovers — but their souls rise above this prison-house of clay, and meet in the paradise of love. You appear sad, count!

CHARLES. These words of love rekindle my love.

mutual faith. Hell be the grave of love! She has returned my ring.

AMELIA. (*terrified*) Heavens! What is the matter? Your eyes roll wildly, and your lips are pale as death! Ah! woe is me. And are the pleasures of thy crime so soon forgotten?

MOOR. (*suppressing his emotion*) 'Tis nothing! Nothing! (*Raising his eyes to heaven.*) I am still a man! (*He takes off his own ring and puts it on* AMELIA'S *finger.*) In return, take this! sweet fury of my heart! And with it what I hold most sacred — take my all — my Amelia!

AMELIA. (*starting up*) Your Amelia!

MOOR. (*mournfully*) Oh, she was such a lovely maiden, and faithful as an angel. When we parted we exchanged rings, and vowed eternal constancy. She heard that I was dead — believed it — yet remained constant to the dead. She heard again that I was living — yet became faithless to the living. I flew into her arms — was happy as the blest in Paradise. Think what my heart was doomed to feel, Amelia! She gave me back my ring — she took her own.

AMELIA. (*her eyes fixed on the earth in amazement*) 'Tis strange, most strange! 'Tis horrible!

MOOR. Ay, strange and horrible! My child, there is much — ay, much for man to learn ere his poor intellect can fathom the decrees of Him who smiles at human vows and weeps at human projects. My Amelia is an unfortunate maiden!

AMELIA. Unfortunate! Because she rejected you?

MOOR. Unfortunate. Because she embraced the man she betrayed.

AMELIA. (*with melancholy tenderness*) Oh, then, she is indeed unfortunate! From my soul I pity her! She shall be my sister. But there is another and a better world."

AMELIA. (*pale*) What? You love another? Alas! what have I said?

CHARLES. She believed me dead, and in my supposed death she remained faithful to me — she heard again that I was alive, and she sacrificed for me the crown of a saint. She knows that I am wandering in deserts, and roaming about in misery, yet her love follows me on wings through deserts and through misery. Her name, too, like yours, is Amelia.

AMELIA. How I envy your Amelia!

CHARLES. Oh, she is an unhappy maid. Her love is fixed upon one who is lost — and it can never — never be rewarded.

AMELIA. Say not so! It will be rewarded in heaven. Is it not agreed that there is a better world, where mourners rejoice, and where lovers meet again?

CHARLES. Yes, a world where the veil is lifted — where the phantom love will make terrible discoveries — Eternity is its name. My Amelia is an unhappy maid.

AMELIA. Unhappy, and loves you? [1]

CHARLES. Unhappy, because she loves me! What if I were a murderer? How, Lady Amelia, if your lover could reckon you up a murder for every one of your kisses? Woe to my Amelia! She is an unhappy maid.

AMELIA. (*gaily rising*) Ha! What a happy maid

[1] In the acting edition the scene closes with a different dénouement. Amelia here says, "Are all unhappy who live with you, and bear the name of Amelia?"

CHARLES. Yes, all — when they think they embrace an angel, and find in their arms — a murderer. Alas, for my Amelia! She is indeed unfortunate.

AMELIA. (*with an expression of deep affliction*) Oh, I must weep for her.

CHARLES. (*grasping her hand and pointing to the ring*) Weep for thyself.

AMELIA. (*recognising the ring*) Charles! Charles! O heaven and earth! (*She sinks fainting; the scene closes.*)"

am I! My only one is a reflection of Deity, and Deity is mercy and compassion! He could not bear to see a fly suffer. His soul is as far from every thought of blood as the sun is from the moon. (CHARLES *suddenly turns away into a thicket, and looks wildly out into the landscape.* AMELIA *sings, playing the guitar.*)

Oh! Hector, wilt thou go for evermore,
Where fierce Achilles, on the blood-stained shore,
  Heaps countless victims o'er Patroclus' grave?
Who then thy hapless orphan boy will rear,
Teach him to praise the gods and hurl the spear,
  When thou art swallowed up in Xanthus' wave?

CHARLES (*silently tunes the guitar, and plays*).

Beloved wife! — stern duty calls to arms —
Go, fetch my lance! and cease those vain alarms!
[*He flings the guitar away, and rushes off.*

SCENE V. — *A neighbouring forest. Night. An old ruined castle in the centre of the scene.*

The band of ROBBERS *encamped on the ground.*

The ROBBERS *singing.*

To rob, to kill, to wench, to fight,
  Our pastime is, and daily sport;
The gibbet claims us morn and night,
  So let's be jolly, time is short.

A merry life we lead, and free,
  A life of endless fun;
Our couch is 'neath the greenwood tree,
Through wind and storm we gain our fee,

The moon we make our sun.
Old Mercury is our patron true,
And a capital chap for helping us through.

To-day we make the abbot our host,
The farmer rich to-morrow;
And where we shall get our next day's roast,
Gives us nor care nor sorrow.

And, when with Rhenish and rare Moselle
Our throats we have been oiling,
Our courage burns with a fiercer swell,
And we're hand and glove with the Lord of Hell,
Who down in his flames is broiling.

For fathers slain the orphans' cries,
The widowed mothers' moan and wail,
Of brides bereaved the whimpering sighs,
Like music sweet, our ears regale.

Beneath the axe to see them writhe,
Bellow like calves, fall dead like flies;
Such bonny sights, and sounds so blithe,
With rapture fill our ears and eyes.

And when at last our death-knell rings—
The devil take that hour!
Payment in full the hangman brings,
And off the stage we scour.
On the road a glass of good liquor or so,
Then hip! hip! hip! and away we go!

SCHWEITZER. The night is far advanced, and the captain has not yet returned.

RAZ. And yet he promised to be back before the clock struck eight.

SCHWEITZER. Should any harm have befallen him,

comrades, wouldn't we kindle fires! ay, and murder sucking babes?

SPIEGEL. (*takes* RAZMAN *aside*) A word in your ear, Razman!

SCHWARZ. (*to* GRIMM) Should we not send out scouts?

GRIMM. Let him alone. He no doubt has some feat in hand that will put us to shame.

SCHWEITZER. Then you are out, by old Harry! He did not part from us like one that had any masterpiece of roguery in view. Have you forgotten what he said as he marched us across the heath? "The fellow that takes so much as a turnip out of a field, if I know it, leaves his head behind him, as true as my name is Moor." We dare not plunder.

RAZ. (*aside to* SPIEGELBERG) What are you driving at? Speak plainer.

SPIEGEL. Hush! Hush! I know not what sort of a notion you and I have of liberty, that we should toil under the yoke like bullocks, while we are making such wonderful fine speeches about independence. I like it not.

SCHWEITZER. (*to* GRIMM) What crotchet has that swaggering booby got in his numskull, I wonder?

RAZ. (*aside to* SPIEGELBERG) Is it the captain you mean? —

SPIEGEL. Hush! I tell you, hush! He has got his eavesdroppers all around us. Captain, did you say? Who made him captain over us? Has he not, in fact, usurped that title, which by right belongs to me? What? Is it for this that we stake our lives — that we endure all the splenetic caprices of fortunes — that we may in the end congratulate ourselves upon being the serfs of a slave? Serfs! When we might be princes? By heaven! Razman, I could never brook it.

SCHWEITZER. (*overhearing him — to the others*) Yes — there's a hero for you! He is just the man to do

mighty execution upon frogs with stones. The very breath of his nostrils, when he sneezes, would blow you through the eye of a needle.

SPIEGEL. (*to* RAZMAN) Yes — and for years I have been intent upon it. There must be an alteration, Razman. If you are the man I always took you for — Razman! He is missing — he is almost given up — Razman — methinks his hour is come. What? does not the colour so much as mount to your cheek when you hear the chimes of liberty ringing in your ears? Have you not courage enough to take the hint?

RAZ. Ha! Satan! What bait art thou spreading for my soul?

SPIEGEL. Does it take? Good! then follow me! I have marked in what direction he slunk off. Come along! a brace of pistols seldom fails; and then — we shall be the first to strangle sucking babes. (*He endeavours to draw him off.*)

SCHWEITZER. (*enraged, draws his sword*) Ha! caitiff! I have overheard you! You remind me, at the right moment, of the Bohemian forest! Were not you the coward that began to quail when the cry arose, "the enemy is coming!" I then swore by my soul — (*They fight,* SPIEGELBERG *is killed.*) To the devil with thee, assassin!

ROBBERS. (*in agitation*) Murder! murder! — Schweitzer! — Spiegelberg! — Part them!

SCHWEITZER. (*throwing the sword on the body*) There let him rot! Be still, my comrades! Don't let such a trifle disturb you. The brute has always been inveterate against the captain and has not a single scar on his whole body. Once more, be still. Ha, the scoundrel! He would stab a man behind his back — skulk and murder! Is it for this that the hot sweat has poured down us in streams? that we may sneak out of the world at last like contemptible wretches? The

brute! Is it for this that we have lived in fire and brimstone? To perish at last like rats?

GRIMM. But what the devil, comrade, were you after? What were you quarrelling about? The captain will be furious.

SCHWEITZER. Be that on my head. And you, wretch! (*to* RAZMAN) you were his accomplice, you! Get out of my sight! Schufterle was another of your kidney, but he has met his deserts in Switzerland — has been hanged, as the captain prophesied. — (*A shot is heard.*)

SCHWARZ. (*jumping up*) Hark! a pistol shot! (*Another shot is heard.*) Another! Hallo! the captain!

GRIMM. Patience! If it be he, there will be a third. (*The third shot is heard.*)

SCHWARZ. 'Tis he! 'Tis the captain! Absent yourself awhile, Schweitzer — till we explain to him! (*They fire.*)

Enter CHARLES VON MOOR *and* KOSINSKY.

SCHWEITZER. (*running to meet them*) Welcome, captain. I have been somewhat choleric in your absence. (*He conducts him to the corpse.*) Be you judge between him and me. He meant to waylay and assassinate you.

ROBBERS. (*in consternation*) What! the captain?

CHARLES. (*after fixing his eyes for some time upon the corpse, with a sudden burst of feeling*) Oh, incomprehensible finger of the avenging Nemesis! Was it not he whose siren song seduced me to be what I am? Let this sword be consecrated to the dark goddess of retribution! That was not *thy* deed, Schweitzer.

SCHWEITZER. By heaven, it was mine, though! and, as the devil lives, it is not the worst deed I have done in my time. (*Turns away moodily.*)

CHARLES. (*absorbed in thought*) I comprehend —

Great Ruler in heaven — I comprehend. The leaves fall from the trees, and my autumn is come. Remove this object from my sight! (*The corpse of* SPIEGELBERG *is carried out.*)

GRIMM. Give us your orders, captain! What shall we do next?

CHARLES. Soon — very soon — all will be accomplished. Hand me my lute; I have lost myself since I have been there. My lute, I say — I must nurse up my strength again. Leave me!

ROBBERS. 'Tis midnight, captain.

CHARLES. They were only stage tears after all. Let me bring to memory the song of the old Roman, that my slumbering genius may wake up again. Hand me my lute. Midnight, say you?

SCHWARZ. Yes, and past, too! Our eyes are as heavy as lead. For three days we have not slept a wink.

CHARLES. What? does balmy sleep visit the eyes of murderers? Why doth it flee mine? I never was a coward, nor a villain. Lay yourselves to rest. At daybreak we march.

ROBBERS. Good night, captain. (*They stretch themselves on the ground and fall asleep.*)

Profound silence. CHARLES VON MOOR *takes up his guitar, and plays.*

BRUTUS.

Oh, be ye welcome, realms of peace and rest!
  Receive the last of all the sons of Rome!
From dread Philippi's field, where all the best
  Fell bleeding in her cause, I wearied come.
Cassius, no more! And Rome now prostrate laid!
  My brethren all lie weltering in their gore!
No refuge left but Hades' gloomy shade;
  No hope remains! — No world for Brutus more!

CÆSAR.

Who's he that, with a hero's lofty bearing,
  Comes striding o'er yon mountain's rocky bed?
Unless my eyes deceive, that noble daring
  Bespeaks the Roman warrior's fearless tread.
Whence, son of Tiber, do thy footsteps bend?
  Say, stands the seven-hilled city firmly yet?
No Cæsar there, to be the soldier's friend!
  Full oft has he that orphaned city wept.

BRUTUS.

Hail thou of three and twenty wounds! Avaunt!
  Thou unblest shade, what calls thee back to light?
Down with thee, down, to Pluto's deepest haunt,
  And shroud thy form in black, eternal night.
Proud mourner! triumph not to learn our fall!
  Philippi's altars reek with freedom's blood!
The bier of Brutus is Rome's funeral pall;
  He Minos seeks. Hence to thy Stygian flood!

CÆSAR.

That death-stroke, Brutus, which thy weapon hurled!
  Thou, too, Brutus? — that thou shouldst be my foe!
Oh, son! It was thy father! Son! The world
  Was thine by heritage! Now proudly go,
Well mayst thou claim to be the chief in glory,
  'Twas thy fell sword that pierced thy father's heart!
Now go — and at yon gates relate thy story —
Say Brutus claims to be the chief in glory,
  'Twas his fell sword that pierced his father's heart!
Go — Now thou'rt told what stayed me on this shore,
Grim ferryman, push off, and swiftly ply thine oar.

BRUTUS.

Stay, father, stay! Within the whole bright round
  Of Sol's diurnal course I knew but one

Who to compare with Cæsar could be found;
And that one, Cæsar, thou didst call thy son!
'Twas only Cæsar could destroy a Rome;
Brutus alone that Cæsar could withstand —
Where Brutus lives, must Cæsar die! Thy home
Be far from mine. I'll seek another land.

[*He lays down his guitar, and walks to and fro in deep meditation.*

Who will give me certainty! All is so dark — a confused labyrinth — no outlet — no guiding star. Were but all to end with this last gasp of breath. To end, like an empty puppet-show. But why then this burning thirst after happiness? Wherefore this ideal of unattained perfection? This looking to an hereafter for the fulfilment of our hopes? If the paltry pressure of this paltry thing (*putting a pistol to his head*) makes the wise man and the fool — the coward and the brave — the noble and the villain equal? — the harmony which pervades the inanimate world is so divinely perfect — why, then, should there be such discord in the intellectual? No! no! there must be something beyond, for I have not yet attained to happiness.

Think ye that I will tremble, spirits of my slaughtered victims? No, I will not tremble. (*Trembling violently.*) The shrieks of your dying agonies — your black, convulsive features — your ghastly, bleeding wounds — what are they all but links of one indissoluble chain of destiny, which hung upon the temperament of my father, the life's blood of my mother, the humours of my nurses and tutors, and even upon the holiday pastimes of my childhood! (*Shaking with horror*) Why has my Perillus made of me a brazen bull, whose burning entrails yearn after human flesh? (*He lifts the pistol again to his head.*)

Time and Eternity! — linked together by a single instant! Fearful key, which locks behind me the

prison-house of life, and opens before me the habitations of eternal night — tell me — oh, tell me — whither — whither wilt thou lead me? Strange, unexplored land! Humanity is unnerved at the fearful thought, the elasticity of our finite nature is paralysed, and fancy, that wanton ape of the senses, juggles our credulity with appalling phantoms. No! no! a man must be firm. Be what thou wilt, thou undefined futurity, so I remain but true to myself. Be what thou wilt, so I but take this inward self hence with me. External forms are but the trappings of the man. My heaven and my hell is within.

What if thou shouldst doom me to be sole inhabitant of some burnt-out world which thou hast banished from thy sight, where darkness and never-ending desolation were all my prospect; then would my creative brain people the silent waste with its own images, and I should have eternity for leisure to unravel the complicated picture of universal wretchedness. Or wilt thou make me pass through ever-repeated births and ever-changing scenes of misery, stage by stage[1] — to annihilation? Can I not burst asunder the life-threads woven for me in another world as easily as I do these? Thou mayest reduce me into nothing; but thou canst not take from me this power. (*He loads the pistol, and then suddenly pauses.*) And shall I then rush into death from a coward fear of the ills of life? Shall I yield to misery the palm of victory over myself? No! I will endure it! (*He flings the pistol away.*) Misery shall blunt its edge against my pride! Be my destiny fulfilled! (*It grows darker and darker.*)

HERMANN. (*coming through the forest*) Hark! hark! the owl screeches horribly — the village clock strikes

[1]This and other passages will remind the reader of Cato's soliloquy. "It must be so, Plato; thou reasonest well." But the whole bears a strong resemblance to Hamlet's "To be or not to be;" and some passages in *Measure for Measure*, Act iii. Sc. 1.

twelve. Well, well — villainy is asleep — no listeners in these wilds. (*He goes to the castle and knocks.*) Come forth, thou man of sorrow! tenant of the miserable dungeon! thy meal awaits thee.

CHARLES. (*stepping gently back, unperceived*) What means this?

VOICE. (*from within the castle*) Who knocks? Is it you, Hermann, my raven?

HERMANN. Yes, 'tis Hermann, your raven. Come to the grating and eat. (*Owls are screeching.*) Your night companions make a horrid noise, old man! Do you relish your repast?

VOICE. Yes — I was very hungry. Thanks to thee, thou merciful sender of ravens, for this thy bread in the wilderness! And how is my dear child, Hermann?

HERMANN. Hush! — hark! — A noise like snoring! Don't you hear something?

VOICE. What? Do you hear anything?

HERMANN. 'Tis the whistling of the wind through the crannies of the tower — a serenading which makes one's teeth chatter, and one's nails turn blue. Hark! 'tis there again. I still fancy I hear snoring. You have company, old man. Ugh! ugh! ugh

VOICE. Do you see anything?

HERMANN. Farewell! farewell! this is a fearful place. Go down into your hole, — thy deliverer, thy avenger, is above. Oh! accursed son! (*Is about to fly.*)

CHARLES. (*stepping forth with horror*) Stand!

HERMANN. (*screaming*) Oh, me![1]

[1] In the acting edition Hermann, instead of this, says:

"'Tis one of his spies for certain. I have lost all fear (*draws his sword*). Villain, defend yourself! You have a man before you.

MOOR. I'll have an answer (*strikes the sword out of his hand*). What boots this childish sword-play? Didst thou not speak of vengeance? Vengeance belongs especially to me — of all men on earth. Who dares interfere with my vocation?

HERMANN. (*starts back in affright*) By heaven! That man was not born of woman. His touch withers like the stroke of death.

CHARLES. Stand! I say.

HERMANN. Woe! woe! woe! now all is discovered!

CHARLES. Speak! Who art thou? What brought thee here? Speak!

HERMANN. Mercy, mercy! gracious sir! Hear but one word before you kill me.

CHARLES. (*drawing his sword*) What am I to hear?

HERMANN. 'Tis true, he forbade me at the peril of my life — but I could not help it — I dare not do otherwise — a God in heaven — your own venerable father there — pity for him overcame me. Kill me, if you will!

CHARLES. There's some mystery here — Out with it! Speak! I must know all.

VOICE. (*from the castle*) Woe! woe! Is it you, Hermann, that are speaking? To whom are you speaking, Hermann?

CHARLES. Some one else down there? What is the meaning of all this? (*Runs toward the castle.*) It is

VOICE. Alas! Hermann! to whom are you speaking?

MOOR. What! still those sounds? What is going on there? (*Runs toward the tower.*) Some horrible mystery, no doubt, lies concealed in that tower. This sword shall bring it to light.

HERMANN. (*comes forward trembling*) Terrible stranger! art thou the demon of this fearful desert — or perhaps one of the ministers of that unfathomable retribution who make their circuit in this lower world, and take account of all the deeds of darkness? Oh! if thou art, be welcome to this tower of horrors!

MOOR. Well guessed, wanderer of the night! You have divined my function. Exterminating Angel is my name; but I am flesh and blood like thee. Is this some miserable wretch, cast out of men, and buried in this dungeon? I will loosen his chains. Once more, speak! thou voice of terror! Where is the door?

HERMANN. As soon could Satan force the gates of heaven as thou that door. Retire, thou man of might! The genius of the wicked is beyond the ordinary powers of man.

MOOR. But not the craft of robbers. (*He takes some pass-keys from his pocket.*) For once, I thank heaven I've learned that craft! These keys would mock hell's foresight. (*He takes a key, and opens the gate of the tower. An old man comes from below, emaciated like a skeleton.* MOOR *springs back with affright.*) Horrible spectre! my father!"

some prisoner whom mankind have cast off! I will loosen his chains. Voice! Speak! Where is the door?

HERMANN. Oh, have mercy, sir — seek no further, I entreat — for mercy's sake desist! (*He stops his way.*)

CHARLES. Locks, bolts, and bars, away! It must come out. Now, for the first time, come to my aid, thiefcraft! (*He opens the grated iron door with house-breaking tools. An* OLD MAN, *reduced to a skeleton, comes up from below.*)

THE OLD MAN. Mercy on a poor wretch! Mercy!

CHARLES. (*starts back in terror*) That is my father's voice!

OLD MOOR. I thank thee, merciful Heaven! The hour of deliverance has arrived.

CHARLES. Shade of the aged Moor! what has disturbed thee in thy grave? Has thy soul left this earth charged with some foul crime that bars the gates of Paradise against thee? Say? — I will have masses read, to send thy wandering spirit to its home. Hast thou buried in the earth the gold of widows and orphans, that thou art driven to wander howling through the midnight hour?[1] I will snatch the hidden treasure from the clutches of the infernal dragon, though he should vomit a thousand red-hot flames upon me, and gnash his sharp teeth against my sword. Or comest thou, at my request, to reveal to me the mysteries of eternity? Speak, thou! speak! I am not the man to blanch with fear!

OLD MOOR. I am not a spirit. Touch me — I live — but oh! a life indeed of misery!

CHARLES. What! hast thou not been buried?

[1] "Or, if thou hast uphoarded in thy life
Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,
For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death."
— *Hamlet*, Act. i. Sc. 1.

OLD MOOR. I was buried — that is to say, a dead dog lies in the vault of my ancestors, and I have been pining for three long moons in this dark and loathsome dungeon, where no sunbeam shines, no warm breeze penetrates, where no friend is seen, where the hoarse raven croaks and owls screech their midnight concert —

CHARLES. Heaven and earth! Who has done this?

OLD MOOR. Curse him not! 'Tis my son, Francis, who did this.

CHARLES. Francis? Francis? Oh, eternal chaos!

OLD MOOR. If thou art a man, and hast a human heart — oh! my unknown deliverer — then listen to a father's miseries which his own sons have heaped upon him. For three long moons I have moaned my pitiful tale to these flinty walls — but all my answer was an empty echo, that seemed to mock my wailings. Therefore, if thou art a man, and hast a human heart —

CHARLES. That appeal might move even wild beasts to pity.

OLD MOOR. I lay upon a sick bed, and had scarcely begun to recover a little strength, after a dangerous illness, when a man was brought to me, who pretended that my first-born had fallen in battle. He brought a sword stained with his blood, and his last farewell — and said that my curse had driven him into battle, and death, and despair.

CHARLES. (*turning away in violent agitation*) The light breaks in upon me!

OLD MOOR. Hear me on! I fainted at the dreadful news. They must have thought me dead; for, when I recovered my senses, I was already in my coffin, shrouded like a corpse. I scratched against the lid. It was opened — 'twas in the dead of night — my son Francis stood before me — "What!" said he, with a tremendous voice, "wilt thou then live for ever?" — and with this he slammed-to the lid of the coffin. The

thunder of these words bereft me of my senses, when I awoke again, I felt that the coffin was in motion, and being borne on wheels. At last it was opened — I found myself at the entrance of this dungeon — my son stood before me, and the man, too, who had brought me the bloody sword from Charles. I fell at my son's feet, and ten times I embraced his knees, and wept, and conjured, and supplicated, — but the supplications of a father reached not his flinty heart. "Down with the old carcass!" said he, with a voice of thunder, "he has lived too long;" — and I was thrust down without mercy, and my son Francis closed the door upon me.

CHARLES. Impossible! — impossible! Your memory or senses deceive you.

OLD MOOR. Oh, that it were so! But hear me on, and restrain your rage! There I lay for twenty hours, and not a soul cared for my misery. No human footstep treads this solitary wild, for 'tis commonly believed that the ghosts of my ancestors drag clanking chains through these ruins, and chant their funeral dirge at the hour of midnight. At last I heard the door creak again on its hinges; this man opened it, and brought me bread and water. He told me that I had been condemned to die of hunger, and that his life was in danger should it be discovered that he fed me. Thus has my miserable existence been till now sustained — but the unceasing cold — the foul air of my filthy dungeon — my incurable grief — have exhausted my strength, and reduced my body to a skeleton. A thousand times have I implored Heaven, with tears, to put an end to my sufferings — but doubtless the measure of my punishment is not fulfilled, — or some happiness must be yet in store for me, for which he deigns thus miraculously to preserve me. But I suffer justly — my Charles! my Charles! — and before there was even a gray hair on his head!

CHARLES. Enough! Rise! ye stocks, ye lumps of

ice! ye lazy unfeeling sleepers! Up! will none of you awake? (*He fires a pistol over their heads.*)

THE ROBBERS. (*starting up*) Ho! hallo! hallo! what is the matter?

CHARLES. Has not that tale shaken you out of your sleep? 'Tis enough to break the sleep eternal! See here, see here! The laws of the world have become mere dice-play; the bonds of nature are burst asunder; the Demon of Discord has broken loose, and stalks abroad triumphant! the Son has slain his Father!

THE ROBBERS. What does the captain say?

CHARLES. Slain! did I say? No, that is too mild a term! A son has a thousandfold broken his own father on the wheel, — impaled, racked, flayed him alive! — but all these words are too feeble to express what would make sin itself blush and cannibals shudder. For ages, no devil ever conceived a deed so horrible. His own father! — but see, see him! he has fainted away! His own father — the son — into this dungeon — cold — naked — hungry — athirst — Oh! see, I pray you, see! — 'tis my own father, in very truth it is.

THE ROBBERS. (*come running and surround the old man*) Your father? Yours?

SCHWEITZER. (*approaches him reverently, and falls on his knees before him*) Father of my captain! let me kiss thy feet! My dagger is at thy command.

CHARLES. Revenge, revenge, revenge! thou horribly injured, profaned old man! Thus, from this moment, and for ever, I rend in twain all ties of fraternity. (*He rends his garment from top to bottom.*) Here, in the face of heaven, I curse him — curse every drop of blood which flows in his veins! Hear me, O moon and stars! and thou black canopy of night, that lookest down upon this horror! Hear me, thrice terrible avenger. Thou who reignest above yon pallid orb, who sittest an avenger and a judge above the stars, and

dartest thy fiery bolts through darkness on the head of guilt! Behold me on my knees — behold me raise this hand aloft in the gloom of night — and hear my oath — and may Nature vomit me forth as some horrible abortion from out the circle of her works if I break that oath! Here I swear that I will never more greet the light of day, till the blood of that foul parricide, spilt upon this stone, reeks in misty vapour toward heaven. (*He rises.*)

ROBBERS. 'Tis a deed of hell! After this, who shall call us villains? No! by all the dragons of darkness! we never have done anything half so horrible.

CHARLES. True! and by all the fearful groans of those whom your daggers have despatched — of those who on that terrible day were consumed by fire, or crushed by the falling tower — no thought of murder or rapine shall be harboured in your breast, till every man among you has dyed his garments scarlet in this monster's blood. It never, I should think, entered your dreams, that it would fall to your lot to execute the great decrees of Heaven? The tangled web of our destiny is unravelled! To-day, to-day, an invisible power has ennobled our craft! Worship Him who has called you to this high destiny, who has conducted you hither, and deemed ye worthy to be the terrible angels of his inscrutable judgments! Uncover your heads! Bow down and kiss the dust, and rise up sanctified. (*They kneel.*)

SCHWEITZER. Now, captain, issue your commands! What shall we do?

CHARLES. Rise, Schweitzer! and touch these sacred locks! (*Leading him to his father, and putting a lock of hair in his hand.*) Do you remember still, how you cleft the skull of that Bohemian trooper, at the moment his sabre was descending on my head, and I had sunk down on my knees, breathless and exhausted? 'Twas then I promised thee a reward that should be

right royal. But to this hour I have never been able to discharge that debt.

SCHWEITZER. You swore that much to me, 'tis true; but let me call you my debtor for ever!

CHARLES. No; now will I repay thee, Schweitzer! No mortal has yet been honoured as thou shalt be. I appoint thee avenger of my father's wrongs! (SCHWEITZER *rises.*)

SCHWEITZER. Mighty captain! This day you have, for the first time, made me truly proud! Say, when, where, how shall I smite him?

CHARLES. The minutes are sacred. You must hasten to the work. Choose the best of the band, and lead them straight to the count's castle! Drag him from his bed, though he sleep, or lie folded in the arms of pleasure! Drag him from the table, though he be drunk! Tear him from the crucifix, though he lie on his knees before it! But mark my words — I charge thee, deliver him into my hands alive! I will hew that man to pieces, and feed the hungry vultures with his flesh, who dares but graze his skin, or injure a single hair of his head! I must have him whole. Bring him to me whole and alive, and a million shall be thy reward. I'll plunder kings at the risk of my life, but thou shalt have it, and go free as air. Thou hast my purpose — see it done!

SCHWEITZER. Enough, captain! here is my hand upon it. You shall see both of us, or neither. Come, Schweitzer's destroying angels, follow me! (*Exit with a troop.*)

CHARLES. The rest of you disperse in the forest — I remain here.

ACT V.

SCENE I. — *A vista of rooms. Dark night.*

Enter DANIEL, *with a lantern and a bundle.*

DANIEL. Farewell, dear home! How many happy days have I enjoyed within these walls, while my old master lived. Tears to thy memory, thou whom the grave has long since devoured! He deserves this tribute from an old servant. His roof was the asylum of orphans, the refuge of the destitute, but this son has made it a den of murderers. Farewell, thou dear floor! How often has old Daniel scrubbed thee! Farewell, dear stove, old Daniel takes a heavy leave of thee. All things had grown so familiar to thee, — thou wilt feel it sorely, old Eleazar. But Heaven preserve me through grace from the wiles and assault of the tempter. Empty I came hither — empty I will depart — but my soul is saved! (*He is in the act of going out, when he is met by* FRANCIS, *rushing in, in his dressing-gown.*) Heaven help me! Master! (*He puts out his lantern.*)

FRANCIS. Betrayed! betrayed! The spirits of the dead are vomited from their graves. The realm of death, shaken out of its eternal slumber, roars at me, "Murderer! murderer!" Who moves there?

DANIEL. (*frightened*) Help, holy Virgin! help! Is it you, my gracious master, whose shrieks echo so terribly through the castle that every one is aroused out of his sleep?

FRANCIS. Sleep? And who gave thee leave to sleep? Go, get lights! (*Exit* DANIEL. *Enter another servant.*) No one shall sleep at this hour. Do you hear? All shall be awake — in arms — let the guns be loaded! Did you not see them rushing through yon vaulted passages?

SERVANT. See whom, my lord?

FRANCIS. Whom? you dolt, slave! And do you, with a cold and vacant stare, ask me whom? Have they not beset me almost to madness? Whom? blockhead! whom? Ghosts and demons! How far is the night advanced?

SERVANT. The watch has just called two.

FRANCIS. What? will this eternal night last till doomsday? Did you hear no tumult near? no shout of victory? no trampling of horses? Where is Char — the count, I would say?

SERVANT. I know not, my lord.

FRANCIS. You know not? And are you too one of his gang? I'll tread your villain's heart out through your ribs for that infernal "I know not!" Begone, fetch the minister!

SERVANT. My lord!

FRANCIS. What! Do you grumble? Do you demur? (*Exit servant hastily.*) Do my very slaves conspire against me? Heaven, earth, and hell — all conspire against me!

DANIEL. (*returns with a lighted candle*) My lord!

FRANCIS. Who said I trembled? No! — 'twas but a dream! The dead still rest in their graves! Tremble! or pale? No, no! I am calm — quite tranquil.

DANIEL. You are as pale as death, my lord; your voice is weak and faltering.

FRANCIS. I am somewhat feverish. When the minister comes be sure you say I am in a fever. Say that I intend to be bled in the morning.

DANIEL. Shall I give you some drops of the balsam of life on sugar?

FRANCIS. Yes, balsam of life on sugar! The minister will not be here just yet. My voice is weak and faltering. Give me of the balsam of life on sugar!

DANIEL. Let me have the keys, I will go down to the closet and get it.

FRANCIS. No! no! no! Stay! — or I will go with you. You see I must not be left alone! How easily I might, you see — faint — if I should be left alone. Never mind, never mind! It will pass off — you must not leave me.

DANIEL. Indeed, sir, you are ill, very ill.

FRANCIS. Yes, just so, just so, nothing more. And illness, you know, bewilders the brain, and breeds strange and maddening dreams. What signify dreams? Dreams come from the stomach and cannot signify anything. Is it not so, Daniel? I had a very comical dream just now. (*He sinks down fainting.*)

DANIEL. Oh, merciful heaven! what is this? George! — Conrad! Sebastian! Martin! Give but some sign of life! (*Shaking him.*) Oh, the Blessed Virgin! Oh, Joseph! Keep but your reason! They will say I have murdered him! Lord have mercy upon me!

FRANCIS. (*confused*) Avaunt — avaunt! — why dost thou glare upon me thus, thou horrible spectre?[1] The time for the resurrection of the dead is not yet come.

DANIEL. Merciful heavens! he has lost his senses.

FRANCIS. (*recovering himself gradually*) Where am I? You here, Daniel? What have I said? Heed it not. I have told a lie, whatever I said. Come, help me up! 'Twas only a fit of delirium — because — because — I have not finished my night's rest.

DANIEL. If John were but here! I'll call for help — I'll send for the physician.

FRANCIS. Stay! Seat yourself by my side on this sofa! There. You are a sensible man, a good man. Listen to my dream!

[1] The reader will remember something similar to this in the banquet scene, "Macbeth," Act. iv. Sc. 3.

DANIEL. Not now; another time! Let me lead you to bed; you have great need of rest.

FRANCIS. No, no; I prythee, listen, Daniel, and have a good laugh at me. You must know I fancied that I held a princely banquet, my heart was merry, and I lay stretched on the turf in the castle garden; and all on a sudden — it was at midday — and all on a sudden — but mind you have a good laugh at me!

DANIEL. All on a sudden.

FRANCIS. All on a sudden a tremendous peal of thunder struck upon my slumbering ear; I started up, staggering and trembling; and lo, it seemed as if the whole hemisphere had burst forth in one flaming sheet of fire, and mountains, and cities, and forests melted away like wax in the furnace; and then rose a howling whirlwind, which swept before it the earth, and the sea, and heaven; then came a sound, as from brazen trumpets, "Earth, give up thy dead: sea, give up thy dead!" and the open plains began to heave, and to cast up skulls, and ribs, and jaw-bones, and legs, which drew together into human bodies, and then came sweeping along in dense, interminable masses — a living deluge.[1] Then I looked up, and lo! I stood at the foot of the thundering Sinai, and above me was a multitude, and below me a multitude; and on the summit of the mountain, on three smoking thrones, sat three men, before whose gaze all creation trembled

DANIEL. Why, this is a living picture of the day of judgment.

FRANCIS. Did I not tell you? Is it not ridiculous stuff? And one stepped forth who, to look upon, was like a starlight night; he had in his hand a signet-ring of iron, which he held up between the east and the west, and said, "Eternal, holy, just, immutable! There

[1] Schiller has here evidently had in mind Ezekiel, chap. xxxvii. vs. 1–12. Other passages bear considerable resemblance to the Revelations.

is but *one* truth; there is but *one* virtue! Woe, woe, woe! to the doubting sinner!" Then stepped forth a second, who had in his hand a flashing mirror, which he held up between the east and west, and said, "This is the mirror of truth; hypocrisy and deceit cannot look on it." Then was I terrified, and so were all, for we saw the forms of snakes, and tigers, and leopards reflected from that fearful mirror. Then stepped forth a third, who had in his hand a brazen balance, which he held up between the east and the west, and said, "Approach, ye sons of Adam! I weigh your thoughts in the balance of my wrath! and your deeds with the weight of my fury!"

DANIEL. The Lord have mercy upon me!

FRANCIS. They all stood pale and trembling, and every heart was panting with fearful expectation. Then it seemed to me as if I heard my name called the first from out the thunders of the mountain, and the innermost marrow froze within my bones, and my teeth chattered loudly. Presently the clang of the balance was heard, the rocks sent forth thunders, and the hours glided by, one after the other, toward the left scale, and each threw into it a mortal sin!

DANIEL. Oh, may God forgive you!

FRANCIS. He forgave me not! The left scale grew mountains high, but the other, filled with the blood of atonement, still outweighed it. At last came an old man, heavily bowed down with grief, his arm gnawed through with raging hunger. Every eye turned away in horror from the sight. I knew the man — he cut off a lock of his silver hair, and cast it into the scale of my sins, when lo! in an instant, it sank down to the abyss, and the scale of atonement flew up on high. Then heard I a voice, issuing like thunder from the bowels[1] of the mountain, "Pardon,

[1] Some editions of the original read *Rauch* (smoke) some *Bauch*, as translated.

pardon to every sinner of the earth and of the deep! Thou alone art rejected!" (*A profound pause.*) Well, why don't you laugh?

DANIEL. Can I laugh while my flesh creeps? Dreams come from above.

FRANCIS. Pshaw! pshaw! Say not so! Call me a fool, an idiot, an absurd fool! Do, there's a good Daniel, I entreat of you; have a hearty laugh at me!

DANIEL. Dreams come from God. I will pray for you.

FRANCIS. Thou liest, I tell thee. Go, this instant, run! be quick! see where the minister tarries all this time; tell him to come quickly, instantly! But, I tell thee, thou liest!

DANIEL. Heaven have mercy upon you! [*Exit.*

FRANCIS. Vulgar prejudice! mere superstition! It has not yet been proved that the past is not past and forgotten, or that there is an eye above this earth to take account of what passes on it. Humph! humph! But whence, then, this fearful whisper to my soul? Is there really an avenging judge above the stars? No, no! Yes, yes! A fearful monitor within bears witness that there is One above the stars who judgeth! What! meet the avenger above the stars this very night? No, no! I say. All is empty, lonely, desolate, beyond the stars. Miserable subterfuge, beneath which thy cowardice seeks to hide itself. And if there should be something in it after all? No! no! it cannot be. I insist that it cannot be! But yet, if there should be! Woe to thee if thy sins should all have been registered above!—if they should be counted over to thee this very night! Why creeps this shudder through my frame? To die! Why does that word frighten me thus? To give an account to the Avenger, there, above the stars! and if he should be just—the wails of orphans and widows, of the oppressed, the tormented, ascending to his ears, and he be just? Why have

they been afflicted? And why have I been permitted to trample upon them?

Enter PASTOR MOSER.

MOSER. Your lordship sent for me! I am surprised! The first time in my life! Is it to scoff at religion, or does it begin to make you tremble?

FRANCIS. I may scoff or I may tremble, according as you shall answer me. Listen to me, Moser, I will prove that you are a fool, or wish to make fools of others, and you shall answer me. Do you hear? At the peril of your life you shall answer me.

MOSER. 'Tis a higher Being whom you summon before your tribunal. He will answer you hereafter.

FRANCIS. I will be answered now, this instant, that I may not commit the contemptible folly of calling upon the idol of the vulgar under the pressure of suffering. I have often, in bumpers of Burgundy, tauntingly pledged you in the toast, "There is no God!" Now I address myself to you in earnest, and I tell you there is none. You shall oppose me with all the weapons in your power; but with the breath of my lips I will blow them away.

MOSER. 'Twere well that you could also blow away the thunder which will alight upon your proud soul with ten thousand times ten thousand tons' weight! That omniscient God, whom you — fool and miscreant — are denying in the midst of his creation, needeth not to justify himself by the mouth of dust. He is as great in your tyrannies as in the sweetest smile of triumphant virtue.

FRANCIS. Uncommonly well said, parson. Thus I like you.

MOSER. I stand here as steward of a greater Master, and am addressing one who, like myself, is a sinner — one whom I care not to please. I must indeed be

able to work miracles, to extort the acknowledgment from your obdurate wickedness — but if your conviction is so firm, why have you sent for me in the middle of the night?

FRANCIS. Because time hangs heavy on my hands, and the chess-board has ceased to have any attraction. I wish to amuse myself in a tilt with the parson. Your empty terrors will not unman my courage. I am well aware that those who have come off short in this world look forward to eternity; but they will be sadly disappointed. I have always read that our whole body is nothing more than a blood-spring, and that, with its last drop, mind and thought dissolve into nothing. They share all the infirmities of the body; why, then, should they not cease with its dissolution? Why not evaporate in its decomposition? Let a drop of water stray into your brain, and life makes a sudden pause, which borders on non-existence, and this pause continued is death. Sensation is the vibration of a few chords, which, when the instrument is broken, cease to sound. If I raze my seven castles — if I dash this Venus to pieces — there is an end of their symmetry and beauty. Behold! thus is it with your immortal soul!

MOSER. So says the philosophy of your despair. But your own heart, which knocks against your ribs with terror even while you thus argue, gives your tongue the lie. These cobwebs of systems are swept away by the single word — "Thou must die!" I challenge you, and be this the test: If you maintain your firmness in the hour of death; if your principles do not then miserably desert you, you shall be admitted to have the best of the argument. But if, in that dread hour, the least shudder creeps over you, then woe be to you! you have deceived yourself.

FRANCIS. (*disturbed*) If in the hour of death a shudder creeps over me?

MOSER. I have seen many such wretches before now, who set truth at defiance up to that point; but at the approach of death the illusion vanished. I will stand at your bedside when you are dying — I should much like to see a tyrant die. I will stand by, and look you steadfastly in the face when the physician takes your cold, clammy hand, and is scarcely able to detect your expiring pulse; and when he looks up, and, with a fearful shake of the head, says to you, "All human aid is in vain!" Beware, at that moment, beware, lest you look like Richard and Nero![1]

FRANCIS. No! no!

MOSER. Even that very "No" will then be turned to a howling "Yea!" An inward tribunal, which you can no longer cheat with skeptical delusions, will then wake up and pass judgment upon you. But the waking up will be like that of one buried alive in the bowels of the churchyard; there will come remorse like that of the suicide who has committed the fatal act and repents it; — 'twill be a flash of lightning suddenly breaking in upon the midnight darkness of your life! There will be one look, and, if you can sustain that, I will admit that you have won!

FRANCIS. (*walking up and down restlessly*) Cant! Priestly cant!

MOSER. Then, for the first time, will the sword of eternity pass through your soul; — and then, for the first time, too late, the thought of God will wake up a terrible monitor, whose name is Judge. Mark this, Moor; a thousand lives hang upon your beck; and of those thousand every nine hundred and ninety-nine have been rendered miserable by you. You wanted but the Roman empire to be a Nero, the kingdom of Peru to be a Pizarro. Now do you really think that

[1] Schiller no doubt alludes to the tent scene in Shakespeare's Richard III., as there is no historical fact that would warrant the allusion.

the Almighty will suffer a worm like you to play the tyrant in his world and to reverse all his ordinances? Do you think the nine hundred and ninety-nine were created only to be destroyed, only to serve as puppets in your diabolical game? Think it not! He will call you to account for every minute of which you have robbed them, every joy that you have poisoned, every perfection that you have intercepted. Then, if you can answer him — then, Moor, I will admit that you have won.

FRANCIS. No more, not another word! Am I to be at the mercy of thy drivelling fancies?

MOSER. Beware! The different destinies of mankind are balanced with terrible nicety. The scale of life which sinks here will rise there, and that which rises here will sink there. What was here temporary affliction will there be eternal triumph; and what here was temporary triumph will there be eternal despair.

FRANCIS. (*rushing savagely upon him*) May the thunder of heaven strike thee dumb, thou lying spirit! I will tear thy venomed tongue out of thy mouth!

MOSER. Do you so soon feel the weight of truth? Before I have brought forward one single word of evidence? Let me first proceed to the proofs —

FRANCIS. Silence! To hell with thee and thy proofs! The soul is annihilated, I tell thee, and I will not be gainsaid!

MOSER. That is what the spirits of the bottomless pit are hourly moaning for; but heaven denies the boon. Do you hope to escape from the Avenger's arm even in the solitary waste of nothingness? If you climb up into heaven, he is there! if you make your bed in hell, behold he is there also! If you say to the night, "Hide me!" and to the darkness, "Cover me!" even the night shall be light about you,[1] and dark-

[1] See Psalm cxxxix. vs. 7–12.

ness blaze upon your damned soul like a noonday sun.

FRANCIS. But I do not wish to be immortal — let them be so that like; I have no desire to hinder them. I will force him to annihilate me; I will so provoke his fury that he may utterly destroy me. Tell me which are the greatest sins — which excite him to the most terrible wrath?

MOSER. I know but two. But men do not commit these, nor do men even dream of them.

FRANCIS. What are they?

MOSER. (*very significantly*) Parricide is the name of the one; fratricide of the other. Why do you turn so suddenly pale?

FRANCIS. What, old man? Art thou in league with heaven or with hell? Who told thee that?

MOSER. Woe to him that hath them both upon his soul! It were better for that man that he had never been born! But be at peace; you have no longer either a father or a brother!

FRANCIS. Ha! what! Do you know no greater sin? Think again! Death, heaven, eternity, damnation, hang upon thy lips. Not one greater

MOSER. No, not one!

FRANCIS. (*falling back in the chair*) Annihilation! annihilation!

MOSER. Rejoice, then, rejoice! Congratulate yourself! With all your abominations you are yet a saint in comparison with a parricide. The curse that falls upon you is a love ditty in comparison with the curse that lies upon him. Retribution —

FRANCIS. (*starting up*) Away with thee! May the graves open and swallow thee ten thousand fathoms deep, thou bird of ill omen! Who bade thee come here? Away, I tell thee, or I will run thee through and through!

MOSER. Can mere "priestly cant" excite a philoso-

pher to such a pitch of frenzy? Why not blow it away with a breath of your lips? [*Exit.*

[FRANCIS *throws himself about in his chair in terrible agitation. Profound stillness.*

Enter a SERVANT, *hastily.*

SERVANT. The Lady Amelia has fled. The count has suddenly disappeared.

Enter DANIEL, *in great alarm.*

DANIEL. My lord, a troop of furious horsemen are galloping down the hill, shouting "murder! murder!" The whole village is in alarm.

FRANCIS. Quick! let all the bells be tolled — summon every one to the chapel — let all fall on their knees — pray for me. All prisoners shall be released and forgiven — I will make two and threefold restitution to the poor — I will — why don't you run? Do call in the father confessor, that he may give me absolution for my sins. What! are you not gone yet? (*The uproar becomes more audible.*)

DANIEL. Heaven have mercy upon me, poor sinner! Can I believe you in earnest, sir? You, who always made a jest of religion? How many a Bible and prayer-book have you flung at my head when by chance you caught me at my devotions?

FRANCIS. No more of this. To die! think of it! to die! It will be too late! (*The voice of* SCHWEITZER *is heard, loud and furious.*) Pray for me, Daniel! Pray, I entreat you!

DANIEL. I always told you, — "you hold prayer in such contempt; but take heed! take heed! when the fatal hour comes, when the waters are flowing in upon your soul, you will be ready to give all the treasures of the world for one little Christian prayer." Do you see

it now? — What abuse you used to heap on me! Now you feel it! Is it not so?

FRANCIS. (*embracing him violently*) Forgive me! my dear precious jewel of a Daniel, forgive me! I will clothe you from head to foot — do but pray. I will make quite a bridegroom of you — I will — only do pray — I entreat you — on my knees, I conjure you. In the devil's name, pray! why don't you pray? (*Tumult in the streets, shouts and noises.*)

SCHWEIT. (*in the street*) Storm the place! Kill all before you! Force the gates! I see lights! He must be there!

FRANCIS. (*on his knees*) Listen to my prayer, O God in heaven! It is the first time — it shall never happen again. Hear me, God in heaven!

DANIEL. Mercy on me! What are you saying? What a wicked prayer!

Uproar of the PEOPLE, *rushing in.*

PEOPLE. Robbers! murderers! Who makes such a dreadful noise at this midnight hour?

SCHWEIT. (*still in the street*) Beat them back, comrades! 'Tis the devil, come to fetch your master. Where is Schwarz[1] with his troop? Surround the castle, Grimm! Scale the walls!

GRIMM. Bring the firebrands. Either we must up or he must down. I will throw fire into his halls.

FRANCIS. (*praying*) Oh, Lord! I have been no common murderer — I have been guilty of no petty crimes, gracious Lord —

DANIEL. Heaven be merciful to us! His very prayers are turned to sins. (*Stones and firebrands are hurled up from below; the windows fall in with a crash; the castle takes fire.*)

[1] *Schwarz* is the German for Black, or Blacky.

FRANCIS. I cannot pray. Here! and here (*striking his breast and his forehead*) all is so void — so barren! (*Rises from his knees.*) No, I will not pray. Heaven shall not have that triumph, nor hell that pastime.

DANIEL. O holy Virgin! Help! save! The whole castle is in flames!

FRANCIS. There, take this sword! Quick! Run it right through my body, that these fiends may not be in time to make holiday sport of me. (*The fire increases.*)

DANIEL. Heaven forbid! Heaven forbid! I would send no one before his time to heaven, much less to — (*He runs away.*)

FRANCIS. (*following him with a ghastly stare, after a pause*) To hell, thou wouldst say. Indeed! I scent something of the kind. (*In delirium.*) Are these their triumphant yells? Do I hear you hissing, ye serpents of the abyss? They force their way up — they besiege the door! Why do I shrink from this biting steel? The door cracks — it yields — there is no escape! Ha! then do thou have mercy upon me! (*He tears away the golden cord from his hat and strangles himself.*)[1]

[1] In the acting edition, Francis attempts to throw himself into the flames, but is prevented by the robbers, and taken alive. He is then brought before his brother, in chains, for sentence. SCHWEITZER says, "I have fulfilled my word, and brought him alive." GRIMM. "We tore him out of the flames, and the castle is in ashes." After confronting Francis with his father, and a reproachful interview between the brothers, Charles delegates the judgment on Francis to Schweitzer and Kosinsky, but for himself forgives him in these words: "Thou hast robbed me of heaven's bliss! Be that sin blotted out! Thy doom is sealed — perdition is thy lot! But I forgive thee, brother." *Upon this* CHARLES *embraces and leaves him; the* ROBBERS, *however, thrust* FRANCIS *into the dungeon where he had immured his father, laughing in a savage manner.*

Beyond this the fate of Francis is left undetermined. Schweitzer, instead of killing himself, is made partaker, with Kosinsky, of Moor's estate.

Enter SCHWEITZER *and his band.*

SCHWEITZER. Murderous wretch, where art thou? Did you see how they fled? Has he so few friends? Where has the beast crawled to?

GRIMM. (*stumbles over the corpse*) Stay! what is this lying in the way? Lights here!

SCHWARZ. He has been beforehand with us. Put up your swords. There he lies sprawling like a dead dog.

SCHWEITZER. Dead! What! dead? Dead without me? 'Tis a lie, I say. Mark how quickly he will spring upon his feet! (*Shakes him.*) Hollo! up with you! There is a father to be murdered.

GRIMM. Spare your pains. He is as dead as a log.

SCHWEITZER. (*steps aside from him*) Yes, his game is up! He is dead! dead! Go back and tell my captain he is dead as a log. He will not see me again. (*Blows his brains out.*)

SCENE II. — *The scene the same as the last scene of the preceding Act.*

OLD MOOR *seated on a ston*[illegible]RLES [illegible]ON MOOR *opposite;* ROBBERS *scatte*[illegible]*ough the wood.*

CHARLES. He does not come! (*Strikes his dagger against a stone till the sparks fly.*)

OLD MOOR. Let pardon be his punishment — redoubled love my vengeance.

CHARLES. No! by my enraged soul that shall not be! I will not permit it. He shall bear that enormous load of crime with him into eternity! — what else should I kill him for?

OLD MOOR. (*bursting into tears*) Oh, my child!

CHARLES. What! you weep for him? In sight of this dungeon?

OLD MOOR. Mercy! oh, mercy! (*Wringing his hands violently.*) Now — now my son is brought to judgment!

CHARLES. (*starting*) Which son?

OLD MOOR. Ha! what means that question?

CHARLES. Nothing! nothing!

OLD MOOR. Art thou come to make a mockery of my grief?

CHARLES. Treacherous conscience! Take no heed of my words!

OLD MOOR. Yes, I persecuted a son, and a son persecutes me in return. It is the finger of God. Oh, my Charles! my Charles! If thou dost hover around me in the realms of peace, forgive me! oh, forgive me!

CHARLES. (*hastily*) He forgives you! (*Checking himself.*) If he is worthy to be called your son, he must forgive you!

OLD MOOR. Ha! he was too noble a son for me. But I will go to him with my tears, my sleepless nights, my racking dreams. I will embrace his knees, and cry — cry aloud — "I have sinned against heaven and before thee; I am no longer worthy to be called thy father!"

CHARLES. (*in [illegible]motion*) Was he very dear to you — that other son?

OLD MOOR. Heaven is my witness, how much I loved him. Oh, why did I suffer myself to be beguiled by the arts of a wicked son? I was an envied father among the fathers of the world — my children full of promise, blooming by my side! But — oh, that fatal hour! — the demon of envy entered into the heart of my younger son — I listened to the serpent — and — lost both my children! (*Hides his countenance.*)

CHARLES. (*removes to a distance from him*) Lost for ever!

OLD MOOR. Oh, deeply do I feel the words of

Amelia. The spirit of vengeance spoke from her lips. "In vain wilt thou stretch forth thy dying hands after a son, in vain fancy thou art grasping the warm hands of thy Charles, — he will never more stand by thy bedside." (CHARLES *stretches out his hand to him with averted face.*) Oh, that this were the hand of my Charles! But he is laid far away in the narrow house — he is sleeping the iron sleep — he hears not the voice of my lamentation. Woe is me! to die in the arms of a stranger! No son left — no son left to close my eyes!

CHARLES. (*in violent emotion*) It must be so — the moment has arrived. Leave me — (*to the* ROBBERS). And yet — can I restore his son to him? Alas! No! I cannot restore him that son! No! I will not think of it.

OLD MOOR. Friend! what is that you were muttering?

CHARLES. Your son — yes, old man — (*faltering*) your son — is — lost for ever!

OLD MOOR. For ever?

CHARLES. (*looking up to heaven in bitter anguish*) Oh this once — keep my soul from sinking — sustain me but this once!

OLD MOOR. For ever, did I say?

CHARLES. Ask no more! I said for ever!

OLD MOOR. Stranger, stranger! why didst thou drag me forth from the dungeon to remind me of my sorrows?

CHARLES. And what if I were now to snatch his blessing? — snatch it like a thief, and steal away with the precious prize? A father's blessing, they say, is never lost.

OLD MOOR. And is my Francis too lost?

CHARLES. (*falling on his knees before him*) 'Twas I who burst the bars of your dungeon. I crave thy blessing!

OLD MOOR. (*sorrowfully*) Oh, that thou wouldst destroy the son! — thou, the father's deliverer! Behold! Heaven's mercy is untiring, and we pitiful worms let the sun go down upon our wrath. (*Lays his hand upon the head of* CHARLES.) Be thou happy, even as thou shalt be merciful!

CHARLES. (*rising much affected*) Oh! — where is my manhood? My sinews are unstrung — the sword drops from my hand.

OLD MOOR. How lovely a thing it is when brethren dwell together in unity; as the dewdrops of heaven that fall upon the mountains of Zion.[1] Learn to deserve that happiness, young man, and the angels of heaven will sun themselves in thy glory. Let thy wisdom be the wisdom of gray hairs, but let thy heart be the heart of innocent childhood.

CHARLES. Oh, for a foretaste of that happiness! Kiss me, divine old man!

OLD MOOR. (*kissing him*) Think it thy father's kiss; and I will think I am kissing my son. Canst thou too weep?

CHARLES. I felt as if it were my father's kiss! Woe unto me, were they to bring him now!

[*The* [illegible] SCHWEITZER *enter in a silent and mournful procession, hanging down their heads and hiding their faces.*

CHARLES. Good heaven! (*Retreats horror-struck, and seeks to hide himself. They pass by him. His face is averted. Profound silence. They halt.*)

GRIMM. (*in a subdued tone*) My captain!

[CHARLES *does not answer and steps farther back.*

SCHWARZ. Dear captain!

[CHARLES *retreats still farther.*

GRIMM. 'Tis not our fault, captain!

CHARLES. (*without looking at them*) Who are ye?

[1] Psalm cxxxiii.

G[illegible]. You do not look at us! Your faithful followers.

CHARLES. Woe to ye, if ye are faithful to me!

GRIMM. The last farewell from your servant Schweitzer! —

CHARLES. (*starting*) Then ye have not found him?

SCHWARZ. Found him dead.

CHARLES. (*leaping up with joy*) Thanks, O Sovereign Ruler of all things! — Embrace me, my children! — Mercy be henceforward our watchword! — Now, were that too surmounted, — all would be surmounted.[1]

Enter ROBBERS *with* AMELIA.

ROBBERS. Hurrah! hurrah! A prize, a splendid prize!

AMELIA. (*with hair dishevelled*) The dead, they cry, have arisen at his voice — My uncle alive — in this wood — Where is he? Charles! Uncle! — Ha? (*She rushes into the arms of* OLD MOOR.)

OLD MOOR. Amelia! my daughter! Amelia! (*Holds her tightly grasped in his arms.*)

CHARLES. (*starting back*) [illegible]ngs this image before my eyes.

AMELIA. (*tearing herself* [illegible] *from the old man, rushes upon* CHARLES, *and embraces him in an ecstasy of delight*) I have him, O ye stars! I have him!

CHARLES. (*tearing himself away, to the* ROBBERS) Let us be gone, comrades! The arch fiend has betrayed me!

AMELIA. My bridegroom, my bridegroom! thou art raving! Ha! 'Tis with delight! Why, then, am I so cold, so unfeeling, in the midst of this tumult of happiness?

[1] This exclamation is in keeping with that [illegible]age 125: "Soon, very soon, all will be accomplished."

OLD MOOR. (*rousing himself*) Bridegroom? Daughter! my daughter! Thy bridegroom?[1]

AMELIA. His for ever! He for ever, ever, mine! Oh! ye heavenly powers! support me in this ecstasy of bliss, lest I sink beneath its weight!

CHARLES. Tear her from my neck! Kill her! Kill him! Kill me — yourselves — everybody! Let the whole world perish! (*About to rush off.*)

AMELIA. Whither? what? Love! eternity! happiness! never-ending joys! and thou wouldst fly?

CHARLES. Away, away! most unfortunate of brides! See with thine own eyes; ask, and hear it with thine own ears! Most miserable of fathers! Let me escape hence for ever!

AMELIA. Support me! for heaven's sake support me! It is growing dark before my eyes! He flies!

CHARLES. Too late! In vain! Your curse, father! Ask me no more! I am — I have — your curse — your supposed curse! Who enticed me hither? (*Rushing upon the* ROBBERS *with drawn sword.*) Which of you enticed me hither, ye demons of the abyss? Perish, then, Amelia. Die, father! Die, for the third time, through me! These, thy deliverers, are Robbers and Murderers! Charles is their Captain! (OLD MOOR *expires.*)

[AMELIA *sta*[illegible]*and transfixed like a statue. The whole band are mute. A fearful pause.*

CHARLES. (*rushing against an oak*) The souls of those I have strangled in the intoxication of love — of those whom I crushed to atoms in the sacredness of sleep — of those whom — Ha! ha! ha! do you hear the powder-magazine bursting over the heads of women in travail? Do you see the flames creeping round the

[1] Instead of this the stage edition has, "Come, my children! Thy hand, Charles, and thine, Amelia. Oh! I never looked for such happiness this side the grave. Here let me unite you for ever."

cradles of sucklings? That is our nuptial torch; those shrieks our wedding music! Oh! he forgetteth none of these things! — he knoweth how to connect the links in the chain of life. Therefore do love's delights elude my grasp; therefore is love given me for a torment! This is retribution!

AMELIA 'Tis all true! Thou Ruler in heaven! 'Tis all true! What have I done, poor innocent lamb? I have loved this man!

CHARLES. This is more than a man can endure. Have I not heard death hissing at me from more thousands of barrels, and never yet moved a hair's breadth out of its way? And shall I now be taught to tremble like a woman? tremble before a woman! No! a woman shall not conquer my manly courage! Blood! blood! 'tis but a fit of womanish feeling. I must glut myself with blood; and this will pass away. (*He is about to fly.*)

AMELIA. (*sinking into his arms*) Murderer! devil! I cannot — angel — leave thee!

CHARLES. (*thrusting her from him*) Away! insidious serpent! Thou wouldst make a mockery of my frenzy; but I will bid defia[illegible]e to my tyrant destiny. What! art thou weeping? [illegible]nt[illegible]ess, malicious stars! She pretends to [illegible] any soul could weep for me! (AMELIA *fa*[illegible]*eck.*) Ha! what means this? She shuns me[illegible] — she spurns me not. Amelia! hast thou then forgotten? Dost thou remember whom thou art embracing, Amelia?

AMELIA. My only one, mine, mine for ever!

CHARLES. (*recovering himself in an ecstasy of joy*) She forgives me, she loves me! Then am I pure as the ether of heaven, for she loves [illegible]! With tears I thank thee, all-merciful Father! ([illegible] *falls on his knees, and bursts into a violent fit* [illegible]*eeping.*) The peace of my soul is restored; my su[illegible]ngs are at an end. Hell is no more! Behold! oh[illegible]ld! the child

of light weeps on the neck of a repentant demon! (*Rising and turning to the* ROBBERS.) Why are ye not weeping also? Weep, weep, ye are all so happy. O Amelia! Amelia! Amelia! (*He hangs on her neck, they remain locked in a silent embrace.*)

A ROBBER. (*stepping forward enraged*) Hold, traitor! This instant come from her arms! or I will speak a word that shall make thy ears tingle, and thy teeth chatter with horror! (*He holds his sword between them.*)

AN AGED ROBBER. Remember the Bohemian forests! Dost thou hear? dost thou tremble? Remember the Bohemian forests, I tell thee! Faithless man! where are thy oaths? Are wounds so soon forgotten? Who staked fortune, honour, life itself for thee? Who stood by thee like walls, and like shields caught the blows which were aimed at thy life? Didst not thou then lift up thy hand and swear an iron oath never to forsake us, even as we forsook not thee? Base, perfidious wretch! and wouldst thou now desert us at the whining of a harlot?

A THIRD ROBBER. Shame on thy perjury! The spirit of the immolated Roller, whom thou didst summon from th re death to attest thy oath, will blush at thy co rise from his grave full armed to chasti

THE ROBBERS. isorder, tearing open their *garments*) See here! ere! Dost thou know these scars? Thou art ours! With our heart's blood we have bought thee, and thou art ours bodily, even though the Archangel Michael should seek to wrest thee out of the grasp of the fiery Moloch! Now! March with us! Sacrifice for sacrifice, Amelia for the band!

CHARLES. (*asing her hand*) It is past! I would arise and ret o my father; but Heaven has said, "It shall not (*Coldly.*) Blind fool that I was!

why [illegible]ld I wish it? Is it possible for a great sinner to return? A great sinner never can return. That ought I long since to have known. Be still! I pray thee be still! 'Tis all as it should be. When He sought me I would not; now that I seek Him, He will not. What can be more just? Do not roll about thine eyes so wildly. He has no need of me. Has He not creatures in abundance? One He can easily spare, and that one am I. Come along, comrades!

AMELIA. (*pulling him back*) Stay, I beseech you. One blow! one deadly blow! Again forsaken! Draw thy sword, and have mercy upon me!

CHARLES. Mercy has taken refuge among bears. I will not kill thee!

AMELIA. (*embracing his knees*) Oh, for heaven's sake! by all that is merciful! I ask no longer for love. I know that our stars fly from each other in opposition. Death is all I ask. Forsaken, forsaken! Take that word in all its dreadful import! Forsaken! I cannot survive it! Thou knowest well that no woman can survive that. All I ask is death. See, my hand trembles! I have not courage to strike the blow. I shrink from the gleaming b[illegible]de! To [illegible]ee it is so easy, so very easy; thou art [illegible]r [illegible] murder—draw thy sword, and make [illegible]

CHARLES. Wouldst tho[illegible] [illegible]appy? Away with thee! I will kill no[illegible]

AMELIA. Ha! destroyer [illegible] canst only kill the happy; they who are weary of ex[illegible]tence thou sparest! (*She glides toward the* ROBBERS.) Then do ye have mercy on me, disciples of murde[illegible]! There lurks a bloodthirsty pity in your looks tha[illegible] is consoling to the wretched. Your master is a[illegible] boaster and a coward.

CHARLES. Woman, what dost t[illegible] say? (*The* ROBBERS *turn away.*)

AMELIA. No friend? No; not [illegible] among these

a friend? (*She rises.*) Well, then, let Dido [illegible] me how to die! (*She is going; a* ROBBER *takes aim at her.*)

CHARLES. Hold! dare it! Moor's Amelia shall die by no other hand than Moor's. (*He strikes her dead.*)

THE ROBBERS. Captain! captain! what hast thou done? Art thou raving?

CHARLES. (*with his eyes fixed on the body*) One more pang and all will be over. She is immolated! Now, look on! have you any farther demand? Ye staked a life for me, a life which has ceased to be your own — a life full of infamy and shame! I have sacrificed an angel for you. Now look upon her! Are you content?

GRIMM. You have repaid your debt with usury. You have done all that man could do for his honour, and more. Now let's away.

CHARLES. What say you? Is not the life of a saint for the life of a felon more than an equal exchange? Oh! I say unto you if every one of you were to mount the scaffold, and to have his flesh torn from his bones piecemeal with red-hot pincers, through eleven long summer days of torture, yet would it not counterbalance these tears! (*With a bitter laugh.*) The scars! he [illegible] an forests! Yes, yes! they must be repaid [illegible]!

SCHWARZ. [illegible] rself, captain! Come along with us! this [illegible] r you. Lead us elsewhere!

CHARLES. Stay [illegible] rd more before we proceed elsewhere. Mark [illegible] e, ye malicious executioners of my barbarous nod! from this moment I cease to be your captain.[1] With shame and horror I here lay down the

[1] The acting edit[illegible]n reads: "Banditti! we are quits. This bleeding corpse ca[illegible]els my bond to you for ever. From your own I set you fre[illegible] ROBBERS. "We are again your slaves till death!" CHA[illegible] "No, no, no! We have done with each other. My ge[illegible]hispers me, 'Go no further, Moor. Here is the goal of hu[illegible] — and thine.' Take back this bloody plume. (*Throws it at* [illegible]*t.*) Let him who seeks to be your captain take it up."

bloody [illegible] under which you thought yourselves licensed to perpetrate your crimes and to defile the fair light of heaven with deeds of darkness. Depart to the right and to the left. We shall never more have aught in common.

THE ROBBERS. Ha! coward! where are thy lofty schemes? were they but soap-bubbles, which disperse at the breath of a woman?

CHARLES.[1] Oh! fool that I was, to fancy that I could amend the world by misdeeds and maintain law by lawlessness! I called it vengeance and equity.

[1] In lieu of this soliloquy and what follows, to the end, the acting edition has:

"R. MOOR. Dare not to scrutinise the acts of Moor. That is my last command. Now, draw near — form a circle around me, and receive the last words of your dying captain. (*He surveys them attentively for some time*). You have been devotedly faithful to me, faithful beyond example. Had virtue bound you together as firmly as vice, you would have been heroes, and your names recorded by mankind with admiration. Go and offer your services to the state. Dedicate your talents to the cause of a monarch who is waging war in vindication of the rights of man. With this blessing I disband you. Schweitzer and Kosinsky, do you stay. (*The others disperse slowly, with signs of emotion.*)

SCENE V]

R. MOOR, SCHWEITZER [illegible] KY.

R. MOOR. Give me thy right [illegible]y — Schweitzer, thy left. (*He takes their hands, a*[illegible]*en them; to* KOSINSKY.) Young man, thou art still [illegible]nongst the guilty thou alone art guiltless! (*To* SCHWEIT[illegible] [illegible]eeply have I imbrued thy hand in blood. 'Tis I who have done [illegible]is. With this cordial grasp I take back mine own. Schweitze[illegible]! thou art purified! (*He raises their hands fervently to heaven.*) Father in heaven! here I restore them to thee. They will be [illegible]ore devoted to thy service than those who never fell. Of th[illegible]t I feel assured. (SCHWEITZER *and* KOSINSKY *fall on his neck* [illegible]*ith fervour.*) Not now — not now, dear comrades. Spare my fe[illegible]gs in this trying hour. An earldom has this day fallen to my l[illegible] a rich domain on which no malediction rests. Share it bet[illegible] you, my children; become good citizens; and if for ten h[illegible] beings that I have destroyed you make but one happy, m[illegible] may yet be saved. Go — no farewell! In another worl[illegible]y meet again

I presumed, O Providence! upon whetting out the notches of thy sword and repairing thy partialities. But, oh, vain trifling! here I stand on the brink of a fearful life, and learn, with wailing and gnashing of teeth, that two men like myself could ruin the whole edifice of the moral world. Pardon — pardon the boy who thought to forestall Thee; to Thee alone belongeth vengeance; Thou needest not the hand of man! But it is not in my power to recall the past; that which is ruined remains ruined; what I have thrown down will never more rise up again. Yet one thing is left me whereby I may atone to the offended majesty of the law and restore the order which I have violated. A victim is required — a victim to declare before all mankind how inviolable that majesty is — that victim shall be myself. I will be the death-offering!

ROBBERS. Take his sword from him — he will kill himself.

CHARLES. Fools that ye are! doomed to eternal blindness! Think ye that one mortal sin will expiate other mortal sins? Do you suppose that the harmony of the world would be promoted by such an impious discord? (*Th[illegible] [illegible]s arms at their feet.*) He shall have me a ve[illegible] [illegible] deliver myself into the hands of justice.

ROBBERS. [illegible] chains! he has lost his senses!

CHARLES. Not [illegible] have any doubt but that jus-

— or perhaps no m[illegible]re. Away! away! ere my fortitude desert me. [*Exeunt both, with downcast countenances.*

SCENE IX.

And I, too, [illegible] a good citizen. Do I not fulfil the extremity of the law? Do [illegible] honour the law? Do I not uphold and defend it? I remem[illegible] speaking to a poor officer on my way hither, who was toil[illegible] a day-labourer, and has eleven living children. A thousand [illegible]ave been offered to whoever shall deliver up the great rob[illegible] That man shall be served. [*Exit.*

tice would find me speedily enough if the powers above so ordained it. But she might surprise me in sleep, or overtake me in flight, or seize me with violence and the sword, and then I should have lost the only merit left me, that of making my death a free-will atonement Why should I, like a thief, any longer conceal a life, which in the councils of the heavenly ministry has long been forfeited?

ROBBERS. Let him go. He is infected with the great-man mania; he means to offer up his life for empty admiration.

CHARLES. I might, 'tis true, be admired for it. (*After a moment's reflection.*) I remember, on my way hither, talking to a poor creature, a day-labourer, with eleven living children. A reward has been offered of a thousand louis-d'ors to any one who shall deliver up the great robber alive. That man shall be served.

[*Exit.*

Fiesco;

or, The Genoese Conspiracy

A Tragedy

Author's Preface

THE chief sources from which I have drawn the history of this conspiracy are Cardinal de Retz's "Conjuration du Comte Jean Louis de Fiesque," the "Histoire des Gênes," and the third volume of "Robertson's History of Charles the Fifth."

The liberties which I have taken with the historical facts will be excused, if I have succeeded in my attempt; and, if not, it is better that my failure should appear in the effusions of fancy, than in the delineation of truth. Some deviation from the real catastrophe of the conspiracy (according to which the count actually perished[1] when his schemes were nearly ripe for execution) was rendered necessary by the nature of the drama, which does not allow the interposition either of chance or of a particular Providence. It would be matter of surprise to me tha [illegible] je[illegible]t has never been adopted by any tragic wr[illegible] ot the circumstances of its conclusion, s[illegible] ramatic representation, afford a sufficien[illegible] such neglect. Beings of a superior nature [illegible] riminate the finest links of that chain which connect[illegible] n individual action with the system of the universe, and may, perhaps, behold them extended to the utm[illegible]st limits of time,

[1] Fiesco, after having succeeded in the [illegible]hief objects of his undertaking, happened to fall into the sea [illegible]hilst hastening to quell some disturbances on board of a vessel [illegible] the harbour; the weight of his armour rendered his struggle[illegible]ffectual, and he perished. The deviation from history in the [illegible]dy might have been carried farther, and would perhaps ha[illegible]dered it more suitable to dramatic representation. — *Tran[illegible]*

past and future; but man seldom sees more than the simple facts, divested of their various relations of cause and effect. The writer, therefore, must adapt his performance to the short-sightedness of human nature, which he would enlighten; and not to the penetration of Omniscience, from which all intelligence is derived.

In my Tragedy of "The Robbers" it was my object to delineate the victim of an extravagant sensibility; here I endeavour to paint the reverse; a victim of art and intrigue. But, however strongly marked in the page of history the unfortunate project of Fiesco may appear, on the stage it may prove less interesting. If it be true that sensibility alone awakens sensibility, we may conclude that the political hero is the less calculated for dramatic representation, in proportion as it becomes necessary to lay aside the feelings of a man in order to become a political hero.

It was, therefore, impossible for me to breathe into my fable that glowing life which animates the pure productions of poetical inspiration; but, in order to render the cold and sterile actions of the politician capable of affecting the human heart, I was obliged to seek a clue to those actions in the human heart itself. I was oblig[illegible] t[illegible] ogether the man and the politician, and to [illegible] the refined intrigues of state situations inter[illegible] anity. The relations which I bear to socie[illegible] unfold to me more of the heart than of the [illegible]; and, perhaps, this very political defect may [illegible] ave become a poetical excellence.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ANDREAS DORIA, Duke of Genoa, a venerable old man, eighty years of age, retaining the traces of a high spirit: the chief features in this character are dignity and a rigid brevity in command.

GIANETTINO DORIA, nephew of the former, and pretender to the ducal power, twenty-six years of age, rough and forbidding in his address, deportment, and manners, with a vulgar pride and disgusting features.

FIESCO, Count of Lavagna, chief of the conspiracy, a tall, handsome young man, twenty-three years of age; his character is that of dignified pride and majestic affability, with courtly complaisance and deceitfulness.

VERRINA, a determined republican, sixty years of age; grave, austere, and inflexible: a marked character.

BOURGOGNINO, a conspirator, a youth of twenty; frank and high-spirited, proud, hasty, [illegible]guised.

CALCAGNO, a conspirator, a wo[illegible]chee of thirty; insinuating and enterprising[illegible]

SACCO, a conspirator, forty-fi[illegible], with no distinguishing trait of characte[illegible]

LOMELLINO, in the confiden[illegible] pretender, a haggard courtier.

ZENTURIONE, }
ZIBO, } Malcontents.
ASSERATO, }

ROMANO, a painter, frank and simple, with the pride of genius.

MULEY HASSAN, a Moor of Tunis, an ab[illegible]doned character, with a physiognomy displaying an [illegible]nal mixture of rascality and humour.

A GERMAN of the ducal body-guard, of ar[illegible]est simplicity, and steady bravery.

THREE SEDITIOUS CITIZENS.

LEONORA, the wife of Fiesco, eighteen years of age, of great sensibility; her appearance pale and slender, engaging, but not dazzling; her countenance marked with melancholy; her dress black.

JULIA, Countess dowager Imperiali, sister of the younger Doria, aged twenty-five; a proud coquette, in person tall and full, her beauty spoiled by affectation, with a sarcastic maliciousness in her countenance; her dress black.

BERTHA, daughter of Verrina, an innocent girl.

ROSA, ARABELLA, } Maids of Leonora.

Several Nobles, Citizens, Germans, Soldiers, Thieves.

(SCENE — Genoa. TIME — the year 1547.)

Fiesco; or, the Genoese Conspiracy

ACT I.

SCENE I. — *A Saloon in* FIESCO'S *House. The distant sound of dancing and music is heard.*

LEONORA, *masked, and attended by* ROSA *and* ARABELLA, *enters hastily.*

LEONORA. (*tears off he* [illegible] No [illegible] more! Not another word! 'Tis as clea [illegible] (*Throwing herself in a chair.*) This q [illegible] s me —

ARABELLA. My lady!

LEONORA. (*rising*) W [illegible] re my eyes! with a notorious coquette! In presen [illegible] of the whole nobility of Genoa! (*Strongly affected.*) — [illegible] osa! Arabella! and before my weeping eyes!

ROSA. Look upon it only as w[illegible]t it really was — a piece of gallantry. It was nothin [illegible] more.

LEONORA. Gallantry! What! [illegible] eir busy interchange of glances — the anxious [illegible] tching of her every motion — the long and ea[illegible] [illegible] iss upon her naked arm, impressed with a ferv[illegible] [illegible] left in crim-

son glow the very traces of his lips! Ha! and the transport that enwrapped his soul, when, with fixed eyes, he sate like painted ecstasy, as if the world around him had dissolved, and nought remained in the eternal void but he and Julia. Gallantry? Poor thing! Thou hast never loved. Think not that thou canst teach me to distinguish gallantry from love!

ROSA. No matter, signora! A husband lost is as good as ten lovers gained.

LEONORA. Lost? Is then one little intermission of the heart's pulsations a proof that I have lost Fiesco? Go, malicious slanderer! Come no more into my presence! 'Twas an innocent frolic — perhaps a mere piece of gallantry. Say, my gentle Arabella, was it not so?

ARABELLA. Most certainly! There can be no doubt of it!

LEONORA. (*in a reverie*) But does she then feel herself sole mistress of his heart? Does her name lurk in his every thought? — meet him in every phase of nature? Can it be? Whither will these thoughts lead me? Is this beautiful and majestic world to him but as one precious diamond, on which her image — her [illegible] alone — is engraved? That he should love [illegible] Julia! Oh! Your arm — support me, A[illegible] *pause; music is again heard.*)

LEONORA. (*startin*[illegible]k! Was not that Fiesco's voice, which from the tumult penetrated even hither? Can he laugh while his Leonora weeps in solitude? Oh, no, my child, it was the coarse, loud voice of Gianettino.

ARABELLA. It was, signora — but let us retire to another apartm[illegible]

LEONORA. [illegible] change colour, Arabella — you are false. In you[illegible]ks, in the looks of all the inhabitants of Genc[illegible]d a something — a something

which — (*hiding her face*) — oh, certainly these Genoese know more than should reach a wife's ear.

ROSA. Oh, jealousy! thou magnifier of trifles!

LEONORA. (*with melancholy enthusiasm*) When he was still Fiesco; when in the orange-grove, where we damsels walked, I saw him — a blooming Apollo, blending the manly beauty of Antinous! Such was his noble and majestic deportment, as if the illustrious state of Genoa rested alone upon his youthful shoulders. Our eyes stole trembling glances at him, and shrunk back, as if with conscious guilt, whene'er they encountered the lightning of his looks. Ah, Arabella, how we devoured those looks! with what anxious envy did every one count those directed to her companions! They fell among us like the golden apple of discord — tender eyes burned fiercely — soft bosoms beat tumultuously — jealousy burst asunder all our bonds of friendship —

ARABELLA. I remember it well. All Genoa's female hearts were in rebellious ferment for so enviable a prize!

LEONORA. (*in rapture*) And now to call him mine! Giddy, wondrous fortune! — to call the pride of Genoa mine! — he who from th[illegible] of the exhaustless artist, Nature, sprang forth [illegible], combining every greatness of his sex in [illegible] fect union. Hear me, damsels! I can no[illegible] al it — hear me! I confide to you someth[illegible] *riously*) — a thought! — when I stood at the altar [illegible] h Fiesco, — when his hand lay in mine, — a thought, too daring for woman, rushed across me. "This Fiesco, whose hand now lies in thine — thy Fiesco" — but hush! let no man hear us boast how far he excels all others of his sex. "This, thy Fiesco" — ah, could you but share my feelings! — "will free Genoa from its tyrant[illegible]

ARABELLA. (*astonished*) And co[illegible] his dream haunt a woman's mind even at the nu[illegible] ine?

LEONORA. Yes, my Arabella, — well mayest thou be astonished — to the bride it came, even in the joy of the bridal hour. (*More animated.*) I am a woman, but I feel the nobleness of my blood. I cannot bear to see these proud Dorias thus overtop our family. The good old Andreas — it is a pleasure to esteem him. He may indeed, unenvied, bear the ducal dignity; but Gianettino is his nephew — his heir — and Gianettino has a proud and wicked heart. Genoa trembles before him, and Fiesco (*much affected*) — Fiesco — weep with me, damsels! — loves his sister.

ARABELLA. Alas, my wretched mistress!

LEONORA. Go now, and see this demigod of the Genoese amid the shameless circles of debauchery and lust! hear the vile jests and wanton ribaldry with which he entertains his base companions! *That is Fiesco!* Ah, damsels, not only has Genoa lost its hero, but I have lost my husband!

ROSA. Speak lower! some one is coming through the gallery.

LEONORA. (*alarmed*) Ha! 'Tis Fiesco — let us hasten away — the sight of me might for a moment interrupt his happiness. (*She hastens into a side apartment; the maids follow.*)

II.

GIANETTINO DORIA, *masked, in a green cloak, and the* MOOR, *enter in conversation.*

GIANET. Thou hast understood me!
MOOR. Well —
GIANET. The white mask —
MOOR. Wel
GIANET. I   he *white* mask —
MOOR. We   — well —

GIANET. Dost thou mark me? Thou canst only fail here! (*Pointing to his heart.*)

MOOR. Give yourself no concern.

GIANET. And be sure to strike home—

MOOR. He shall have enough.

GIANET. (*maliciously*) That the poor count may not have long to suffer.

MOOR. With your leave, sir, a word—at what weight do you estimate his head?

GIANET. What weight? A hundred sequins—

MOOR. (*blowing through his fingers*) Poh! Light as a feather!

GIANET. What art thou muttering?

MOOR. I was saying—it is light work.

GIANET. That is thy concern. He is the very loadstone of sedition. Mark me, sirrah! let thy blow be sure.

MOOR. But, sir,—I must fly to Venice immediately after the deed.

GIANET. Then take my thanks beforehand. (*He throws him a bank-note.*) In three days at farthest he must be cold. [*Exit.*

MOOR. (*picking up the note*) Well, this really is what I call credit!—to trust a simple word of such a rogue as I am! [*Exit.*

SCENE [illegible]

CALCAGNO, *behind him* SACCO, *both in black cloaks.*

CALCAGNO. I perceive thou watchest all my steps.

SACCO. And I observe thou wouldst conceal them from me. Attend, Calcagno! For some weeks past I have remarked the workings of thy countenance. They bespeak more than concerns the interest of our country. Brother, I should think th[illegible]ght mutually

exchange our confidence without loss on either side. What sayest thou? Wilt thou be sincere?

CALCAGNO. So truly, that thou shalt not need to dive into the recesses of my soul; my heart shall fly half-way to meet thee on my tongue — I love the Countess of Fiesco.

SACCO. (*starts back with astonishment*) That, at least, I should not have discovered had I made all possibilities pass in review before me. My wits are racked to comprehend thy choice, but I must have lost them altogether if thou succeed.

CALCAGNO. They say she is a pattern of the strictest virtue.

SACCO. They lie. She is the whole volume on that insipid text. Calcagno, thou must choose one or the other — either to give up thy heart or thy profession.

CALCAGNO. The count is faithless to her; and of all the arts that may seduce a woman the subtlest is jealousy. A plot against the Dorias will at the same time occupy the count, and give me easy access to his house. Thus, while the shepherd guards against the wolf, the fox shall make havoc of the poultry.

SACCO. Incomparable brother, receive my thanks! A blush is n[illegible]w super[illegible]us, and I can tell thee openly what just now I w[illegible]amed even to think. I am a beggar if the g[illegible] not soon overturned.

CALCAGNO. [illegible]y debts so great?

SACCO. So imm[illegible] even one-tenth of them would more than s[illegible]allow ten times my income. A convulsion of the state will give me breath; and if it do not cancel all my debts, at least 'twill stop the mouths of bawling creditors.

CALCAGNO. I understand thee; and if then, perchance, Genoa should be freed, Sacco will be hailed his country's saviour. Let no one trick out to me the threadbare tale [illegible] honesty, if the fate of empires hang on the bank[illegible] of a prodigal and the lust of a

debauchee. By heaven, Sacco, I admire the wise design of Providence, that in us would heal the corruptions in the heart of the state by the vile ulcers on its limbs. Is thy design unfolded to Verrina?

SACCO. As far as it can be unfolded to a patriot. Thou knowest his iron integrity, which ever tends to that one point, his country. His hawk-like eye is now fixed on Fiesco, and he has half-conceived a hope of thee to join the bold conspiracy.

CALCAGNO. Oh, he has an excellent nose! Come, let us seek him, and fan the flame of liberty in his breast by our accordant spirit. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

JULIA, *agitated with anger, and* FIESCO, *in a white mask, following her.*

JULIA. Servants! footmen!

FIESCO. Countess, whither are you going? What do you intend?

JULIA. Nothing — nothing at all. (*To the servants, who enter and immediately retire.*) Let my carriage draw up —

FIESCO. Pardon me, it must [illegible] You are offended.

JULIA. Oh, by no means [illegible] you tear my dress to pieces. Offended. [illegible] is here that can offend me? Go, pray go. [illegible]

FIESCO. (*upon one knee*) Not [illegible] you tell me what impertinent —

JULIA. (*stands still in a haughty attitude*) Fine! Fine! Admirable! Oh, that the Countess of Lavagna might be called to view this charming scene! How, count, is this like a husband? This posture would better suit the chamber of your wife when she turns over the journal of your caresses and finds a void in the account. Rise, sir, and seek th[illegible] whom your

overtures will prove more acceptable. Rise — unless you think your gallantries will atone for your wife's impertinence.

FIESCO. (*jumping up*) Impertinence! To you?

JULIA. To break up! To push away her chair! To turn her back upon the table — that table, count, where I was sitting —

FIESCO. 'Tis inexcusable.

JULIA. And is that all? Out upon the jade! Am I, then, to blame because the count makes use of his eyes? (*Smilingly admiring herself.*)

FIESCO. 'Tis the fault of your beauty, madam, that keeps them in such sweet slavery.

JULIA. Away with compliment where honour is concerned. Count, I insist on satisfaction. Where shall I find it, in you, or in my uncle's vengeance?

FIESCO. Find it in the arms of love — of love that would repair the offence of jealousy.

JULIA. Jealousy! Jealousy! Poor thing! What would she wish for? (*Admiring herself in the glass.*) Could she desire a higher compliment than were I to declare her taste my own? (*Haughtily.*) Doria and Fiesco! Would not the Countess of Lavagna have reason to feel ho[illegible]ed if Doria's niece deigned to envy her choice? ([illegible]n a friendly tone, offering the count her hand.*) I merely assume the possibility of such a case, count.

FIESCO. (*with animation*) Cruel countess! Thus to torment me. I know, divine Julia, that respect is all I ought to feel for you. My reason bids me bend a subject's knee before the race of Doria; but my heart adores the beauteous Julia. My love is criminal, but 'tis also heroic, and dares o'erleap the boundaries of rank, and soar toward the dazzling sun of majesty.

JULIA. A great and courtly falsehood, paraded upon stilts! While his tongue deifies me, his heart beats beneath the p[illegible]re of another.

FIESCO. Rather say it beats indignantly against it, and would shake off the odious burden. (*Taking the picture of* LEONORA, *which is suspended by a sky-blue ribbon from his breast, and delivering it to* JULIA.) Place your own image on that altar and you will instantly annihilate this idol.

JULIA. (*pleased, puts by the picture hastily*) A great sacrifice, by mine honour, and which deserves my thanks. (*Hangs her own picture about his neck.*) So, my slave, henceforth bear your badge of service.

[*Exit.*

FIESCO. (*with transport*) Julia loves me! Julia! I envy not even the gods. (*Exulting.*) Let this night be a jubilee. Joy shall attain its summit. Ho! within there! (*Servants come running in.*) Let the floors swim with Cyprian nectar, soft strains of music rouse midnight from her leaden slumber, and a thousand burning lamps eclipse the morning sun. Pleasure shall reign supreme, and the bacchanal dance so wildly beat the ground that the dark kingdom of the shades below shall tremble at the uproar!

[*Exit hastily. A noisy allegro, during which the back scene opens, and discovers a grand illuminated saloon, many masks dancing. At the side, drinking and playing tables, surrounded with company.*

SCENE V.

GIANETTINO, *almost intoxicated,* LOMELLINO, ZIBO, ZENTURIONE, VERRINA, CALCAGNO, *all masked. Several other nobles and ladies.*

GIANET. (*boisterously*) Bravo! Bravo! These wines glide down charmingly. The dancers perform *à merveille.* Go, one of you, and publish it throughout

Genoa that I am in good humour, and that every one may enjoy himself. By my ruling star this shall be marked as a red-letter day in the calendar, and underneath be written,—"This day was Prince Doria merry." (*The guests lift their glasses to their mouths. A general toast of "The Republic." Sound of trumpets.*) The Republic? (*Throwing his glass violently on the ground.*) There lie its fragments. (*Three black masks suddenly rise and collect about* GIANETTINO.)

LOMEL. (*supporting* GIANETTINO *on his arm*) My lord, you lately spoke of a young girl whom you saw in the church of St. Lorenzo.

GIANET. I did, my lad! and I must make her acquaintance.

LOMEL. That I can manage for your Grace.

GIANET. (*with vehemence*) Can you? Can you? Lomellino, you were a candidate for the procuratorship. You shall have it.

LOMEL. Gracious prince, it is the second dignity in the state; more than threescore noblemen seek it, and all of them more wealthy and honourable than your Grace's humble servant.

GIANET. (*indignantly*) By the name of Doria! You shall be procurator. (*The three masks come forward.*) What talk you of nobility in Genoa? Let them all throw their ancestors and honours into the scale, one hair from the white beard of my old uncle will make it kick the beam. It is my will that you be procurator, and that is tantamount to the votes of the whole senate.

LOMEL. (*in a low voice*) The damsel is the only daughter of one Verrina.

GIANET. The girl is pretty, and, in spite of all the devils in hell, I must possess her.

LOMEL. What, my lord! the only child of the most obstinate of our republicans?

GIANET. To hell with your republicans! Shall my

passion be thwarted by the anger of a vassal? 'Tis as vain as to expect the tower should fall when the boys pelt it with mussel-shells. (*The three black masks step nearer, with great emotion.*) What! Has the Duke Andreas gained his scars in battle for their wives and children, only that his nephew should court the favour of these vagabond republicans! By the name of Doria they shall swallow this fancy of mine, or I will plant a gallows over the bones of my uncle, on which their Genoese liberty shall kick itself to death. (*The three masks step back in disgust.*)

LOMEL. The damsel is at this moment alone. Her father is here, and one of those three masks.

GIANET. Excellent! Bring me instantly to her.

LOMEL. But you will seek in her a mistress, and find a prude.

GIANET. Force is the best rhetoric. Lead me to her. Would I could see that republican dog that durst stand in the way of the bear Doria. (*Going, meets* FIESCO *at the door.*) Where is the countess?

SCENE VI

FIESCO *and the* j

FIESCO. I have handed her to her carriage. (*Takes* GIANETTINO'S *hand, and presses it to his breast.*) Prince I am now doubly your slave. To you I bow, as sov eign of Genoa — to your lovely sister, as mistress my heart.

LOMEL. Fiesco has become a mere votary of pleasur The great world has lost much in you.

FIESCO. But Fiesco has lost nothing in giving up the world. To live is to dream, and to dream pleasantly is to be wise. Can this be done more certainly amid the thunders of a throne, where the wheels of govern-

ment creak incessantly upon the tortured ear, than on the heaving bosom of an enamoured woman? Let Gianettino rule over Genoa; Fiesco shall devote himself to love.

GIANET. Away, Lomellino! It is near midnight. The time draws near — Lavagna, we thank thee for thy entertainment — I have been satisfied.

FIESCO. That, prince, is all that I can wish.

GIANET. Then good night! To-morrow we have a party at the palace, and Fiesco is invited. Come, procurator!

FIESCO. Ho! Lights there! Music!

GIANET. (*haughtily, rushing through the three masks*) Make way there for Doria!

ONE OF THE THREE MASKS. (*murmuring indignantly*) Make way? In hell! Never in Genoa!

THE GUESTS. (*in motion*) The prince is going. Good night, Lavagna! (*They depart.*)

SCENE VII.

The THREE BLACK MASKS *and* FIESCO. (*A pause.*)

FIESCO. I perce[illegible] some guests here who do not share the pleasure [illegible]he feast.

MASKS. (*murmuring to each other with indignation*) No! Not one of us.

FIESCO. (*courteously*) Is it possible that my attention should have been wanting to any one of my guests? Quick, servants! Let the music be renewed, and fill the goblets to the brim. I would not that my friends should find the time hang heavy. Will you permit me to amuse you with fireworks? Would you choose to see the frolics of my harlequin? Perhaps you would be pleased to join the ladies. Or shall we sit down to faro, and pass the time in play?

A Mask. We are accustomed to spend it in action.

Fiesco. A manly answer — such as bespeaks Verrina.

Verrina. (*unmasking*) Fiesco is quicker to discover his friends beneath their masks than they to discover him beneath his.

Fiesco. I understand you not. But what means that crape of mourning around your arm? Can death have robbed Verrina of a friend, and Fiesco not know the loss?

Verrina. Mournful tales ill suit Fiesco's joyful feasts.

Fiesco. But if a friend — (*Pressing his hand warmly.*) Friend of my soul! For whom must we both mourn?

Verrina. Both! both! Oh, 'tis but too true we both should mourn — yet not all sons lament their mother.

Fiesco. 'Tis long since your mother was mingled with the dust.

Verrina. (*with an earnest look*) I do remember me that Fiesco once called me brother, because we both were sons of the same country!

Fiesco. (*jocosely*) Oh, is it only that? You meant then but to jest? The mourning dress is worn for Genoa! True, she lies indeed in [illegible] last agonies. The thought is new and singular. [illegible]ousin begins to be a wit.

Verrina. Fiesco! I spoke most seriously.

Fiesco. Certainly — certainly. A jest loses its point when he who makes it is the first to laugh. But you! You looked like a mute at a funeral. Who could have thought that the austere Verrina should in his old age become such a wag!

Sacco. Come, Verrina. He never will be ours.

Fiesco. Be merry, brother. Let us act the part of the cunning heir, who walks in the funeral procession with loud lamentations, laughing to himself the while, under

the cover of his handkerchief. 'Tis true we may be troubled with a harsh stepmother. Be it so — we will let her scold, and follow our own pleasures.

VERRINA. (*with great emotion*) Heaven and earth! Shall we then do nothing? What is to become of you, Fiesco? Where am I to seek that determined enemy of tyrants? There was a time when but to see a crown would have been torture to you. Oh, fallen son of the republic! By heaven, if time could so debase my soul I would spurn immortality.

FIESCO. O rigid censor! Let Doria put Genoa in his pocket, or barter it with the robbers of Tunis. Why should it trouble us? We will drown ourselves in floods of Cyprian wine, and revel it in the sweet caresses of our fair ones.

VERRINA. (*looking at him with earnestness*) Are these indeed your serious thoughts?

FIESCO. Why should they not be, my friend? Think you 'tis a pleasure to be the foot of that many-legged monster, a republic? No — thanks be to him who gives it wings, and deprives the feet of their functions! Let Gianettino be the duke, affairs of state shall ne'er lie heavy on our heads.

VERRINA. Fiesco! Is that truly and seriously your meaning?

FIESCO. Andrea adopts his nephew as a son, and makes him heir to his estates; what madman will dispute with him the inheritance of his power?

VERRINA. (*with the utmost indignation*) Away, then, Genoese! (*Leaves* FIESCO *hastily, the rest follow.*)

FIESCO. Verrina! Verrina! Oh, this republican is as hard as steel!

SCENE VIII.

FIESCO. A MASK *entering.*

MASK. Have you a minute or two to spare, Lavagna?

FIESCO. *(in an obliging manner)* An hour if you request it.

MASK. Then condescend to walk into the fields with me.

FIESCO. It wants but ten minutes of midnight.

MASK. Walk with me, count, I pray.

FIESCO. I will order my carriage.

MASK. That is useless — I shall send one horse: we want no more, for only one of us, I hope, will return.

FIESCO. *(with surprise)* What say you?

MASK. A bloody answer will be demanded of you, touching a certain tear.

FIESCO. What tear?

MASK. A tear shed by the Countess of Lavagna. I am acquainted with that lady, and demand to know how she has merited to be sacrificed to a worthless woman?

FIESCO. I understand you [illegible]; but let me ask who 'tis that offers so strange a challenge?

MASK. It is the same that once adored the Lady Zibo, and yielded her to Fiesco.

FIESCO. Scipio Bourgognino!

BOURG. *(unmasking)* And who now stands here to vindicate his honour, that yielded to a rival base enough to tyrannise over innocence.

FIESCO. *(embraces him with ardour)* Noble youth! thanks to the sufferings of my consort, which have drawn forth the manly feelings of your soul; I admire your generous indignation — but I refuse your challenge.

BOURG. (*stepping back*) Does Fiesco tremble to encounter the first efforts of my sword?

FIESCO. No, Bourgognino! against a nation's power combined I would boldly venture, but not against you. The fire of your valour is endeared to me by a most lovely object — the will deserves a laurel, but the deed would be childish.

BOURG. (*with emotion*) Childish, count! women can only weep at injuries. 'Tis for men to revenge them.

FIESCO. Uncommonly well said — but fight I will not.

BOURG. (*turning upon him contemptuously*) Count, I shall despise you.

FIESCO. (*with animation*) By heaven, youth, that thou shalt never do — not even if virtue fall in value, shall I become a bankrupt. (*Taking him by the hand, with a look of earnestness.*) Did you ever feel for me — what shall I say — respect?

BOURG. Had I not thought you were the first of men I should not have yielded to you.

FIESCO. Then, my friend, be not so forward to despise a man who once could merit your respect. It is not for the eye of the youthful artist to comprehend at once the master's vast design. Retire, Bourgognino, and take time to weigh the motives of Fiesco's conduct!

[*Exit* BOURGOGNINO, *in silence.*

Go! noble youth! if spirits such as thine break out in flames in thy country's cause, let the Dorias see that they stand fast!

SCENE IX.

FIESCO. — *The* MOOR *entering with an appearance of timidity, and looking round cautiously.*

FIESCO. (*fixing his eye on him sharply*) What wouldst thou here? Who art thou?

MOOR. (*as above*) A slave of the republic.

FIESCO. (*keeping his eye sharply upon him*) Slavery is a wretched craft. What dost thou seek?

MOOR. Sir, I am an honest man.

FIESCO. Wear then that label on thy visage, it will not be superfluous — but what wouldst thou have?

MOOR. (*approaching him*, FIESCO *draws back*) Sir, I am no villain.

FIESCO. 'Tis well thou hast told me that — and yet — 'tis not well either. (*Impatiently.*) What dost thou seek?

MOOR. (*still approaching*) Are you the Count Lavagna?

FIESCO. (*haughtily*) The blind in Genoa know my steps — what wouldst thou with the count?

MOOR. (*close to him*) Be on your guard, Lavagna!

FIESCO. (*passing hastily to the other side*) That, indeed, I am.

MOOR. (*again approaching*) Evil designs are formed against you, count.

FIESCO. (*retreating*) That I perceive.

MOOR. Beware of Doria!

FIESCO. (*approaching him with an air of confidence*) Perhaps my suspicions have w[illegible]nged thee, my friend — Doria is indeed the name I dr[illegible]

MOOR. Avoid the man, th[illegible] Can you read?

FIESCO. A curious question! Thou hast known, it seems, many of our cavaliers. What writing hast thou?

MOOR. Your name is amongst other condemned sinners. (*Presents a paper, and draws close to* FIESCO, *who is standing before a looking-glass and glancing over the paper — the* MOOR *steals round him, draws a dagger, and is going to stab.*)

FIESCO. (*turning round dexterously, and seizing the* MOOR'S *arm*) Stop, scoundrel! (*Wrests the dagger from him.*)

MOOR. (*stamps in a frantic manner*) Damnation! Your pardon — sire!

FIESCO. (*seizing him, calls with a loud voice*) Stephano! Drullo! Antonio! (*Holding the* MOOR *by the throat.*) Stay, my friend! — what hellish villainy! (*Servants enter.*) Stay, and answer — thou hast performed thy task like a bungler. Who pays thy wages?

MOOR. (*after several fruitless attempts to escape*) You cannot hang me higher than the gallows are —

FIESCO. No — be comforted — not on the horns of the moon, but higher than ever yet were gallows — yet hold! Thy scheme was too politic to be of thy own contrivance: speak, fellow! who hired thee?

MOOR. Think me a rascal, sir, but not a fool.

FIESCO. What, is the scoundrel proud? Speak, sirrah! Who hired thee?

MOOR. (*aside*) Shall I alone be called a fool? Who hired me? 'Twas but a hundred miserable sequins. Who hired me, did you ask? Prince Gianettino.

FIESCO. (*walking about in a passion*) A hundred sequins? And is that all the value set upon Fiesco's head? Shame on thee, Prince of Genoa! Here, fellow (*taking money from an escritoire*), are a thousand for thee. Tell thy master he is a niggardly assassin. (MOOR *looks at him in astonishment.*) What dost thou gaze at? (MOOR *takes up the money — lays it down — takes it up again, and looks at* FIESCO *with increased astonishment.*) What dost thou mean?

MOOR. (*throwing the money resolutely upon the table*) Sir, that money I have not earned — I deserve it not.

FIESCO. Blockhead, thou hast deserved the gallows; but the offended elephant tramples on men, not on worms. Were thy life worth but two words I would have thee hanged.

MOOR. (*bowing with an air of pleasure at his escape*) Sir, you are too good —

FIESCO. Not toward thee! God forbid! No. I am amused to think my humour can make or unmake such a villain as thou, therefore dost thou go scot-free — understand me aright — I take thy failure as an omen of my future greatness — 'tis this thought that renders me indulgent, and preserves thy life.

MOOR. *(in a tone of confidence)* Count, your hand! honour for honour. If any man in this country has a throat too much — command me, and I'll cut it — gratis.

FIESCO. Obliging scoundrel! He would show his gratitude by cutting throats wholesale!

MOOR. Men like me, sir, receive no favour without acknowledgment. We know what honour is.

FIESCO. The honour of cutthroats?

MOOR. Which is, perhaps, more to be relied on than that of your men of character. They break their oaths made in the name of God. We keep ours pledged to the devil.

FIESCO. Thou art an amusing villain.

MOOR. I rejoice to meet your approbation. Try me; you will find in me a man who is a thorough master of his profession. Examine me; I can show my testimonials of villainy from every guild of rogues — from the lowest to the highest.

FIESCO. Indeed! *(Seating himself.)* There are laws and systems then even among thieves. What canst thou tell me of the lowest class?

MOOR. Oh, sir, they are petty villains, mere pickpockets. They are a miserable set. Their trade never produces a man of genius; 'tis confined to the whip and workhouse — and at most can lead but to the gallows.

FIESCO. A charming prospect! I should like to hear something of a superior class.

MOOR. The next are spies and informers — tools of importance to the great, who from their secret informa-

tion derive their own supposed omniscience. These villains insinuate themselves into the souls of men like leeches; they draw poison from the heart, and spit it forth against the very source from whence it came.

FIESCO. I understand thee — go on —

MOOR. Then come the conspirators, villains that deal in poison, and bravoes that rush upon their victims from some secret covert. Cowards they often are, but yet fellows that sell their souls to the devil as the fees of their apprenticeship. The hand of justice binds their limbs to the rack or plants their cunning heads on spikes — this is the third class.

FIESCO. But tell me! When comes thy own?

MOOR. Patience, my lord — that is the very point I'm coming to — I have already passed through all the stages that I mentioned: my genius soon soared above their limits. 'Twas but last night I performed my masterpiece in the third; this evening I attempted the fourth, and proved myself a bungler.

FIESCO. And how do you describe that class?

MOOR. (*with energy*) They are men who seek their prey within four walls, cutting their way through every danger. They strike at once, and, by their first salute, save him whom they approach the trouble of returning thanks for a second. Between ourselves they are called the express couriers of hell: and when Beelzebub is hungry they want but a wink, and he gets his mutton warm.

FIESCO. Thou art an hardened villain — such a tool I want. Give me thy hand — thou shalt serve me.

MOOR. Jest or earnest?

FIESCO. In full earnest — and I'll pay thee yearly a thousand sequins.

MOOR. Done, Lavagna! I am yours. Away with common business — employ me in whate'er you will. I'll be your setter or your bloodhound — your fox, your viper — your pimp, or executioner. I'm prepared

for all commissions — except honest ones; in those I am as stupid as a block.

FIESCO. Fear not! I would not set the wolf to guard the lamb. Go thou through Genoa to-morrow and sound the temper of the people. Narrowly inquire what they think of the government, and of the house of Doria — what of me, my debaucheries, and romantic passion. Flood their brains with wine, until the sentiments of the heart flow over. Here's money — lavish it among the manufacturers —

MOOR. Sir!

FIESCO. Be not afraid — no honesty is in the case. Go, collect what help thou canst. To-morrow I will hear thy report. [*Exit.*

MOOR. (*following*) Rely on me. It is now four o'clock in the morning, by eight to-morrow you shall hear as much news as twice seventy spies can furnish. [*Exit.*

SCENE X.

An apartment in the house of VERRINA.

BERTHA *on a couch, supporting her head on her hand* — VERRINA *enters with a look of dejection.*

BERTHA. (*starts up frightened*) Heavens! He is here.

VERRINA. (*stops, looking at her with surprise*) My daughter affrighted at her father!

BERTHA. Fly! fly! or let me fly! Father, your sight is dreadful to me!

VERRINA. Dreadful to my child! — my only child!

BERTHA. (*looking at him mournfully*) Oh! you must seek another. I am no more your daughter.

VERRINA. What, does my tenderness distress you?

BERTHA. It weighs me down to the earth.

VERRINA. How, my daughter! do you receive me thus? Formerly, when I came home, my heart o'erburdened with sorrows, my Bertha came running toward me, and chased them away with her smiles. Come, embrace me, my daughter! Reclined upon thy glowing bosom, my heart, when chilled by the sufferings of my country, shall grow warm again. Oh, my child! this day I have closed my account with the joys of this world, and thou alone (*sighing heavily*) remainest to me.

BERTHA. (*casting a long and earnest look at him*) Wretched father!

VERRINA. (*eagerly embracing her*) Bertha! my only child! Bertha! my last remaining hope! The liberty of Genoa is lost — Fiesco is lost — and thou (*pressing her more strongly, with a look of despair*) mayest be dishonoured!

BERTHA. (*tearing herself from him*) Great God! You know, then —

VERRINA. (*trembling*) What?

BERTHA. My virgin honour —

VERRINA. (*raging*) What?

BERTHA. Last night —

VERRINA. (*furiously*) Speak! What!

BERTHA. Force. (*Sinks down upon the side of the sofa.*)

VERRINA. (*after a long pause, with a hollow voice*) One word more, my daughter — thy last! Who was it?

BERTHA. Alas, what an angry deathlike paleness! Great God, support me! How his words falter! His whole frame trembles!

VERRINA. I cannot comprehend it. Tell me, my daughter — who?

BERTHA. Compose yourself, my best, my dearest father!

VERRINA. (*ready to faint*) For God's sake — who?

BERTHA. A mask —

VERRINA. (*steps back, thoughtfully*) No! That cannot be! — the thought is idle — (*Smiling to himself.*) What a fool am I to think that all the poison of my life can flow but from one source! (*Firmly addressing himself to* BERTHA.) What was his stature, less than mine or taller?

BERTHA. Taller.

VERRINA. (*eagerly*) His hair? Black, and curled?

BERTHA. As black as jet, and curled.

VERRINA. (*retiring from her in great emotion*) O God! my brain! my brain! His voice?

BERTHA. Was deep and harsh.

VERRINA. (*impetuously*) What colour was — No! I'll hear no more! His cloak! What colour?

BERTHA. I think his cloak was green.

VERRINA. (*covering his face with his hands, falls on the couch*) No more. This can be nothing but a dream!

BERTHA. (*wringing her hands*) Merciful heaven! Is this my father?

VERRINA. (*after a pause, with a forced smile*) Right! It serves thee right — coward Verrina! The villain broke into the sanctuary of thy laws. This did not rouse thee. Then he violated the sanctuary of thy honour (*starting up*). Quick! Nicolo! Bring balls and powder — but stay — my sword were better. (*To* BERTHA.) Say thy prayers! Ah! what am I going to do?

BERTHA. Father, you make me tremble!

VERRINA. Come, sit by me, Bertha! (*In a solemn manner.*) Tell me, Bertha, what did that hoary-headed Roman, when his daughter — like you — how can I speak it! fell a prey to ignominy? Tell me, Bertha, what said Virginius to his dishonoured daughter?

BERTHA. (*shuddering*) I know not.

VERRINA. Foolish girl! He said nothing—but (*rising hastily and snatching up a sword*) he seized an instrument of death—

BERTHA. (*terrified, rushes into his arms*) Great God! What would you do, my father?

VERRINA. (*throwing away the sword*) No! There is still justice left in Genoa.

SCENE XI.

SACCO, CALCAGNO, *the former*.

CALCAGNO. Verrina, quick! prepare! to-day begins the election week of the republic. Let us early to the senate-house to choose the new senators. The streets are full of people, you will undoubtedly accompany us (*ironically*) to behold the triumph of our liberty.

SACCO. (*to* CALCAGNO) But what do I see? A naked sword! Verrina staring wildly! Bertha in tears!

CALCAGNO. By heavens, it is so. Sacco! some strange event has happened here.

VERRINA. (*placing two chairs*) Be seated.

SACCO. Your looks, Verrina, fill us with apprehension.

CALCAGNO. I never saw you thus before—Bertha is in tears, or your grief would have seemed to presage our country's ruin.

VERRINA. Ruin! Pray sit down. (*They both seat themselves.*)

CALCAGNO. My friend, I conjure you—

VERRINA. Listen to me.

CALCAGNO. (*to* SACCO) I have sad misgivings.

VERRINA. Genoese! you both know the antiquity of my family. Your ancestors were vassals to my own. My forefathers fought the battles of the state, their wives were patterns of virtue. Honour was our sole

inheritance, descending unspotted from the father to the son. Can any one deny it?

SACCO. No.

CALCAGNO. No one, by the God of heaven!

VERRINA. I am the last of my family. My wife has long been dead. This daughter is all she left me. You are witnesses, my friends, how I have brought her up. Can any one accuse me of neglect?

CALCAGNO. No. Your daughter is a bright example to her sex.

VERRINA. I am old, my friends. On this one daughter all my hopes were placed. Should I lose her, my race becomes extinct. (*After a pause, with a solemn voice.*) I have lost her. My family is dishonoured.

SACCO *and* CALCAGNO. Forbid it, Heaven! (BERTHA *on the couch, appears much affected.*)

VERRINA. No. Despair not, daughter! These men are just and brave. If they feel thy wrongs they will expiate them with blood. Be not astonished, friends! He who tramples upon Genoa may easily overcome a helpless female.

SACCO *and* CALCAGNO. (*starting up with emotion*) Gianettino Doria!

BERTHA. (*with a shriek, seeing BOURGOGNINO enter*) Cover me, walls, beneath your ruins! My Scipio!

SCENE XII.

BOURGOGNINO — *the former.*

BOURG. (*with ardour*) Rejoice, my love! I bring good tidings. Noble Verrina, my heaven now depends upon a word from you. I have long loved your daughter, but never dared to ask her hand, because my whole fortune was entrusted to the treacherous sea.

My ships have just now reached the harbour, laden with valuable cargoes. Now I am rich. Bestow your Bertha on me — I will make her happy. (BERTHA *hides her face — a profound pause.*)

VERRINA. What, youth! Wouldst thou mix thy heart's pure tide with a polluted stream?

BOURG. (*clasps his hand to his sword, but suddenly draws it back*) 'Twas her father said it.

VERRINA. No — every rascal in Italy will say it. Are you contented with the leavings of other men's repasts?

BOURG. Old man, do not make me desperate.

CALCAGNO. Bourgognino! he speaks the truth.

BOURG. (*enraged, rushing toward* BERTHA) The truth? Has the girl then mocked me?

CALCAGNO. No! no! Bourgognino. The girl is spotless as an angel.

BOURG. (*astonished*) By my soul's happiness, I comprehend it not! Spotless, yet dishonoured! They look in silence on each other. Some horrid crime hangs on their trembling tongues. I conjure you, friends, mock not thus my reason. Is she pure? Is she truly so? Who answers for her?

VERRINA. My child is guiltless.

BOURG. What violence! (*Snatches the sword from the ground.*) Be all the sins of earth upon my head if I avenge her not! Where is the spoiler?

VERRINA. Seek him in the plunderer of Genoa! (BOURG. *struck with astonishment* — VERRINA *walks up and down the room in deep thought, then stops.*) If rightly I can trace thy counsels, O eternal Providence! it is thy will to make my daughter the instrument of Genoa's deliverance. (*Approaching her slowly, takes the mourning crape from his arm, and proceeds in a solemn manner.*) Before the heart's blood of Doria shall wash away this foul stain from thy honour no beam of daylight shall shine upon these cheeks. Till then

(*throwing the crape over her*) be blind! (*A pause--the rest look upon him with silent astonishment; he continues solemnly, his hand upon* BERTHA'S *head.*) Cursed be the air that shall breathe on thee! Cursed the sleep that shall refresh thee! Cursed every human step that shall come to sooth thy misery! Down, into the lowest vault beneath my house! There whine, and cry aloud! (*Pausing with inward horror.*) Be thy life painful as the tortures of the writhing worm — agonising as the stubborn conflict between existence and annihilation. This curse lie on thee till Gianettino shall have heaved forth his dying breath. If he escape his punishment, then mayest thou drag thy load of misery throughout the endless circle of eternity!

[*A deep silence — horror is marked on the countenances of all present.* VERRINA *casts a scrutinising look at each of them.*

BOURG. Inhuman father! What is it thou hast done? Why pour forth this horrible and monstrous curse against thy guiltless daughter?

VERRINA Youth, thou say'st true! — it is most horrible. Now who among you will stand forth and prate still of patience and delay? My daughter's fate is linked with that of Genoa. I sacrifice the affections of a father to the duties of a citizen. Who among us is so much a coward as to hesitate in the salvation of his country, when this poor guiltless being must pay for his timidity with endless sufferings? By heavens, 'twas not a madman's speech! I have sworn an oath, and till Doria lie in the agonies of death I will show no mercy to my child. No — not though, like an executioner, I should invent unheard-of torments for her, or with my own hands rend her innocent frame piecemeal on the barbarous rack. You shudder — you stare at me with ghastly faces. Once more, Scipio — I keep her as a hostage for the tyrant's death. Upon this precious thread do I suspend thy duty, my own, and

yours (*to* SACCO *and* CALCAGNO). The tyrant of Genoa falls, or Bertha must despair — I retract not.

BOURG. (*throwing himself at* BERTHA'S *feet*) He shall fall — shall fall a victim to Genoa. I will as surely sheathe this sword in Doria's heart as upon thy lips I will imprint the bridal kiss. (*Rises.*)

VERRINA. Ye couple, the first that ever owed their union to the Furies, join hands! Thou wilt sheathe thy sword in Doria's heart? Take her! she is thine!

CALCAGNO. (*kneeling*) Here kneels another citizen of Genoa and lays his faithful sword before the feet of innocence. As surely may Calcagno find the way to heaven as this steel shall find its way to Gianettino's heart! (*Rises.*)

SACCO. (*kneeling*) Last, but not less determined, Raffaelle Sacco kneels. If this bright steel unlock not the prison doors of Bertha, mayest thou, my Saviour, shut thine ear against my dying prayers! (*Rises.*)

VERRINA. (*with a calm look*) Through me Genoa thanks you. Now go, my daughter; rejoice to be the mighty sacrifice for thy country!

BOURG. (*embracing her as she is departing*) Go! confide in God — and Bourgognino. The same day shall give freedom to Bertha and to Genoa.

[BERTHA *retires.*

SCENE XIII.

The former — without BERTHA.

CALCAGNO. Genoese, before we take another step, one word —

VERRINA. I guess what you would say.

CALCAGNO. Will four patriots alone be sufficient to destroy this mighty hydra? Shall we not stir up the people to rebellion, or draw the nobles in to join our party?

VERRINA. I understand you. Now hear my advice; I have long engaged a painter who has been exerting all his skill to paint the fall of Appius Claudius. Fiesco is an adorer of the arts, and soon warmed by ennobling scenes. We will send this picture to his house, and will be present when he contemplates it. Perhaps the sight may rouse his dormant spirit. Perhaps —

BOURG. No more of him. Increase the danger, not the sharers in it. So valour bids. Long have I felt a something within my breast that nothing would appease. What 'twas now bursts upon me (*springing up with enthusiasm*); 'twas a tyrant!

[*The scene closes.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. — *An Antechamber in the Palace of* FIESCO.

LEONORA *and* ARABELLA.

ARABELLA. No, no, you were mistaken; your eyes were blinded by jealousy.

LEONORA. It was Julia to the life. Seek not to persuade me otherwise. My picture was suspended by a sky-blue ribbon; this was flame-coloured. My doom is fixed irrevocably.

SCENE II.

The former and JULIA.

JULIA. (*entering in an affected manner*) The count offered me his palace to see the procession to the senate-house. The time will be tedious. You will entertain me, madam, while the chocolate is preparing.

[ARABELLA *goes out, and returns soon afterward.*

LEONORA. Do you wish that I should invite company to meet you?

JULIA. Ridiculous! As if I should come hither in search of company. You will amuse me, madam (*walking up and down, and admiring herself*), if you are able, madam. At any rate, I shall lose nothing.

ARABELLA. (*sarcastically*) Your splendid dress alone will be the loser. Only think how cruel it is to deprive the eager eyes of our young beaux of such a treat! Ah! and the glitter of your sparkling jewels on which it almost wounds the sight to look. Good heavens! You seem to have plundered the whole ocean of its pearls.

JULIA. (*before a glass*) You are not accustomed to such things, miss! But hark ye, miss! pray, has your mistress also hired your tongue? Madam, 'tis fine, indeed, to permit your domestics thus to address your guests.

LEONORA. 'Tis my misfortune, signora, that my want of spirits prevents me from enjoying the pleasure of your company.

JULIA. An ugly fault that, to be dull and spiritless. Be active, sprightly, witty! Yours is not the way to attach your husband to you.

LEONORA. I know but one way, countess. Let yours ever be the sympathetic medium.

JULIA. (*pretending not to mind her*) How you dress, madam! For shame! Pay more attention to your personal appearance! Have recourse to art where nature has been unkind. Put a little paint on those cheeks, which look so pale with spleen. Poor creature! Your puny face will never find a bidder.

LEONORA. (*in a lively manner to* ARABELLA) Congratulate me, girl. It is impossible I can have lost my Fiesco; or, if I have, the loss must be but trifling. (*The chocolate is brought,* ARABELLA *pours it out.*)

JULIA. Do you talk of losing Fiesco? Good God!

How could you ever conceive the ambitious idea of possessing him? Why, my child, aspire to such a height? A height where you cannot but be seen, and must come into comparison with others. Indeed, my dear, he was a knave or a fool who joined you with Fiesco. (*Taking her hand with a look of compassion.*) Poor soul! The man who is received in the assemblies of fashionable life could never be a suitable match for you. (*She takes a dish of chocolate.*)

LEONORA. (*smiling at* ARABELLA) If he were, he would not wish to mix with such assemblies.

JULIA. The count is handsome, fashionable, elegant. He is so fortunate as to have formed connections with people of rank. He is lively and high-spirited. Now, when he severs himself from these circles of elegance and refinement, and returns home, warm with their impressions, what does he meet? His wife receives him with a commonplace tenderness; damps his fire with an insipid, chilling kiss, and measures out her attentions to him with a niggardly economy. Poor husband! Here, a blooming beauty smiles upon him — there, he is nauseated by a peevish sensibility. Signora, signora, for God's sake consider, if he have not lost his understanding, which will he choose?

LEONORA. (*offering her a cup of chocolate*) You, madam — if he have lost it.

JULIA. Good! This sting shall return into your own bosom. Tremble for your mockery! But before you tremble — blush!

LEONORA. Do you then know what it is to blush, signora? But why not? 'Tis a toilet trick.

JULIA. Oh, see! This poor creature must be provoked if one would draw from her a spark of wit. Well — let it pass this time. Madam, you were bitter. Give me your hand in token of reconciliation.

LEONORA. (*offering her hand with a significant look*) Countess, my anger ne'er shall trouble you.

JULIA. (*offering her hand*) Generous, indeed! Yet may I not be so, too? (*Maliciously.*) Countess, do you not think I must love that person whose image I bear constantly about me?

LEONORA. (*blushing and confused*) What do you say? Let me hope the conclusion is too hasty.

JULIA. I think so, too. The heart waits not the guidance of the senses — real sentiment needs no breastwork of outward ornament.

LEONORA. Heavens! Where did *you* learn such a truth?

JULIA. 'Twas in mere compassion that I spoke it; for observe, madam, the reverse is no less certain. Such is Fiesco's love for you. (*Gives her the picture, laughing maliciously.*)

LEONORA. (*with extreme indignation*) My picture! Given to you! (*Throws herself into a chair, much affected.*) Cruel, Fiesco!

JULIA. Have I retaliated? Have I? Now, madam, have you any other sting to wound me with? (*Goes to side scene.*) My carriage! My object is gained. (*To* LEONORA, *patting her cheek.*) Be comforted, my dear; he gave me the picture in a fit of madness.

Exeunt JULIA *and* ARABELLA.

SCENE III.

LEONORA, CALCAGNO *entering.*

CALCAGNO. Did not the Countess Imperiali depart in anger? You, too, so excited, madam?

LEONORA. (*violently agitated*) No! This is unheard-of cruelty.

CALCAGNO. Heaven and earth! Do I behold you in tears?

LEONORA. Thou art a friend of my inhuman — Away, leave my sight!

Calcagno. Whom do you call inhuman? You affright me —

Leonora. My husband. Is he not so?

Calcagno. What do I hear!

Leonora. 'Tis but a piece of villainy common enough among your sex!

Calcagno. (*grasping her hand with vehemence*) Lady, I have a heart for weeping virtue.

Leonora. You are a man — your heart is not for me.

Calcagno. For you alone — yours only. Would that you knew how much, how truly yours —

Leonora. Man, thou art untrue. Thy words would be refuted by thy actions —

Calcagno. I swear to you —

Leonora. A false oath. Cease! The perjuries of men are so innumerable 'twould tire the pen of the recording angel to write them down. If their violated oaths were turned into as many devils they might storm heaven itself, and lead away the angels of light as captives.

Calcagno. Nay, madam, your anger makes you unjust. Is the whole sex to answer for the crime of one?

Leonora. I tell thee in that one was centred all my affection for the sex. In him I will detest them all.

Calcagno. Countess, — you once bestowed your hand amiss. Would you again make trial, I know one who would deserve it better.

Leonora. The limits of creation cannot bound your falsehoods. I'll hear no more.

Calcagno. Oh, that you would retract this cruel sentence in my arms!

Leonora. (*with astonishment*) Speak out. In thy arms!

Calcagno. In my arms, which open themselves to

receive a forsaken woman, and to console her for the love she has lost.

LEONORA. (*fixing her eyes on him*) Love?

CALCAGNO. (*kneeling before her with ardour*) Yes, I have said it. Love, madam! Life and death hang on your tongue. If my passion be criminal then let the extremes of virtue and vice unite, and heaven and hell be joined together in one perdition.

LEONORA. (*steps back indignantly, with a look of noble disdain*) Ha! Hypocrite! Was that the object of thy false compassion? This attitude at once proclaims thee a traitor to friendship and to love. Begone for ever from my eyes! Detested sex! Till now I thought the only victim of your snares was woman; nor ever suspected that to each other you were so false and faithless.

CALCAGNO. (*rising, confounded*) Countess!

LEONORA. Was it not enough to break the sacred seal of confidence? but even on the unsullied mirror of virtue does this hypocrite breathe pestilence, and would seduce my innocence to perjury.

CALCAGNO. (*hastily*) Perjury, madam, you cannot be guilty of.

LEONORA. I understand thee — thou thoughtest my wounded pride would plead in thy behalf. (*With dignity.*) Thou didst not know that she who loves Fiesco feels even the pang that rends her heart ennobling. Begone! Fiesco's perfidy will not make Calcagno rise in my esteem — but — will lower humanity.

[*Exit hastily.*

CALCAGNO. (*stands as if thunderstruck, looks after her, then striking his forehead*) Fool that I am. [*Exit.*

Scene IV.

The Moor *and* Fiesco.

Fiesco. Who was it that just now departed?

Moor. The Marquis Calcagno.

Fiesco. This handkerchief was left upon the sofa. My wife has been here.

Moor. I met her this moment in great agitation.

Fiesco. This handkerchief is moist. (*Puts it in his pocket.*) Calcagno here? And Leonora agitated? This evening thou must learn what has happened.

Moor. Miss Bella likes to hear that she is fair. She will inform me.

Fiesco. Well — thirty hours are past. Hast thou executed my commission?

Moor. To the letter, my lord.

Fiesco. (*seating himself*) Then tell me how they talk of Doria, and of the government.

Moor. Oh, most vilely. The very name of Doria shakes them like an ague-fit. Gianettino is as hateful to them as death itself — there's nought but murmuring. They say the French have been the rats of Genoa, the cat Doria has devoured them, and now is going to feast upon the mice.

Fiesco. That may perhaps be true. But do they not know of any dog against that cat?

Moor. (*with an affected carelessness*) The town was murmuring much of a certain — poh — why, I have actually forgotten the name.

Fiesco. (*rising*) Blockhead! That name is as easy to be remembered as 'twas difficult to achieve. Has Genoa more such names than one?

Moor. No — it cannot have two Counts of Lavagna.

Fiesco. (*seating himself*) That is something. And what do they whisper about my gaieties?

Moor. (*fixing his eyes upon him*) Hear me, Count

of Lavagna! Genoa must think highly of you. They cannot imagine why a descendant of the first family — with such talents and genius — full of spirit and popularity — master of four millions — his veins enriched with princely blood — a nobleman like Fiesco, whom, at the first call, all hearts would fly to meet —

FIESCO. (*turns away contemptuously*) To hear such things from such a scoundrel!

MOOR. Many lamented that the chief of Genoa should slumber over the ruin of his country. And many sneered. Most men condemned you. All bewailed the state which thus had lost you. A Jesuit pretended to have smelt out the fox that lay disguised in sheep's clothing.

FIESCO. One fox smells out another. What say they to my passion for the Countess Imperiali?

MOOR. What I would rather be excused from repeating.

FIESCO. Out with it — the bolder the more welcome. What are their murmurings?

MOOR. 'Tis not a murmur. At all the coffee-houses, billiard-tables, hotels, and public walks — in the market-place, at the Exchange, they proclaim aloud —

FIESCO. What? I command thee!

MOOR. (*retreating*) That you are a fool!

FIESCO. Well, take this sequin for these tidings. Now have I put on a fool's cap that these Genoese may have wherewith to rack their wits. Next I will shave my head, that they may play Merry Andrew to my Clown. How did the manufacturers receive my presents?

MOOR. (*humourously*) Why, Mr. Fool, they looked like poor knaves —

FIESCO. Fool? Fellow, art thou mad?

MOOR. Pardon! I had a mind for a few more sequins.

FIESCO. (*laughing, gives him another sequin*) Well, "Like poor knaves."

MOOR. Who receive pardon at the very block. They are yours both soul and body.

FIESCO. I'm glad of it. They turn the scale among the populace of Genoa.

MOOR. What a scene it was! Zounds! I almost acquired a relish for benevolence. They caught me round the neck like madmen. The very girls seemed in love with my black visage, that's as ill-omened as the moon in an eclipse. Gold, thought I, is omnipotent: it makes even a Moor look fair.

FIESCO. That thought was better than the soil which gave it birth. These words are favourable; but do they bespeak actions of equal import?

MOOR. Yes — as the murmuring of the distant thunder foretells the approaching storm. The people lay their heads together — they collect in parties — break off their talk whenever a stranger passes by. Throughout Genoa reigns a gloomy silence. This discontent hangs like a threatening tempest over the republic. Come, wind, then hail and lightning will burst forth.

FIESCO. Hush! — hark! What is that confused noise?

MOOR. (*going to the window*) It is the tumult of the crowd returning from the senate-house.

FIESCO. To-day is the election of a procurator. Order my carriage! It is impossible that the sitting should be over. I'll go thither. It is impossible it should be over if things went right. Bring me my sword and cloak — where is my golden chain?

MOOR. Sir, I have stolen and pawned it.

FIESCO. That I am glad to hear.

MOOR. But, how! Are there no more sequins for me?

FIESCO. No. You forgot the cloak.

MOOR. Ah! I was wrong in pointing out the thief.

FIESCO. The tumult comes nearer. Hark! 'Tis not the sound of approbation. Quick! Unlock the gates; I guess the matter. Doria has been rash. The state balances upon a needle's point. There has assuredly been some disturbance at the senate-house.

MOOR. (*at the window*) What's here! They're coming down the street of Balbi — a crowd of many thousands — the halberds glitter — ah, swords too! Halloo! Senators! They come this way.

FIESCO. Sedition is on foot. Hasten amongst them; mention my name; persuade them to come hither. (*Exit* MOOR *hastily.*) What reason, labouring like a careful ant, with difficulty scrapes together, the wind of accident collects in one short moment.

SCENE V.

FIESCO, ZENTURIONE, ZIBO, *and* ASSERATO, *rushing in.*

ZIBO. Count, impute it to our anger that we enter thus unannounced.

ZENT. I have been mortally affronted by the duke's nephew in the face of the whole senate.

ASSERATO. Doria has trampled on the golden book of which each noble Genoese is a leaf.

ZENT. Therefore come we hither. The whole nobility are insulted in me; the whole nobility must share my vengeance. To avenge mine own honour I should not need assistance.

ZIBO. The whole nobility are outraged in his person; the whole nobility must rise and vent their rage in fire and flames.

ASSERATO. The rights of the nation are trodden under foot; the liberty of the republic has received a deadly blow.

FIESCO. You raise my expectation to the utmost.

ZIBO. He was the twenty-ninth among the electing senators, and had drawn forth a golden ball to vote for the procurator. Of the eight-and-twenty votes collected, fourteen were for me, and as many for Lomellino. His and Doria's were still wanting —

ZENT. Wanting! I gave my vote for Zibo. Doria — think of the wound inflicted on my honour — Doria —

ASSERATO. (*interrupting him*) Such a thing was never heard of since the sea washed the walls of Genoa.

ZENT. (*continues, with great heat*) Doria drew a sword, which he had concealed under a scarlet cloak — stuck it through my vote — called to the assembly —

ZIBO. "Senators, 'tis good for nothing — 'tis pierced through. Lomellino is procurator."

ZENT. "Lomellino is procurator." And threw his sword upon the table.

ASSERATO. And called out, "'Tis good for nothing!" and threw his sword upon the table.

FIESCO. (*after a pause*) On what are you resolved?

ZENT. The republic is wounded to its very heart. On what are we resolved?

FIESCO. Zenturione, rushes may yield to a breath, but the oak requires a storm. I ask, on what are you resolved?

ZIBO. Methinks the question shall be, on what does Genoa resolve?

FIESCO. Genoa! Genoa! name it not. 'Tis rotten, and crumbles wherever you touch it. Do you reckon on the nobles? Perhaps because they put on grave faces, look mysterious when state affairs are mentioned — talk not of them! Their heroism is stifled among the bales of their Levantine merchandise. Their souls hover anxiously over their India fleet.

ZENT. Learn to esteem our nobles more justly.

Scarcely was Doria's haughty action done when hundreds of them rushed into the street tearing their garments. The senate was dispersed —

FIESCO (*sarcastically*) Like frightened pigeons when the vulture darts upon the dove-cot.

ZENT. No! (*fiercely*) — like powder-barrels when a match falls on them.

ZIBO. The people are enraged. What may we not expect from the fury of the wounded boar!

FIESCO. (*laughing*) The blind, unwieldy monster, which at first rattles its heavy bones, threatening, with gaping jaws, to devour the high and low, the near and distant, at last stumbles at a thread — Genoese, 'tis in vain! The epoch of the masters of the sea is past — Genoa is sunk beneath the splendour of its name. Its state is such as once was Rome's, when, like a tennis-ball, she leaped into the racket of young Octavius. Genoa can be free no longer; Genoa must be fostered by a monarch; therefore do homage to the mad-brained Gianettino.

ZENT. (*vehemently*) Yes, when the contending elements are reconciled, and when the north pole meets the south. Come, friends.

FIESCO. Stay! stay! Upon what project are you brooding, Zibo?

ZIBO. On nothing.

FIESCO. (*leading them to a statue*) Look at this figure.

ZENT. It is the Florentine Venus. Why point to her?

FIESCO. At least she pleases you.

ZIBO. Undoubtedly, or we should be but poor Italians. But why this question now?

FIESCO. Travel through all the countries of the globe, and among the most beautiful of living female models seek one which shall unite all the charms of this ideal Venus.

ZIBO. And then take for our reward?

FIESCO. Then your search will have convicted fancy of deceit —

ZENT. (*impatiently*) And what shall we have gained?

FIESCO. Gained? The descision of the long-protracted contest between art and nature.

ZENT. (*eagerly*) And what then?

FIESCO. Then, then? (*Laughing.*) Then your attention will have been diverted from observing the fall of Genoa's liberty. [*Exeunt all but* FIESCO.

SCENE VI.

FIESCO *alone.* (*The noise without increases.*)

FIESCO. 'Tis well! 'tis well! The straw of the republic has caught fire — the flames have seized already on palaces and towers. Let it go on! May the blaze be general! Let the tempestuous wind spread wide the conflagration!

SCENE VII.

FIESCO, MOOR, *entering in haste.*

MOOR. Crowds upon crowds

FIESCO. Throw open wide the gates. Let all that choose enter.

MOOR. Republicans! Republicans, indeed! They drag their liberty along, panting, like beasts of burden, beneath the yoke of their magnificent nobility.

FIESCO. Fools! who believe that Fiesco of Lavagna will carry on what Fiesco of Lavagna did not begin. The tumult comes opportunely; but the conspiracy must be my own. They are rushing hither —

MOOR. (*going out*) Halloo! halloo! You are very obligingly battering the house down. (*The people rush in; the doors broken down.*)

Scene VIII.

Fiesco, *twelve* Artisans.

All Art. Vengeance on Doria! Vengeance on Gianettino!

Fiesco. Gently! gently! my countrymen! Your waiting thus upon me bespeaks the warmth of your affection; but I pray you have mercy on my ears!

All. (*with impetuosity*) Down with the Dorias! Down with them, uncle and nephew!

Fiesco. (*counting them with a smile*) Twelve is a mighty force!

Some of Them. These Dorias must away! the state must be reformed!

First Art. To throw our magistrates down-stairs! The magistrates!

Second Art. Think, Count Lavagna — down-stairs! because they opposed them in the election —

All. It must not be endured! it shall not be endured!

Third Art. To take a sword into the senate!

First Art. A sword! — the sign of war — into the chamber of peace!

Second Art. To come into the senate dressed in scarlet! Not like the other senators, in black.

First Art. To drive through our capital with eight horses!

All. A tyrant! A traitor to the country and the government!

Second Art. To hire two hundred Germans from the emperor for his body-guard.

First Art. To bring foreigners in arms against the natives — Germans against Italians — soldiers against laws!

All. 'Tis treason! 'tis a plot against the liberty of Genoa!

FIRST ART. To have the arms of the republic painted on his coach!

SECOND ART. The statue of Andreas placed in the centre of the senate-house!

ALL. Dash them to pieces — both the statue and the man —

FIESCO. Citizens of Genoa, why this to me?

FIRST ART. You should not suffer it. You should keep him down.

SECOND ART. You are a wise man, and should not suffer it. You should direct us by your counsel.

FIRST ART. You are a better nobleman. You should chastise them and curb their insolence.

FIESCO. Your confidence is flattering. Can I merit it by deeds?

ALL. (*clamorously*) Strike! Down with the tyrant! Make us free!

FIESCO. But — will you hear me?

SOME. Speak, count!

FIESCO. (*seating himself*) Genoese, — the empire of the animals was once thrown into confusion; parties struggled with parties, till at last a bulldog seized the throne. He, accustomed to drive the cattle to the knife of the butcher, prowled in a savage manner through the state. He barked, he bit, and gnawed his subjects' bones. The nation murmured; the boldest joined together and killed the princely monster. Now a general assembly was held to decide upon the important question, which form of government was best. There were three different opinions. Genoese, what would be your decision?

FIRST ART. For the people — everything in common —

FIESCO. The people gained it. The government was democratical; each citizen had a vote, and everything was submitted to a majority. But a few weeks passed ere man declared war against the new repub-

lic. The state assembled. Horse, lion, tiger, bear, elephant, and rhinoceros stepped forth, and roared aloud, "To arms!" The rest were called upon to vote. The lamb, the hare, the stag, the ass, the tribe of insects, with the birds and timid fishes, cried for peace. See, Genoese! The cowards were more numerous than the brave, the foolish than the wise. Numbers prevailed — the beasts laid down their arms, and man exacted contributions from them. The democratic system was abandoned. Genoese, what would you next have chosen?

FIRST *and* SECOND ART. A select government!

FIESCO. That was adopted. The business of the state was all arranged in separate departments. Wolves were the financiers, foxes their secretaries, doves presided in the criminal courts, and tigers in the courts of equity. The laws of chastity were regulated by goats; hares were the soldiers; lions and elephants had charge of the baggage. The ass was the ambassador of the empire, and the mole appointed inspector-general of the whole administration. Genoese, what think you of this wise distribution? Those whom the wolf did not devour the fox pillaged; whoever escaped from him was knocked down by the ass. The tiger murdered innocents, whilst robbers and assassins were pardoned by the doves. And at the last, when each had laid down his office, the mole declared that all were well discharged. The animals rebelled. "Let us," they cried unanimously, "choose a monarch endowed with strength and skill, and who has only one stomach to appease." And to one chief they all did homage. Genoese — to one — but (*rising and advancing majestically*) — that one was — the lion!

ALL. (*shouting and throwing up their hats*) Bravo! Bravo! Well managed, Count Lavagna!

FIRST ART. And Genoa shall follow that example. Genoa, also, has its lion!

Fiesco. Tell me not of that lion, but go home and think upon him. (*The* Artisans *depart tumultuously.*) It is as I would have it. The people and the senate are alike enraged against Doria; the people and the senate alike approve Fiesco. Hassan! Hassan! I must take advantage of this favourable gale. Hoa! Hassan! Hassan! I must augment their hatred — improve my influence. Hassan! Come hither! Whoreson of hell, come hither!

Scene IX.

Fiesco, Moor *entering hastily.*

Moor. My feet are quite on fire with running. What is the matter now?

Fiesco. Hear my commands!

Moor. (*submissively*) Whither shall I run first?

Fiesco. I will excuse thy running this time. Thou shalt be dragged. Prepare thyself. I intend to publish thy attempted assassination, and deliver thee up in chains to the criminal tribunal.

Moor. (*taking several steps backward*) Sir! — that's contrary to agreement.

Fiesco. Be not alarmed. 'Tis but a farce. At this moment 'tis of the utmost consequence that Gianettino's attempt against my life should be made public. Thou shalt be tried before the criminal tribunal.

Moor. Must I confess it, or deny?

Fiesco. Deny. They will put thee to the torture. Thou must hold out against the first degree. This, by the bye, will serve to expiate thy real crime. At the second thou mayest confess.

Moor. (*shaking his head with a look of apprehension*) The devil is a sly rogue. Their worships might perhaps desire my company a little longer than I

should wish; and, for sheer farce sake, I may be broken on the wheel.

FIESCO. Thou shalt escape unhurt, I give thee my honour as a nobleman. I shall request, as satisfaction, to have thy punishment left to me, and then pardon thee before the whole republic.

MOOR. Well — I agree to it. They will draw out my joints a little; but that will only make them the more flexible.

FIESCO. Then scratch this arm with thy dagger, till the blood flows. I will pretend that I have just now seized thee in fact. 'Tis well. (*Hallooing violently.*) Murder! Murder! Guard the passages! Make fast the gates! (*He drags the* MOOR *out by the throat; servants run across the stage hastily.*)

SCENE X.

LEONORA *and* ROSA *enter hastily, alarmed.*

LEONORA. Murder! they cried — murder! The noise came this way.

ROSA. Surely 'twas but a common tumult, such as happens every day in Genoa.

LEONORA. They cried murder! and I distinctly heard Fiesco's name. In vain you would deceive me. My heart discovers what is concealed from my eyes. Quick! Hasten after them. See! Tell me whither they carry him.

ROSA. Collect your spirits, madam. Arabella is gone.

LEONORA. Arabella will catch his dying look. The happy Arabella! Wretch that I am! 'twas I that murdered him. If I could have engaged his heart he would not have plunged into the world, nor rushed upon the daggers of assassins. Ay! she comes. Away! Oh, Arabella, speak not to me!

SCENE XI.

The former, ARABELLA.

ARABELLA. The count is living and unhurt. I saw him gallop through the city. Never did he appear more handsome. The steed that bore him pranced haughtily along, and with its proud hoof kept the thronging multitude at a distance from its princely rider. He saw me as I passed, and with a gracious smile, pointing thither, thrice kissed his hand to me. (*Archly.*) What can I do with those kisses, madam ?

LEONORA. (*highly pleased*) Idle prattler! Restore them to him.

ROSA. See now, how soon your colour has returned!

LEONORA. His heart he is ready to fling at every wench, whilst I sigh in vain for a look! Oh woman! woman! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XII.

The Palace of ANDREAS.

GIANETTINO *and* LOMELLINO *enter hastily.*

GIANET. Let them roar for their liberty as a lioness for her young. I am resolved.

LOMEL. But — most gracious prince!

GIANET. Away to hell with thy buts, thou three-hours procurator! I will not yield a hair's breadth! Let Genoa's towers shake their heads, and the hoarse sea bellow *No* to it. I value not the rebellious multitude!

LOMEL. The people are indeed the fuel; but the nobility fan the flame. The whole republic is in a ferment, people and patricians.

GIANET. Then will I stand upon the mount like Nero, and regale myself with looking upon the paltry flames.

LOMEL. Till the whole mass of sedition falls into the hands of some enterprising leader, who will take advantage of the general devastation.

GIANET. Poh! Poh! I know but one who might be dangerous, and he is taken care of.

LOMEL. His Highness comes.

Enter ANDREAS — (*both bow respectfully*).

ANDREAS. Signor Lomellino, my niece wishes to take the air.

LOMEL. I shall have the honour of attending her.

[*Exit* LOMELLINO.

SCENE XIII.

ANDREAS *and* GIANETTINO.

ANDREAS. Nephew, I am much displeased with you.

GIANET. Grant me a hearing, most gracious uncle!

ANDREAS. That would I grant to the meanest beggar in Genoa if he were worthy of it. Never to a villain, though he were my nephew. It is sufficient favour that I address thee as an uncle, not as a sovereign!

GIANET. One word only, gracious sir!

ANDREAS. Hear first what thou hast done; then answer me. Thou hast pulled down an edifice which I have laboured for fifty years to raise — that which should have been thy uncle's mausoleum, his only pyramid — the affections of his countrymen. This rashness Andreas pardons thee —

GIANET. My uncle and my sovereign —

ANDREAS. Interrupt me not. Thou hast injured that most glorious work of mine, the constitution, which I brought down from heaven for Genoa, which cost me so many sleepless nights, so many dangers, and so much blood. Before all Genoa thou hast cast a stain upon my honour, in violating my institutions. Who will hold them sacred if my own blood despise them? This folly thy uncle pardons thee.

GIANET. (*offended*) Sir, you educated me to be the Duke of Genoa.

ANDREAS. Be silent. Thou art a traitor to the state, and hast attacked its vital principle. Mark me, boy! That principle is — *subordination.* Because the shepherd retired in the evening from his labour, thoughtest thou the flock deserted? Because Andreas' head is white with age, thoughtest thou, like a villain, to trample on the laws?

GIANET. (*insolently*) Peace, duke! In my veins also boils the blood of that Andreas before whom France has trembled.

ANDREAS. Be silent! I command thee. When I speak the sea itself is wont to pay attention. Thou hast insulted the majesty of justice in its very sanctuary. Rebel! dost thou know what punishment that crime demands? Now answer! (GIANETTINO *appears struck, and fixes his eyes on the ground without speaking.*) Wretched Andreas! In thy own heart hast thou fostered the canker of thy renown. I built up a fabric for Genoa which should mock the lapse of ages, and am myself the first to cast a firebrand into it. Thank my gray head, which would be laid in the grave by a relation's hand — thank my unjust love that, on the scaffold, I pour not out thy rebellious blood to satisfy the violated laws. [*Exit.*

Scene XIV.

Gianettino *looks after the* Duke *speechless with anger,* Lomellino *entering, breathless and terrified.*

Lomel. What have I seen! What have I heard! Fly, prince! Fly quickly! All is lost.

Gianet. (*with inward rage*) What was there to lose?

Lomel. Genoa, prince: I come from the market-place. The people were crowding round a Moor who was dragged along bound with cords. The Count of Lavagna, with above three hundred nobles, followed to the criminal court. The Moor had been employed to assassinate Fiesco, and in the attempt was seized.

Gianet. (*stamping violently on the ground*) What, are all the devils of hell let loose at once?

Lomel. They questioned him most strictly concerning his employer. The Moor confessed nothing. They tried the first degree of torture. Still he confessed nothing. They put him to the second. Then he spoke — he spoke. My gracious lord, how could you trust your honour to such a villain?

Gianet. (*fiercely*) Ask me no question!

Lomel. Hear the rest! Scarcely was the word Doria uttered — I would sooner have seen my name inscribed in the infernal register than have heard yours thus mentioned — scarcely was it uttered when Fiesco showed himself to the people. You know the man — how winningly he pleads — how he is wont to play the usurer with the hearts of the multitude. The whole assembly hung upon his looks, breathless with indignation. He spoke little, but bared his bleeding arm. The crowd contended for the falling drops as if for sacred relics. The Moor was given up to his disposal — and Fiesco — a mortal blow for us! Fiesco par-

doned him. Now the confined anger of the people burst forth in one tumultuous clamour. Each breath annihilated a Doria, and Fiesco was borne home amidst a thousand joyful acclamations.

GIANET. (*with a ferocious laugh*) Let the flood of tumult swell up to my very throat. The emperor! That sound alone shall strike them to the earth, so that not a murmur shall be heard in Genoa.

LOMEL. Bohemia is far from hence. If the emperor come speedily he may perhaps be present at your funeral feast.

GIANET. (*drawing forth a letter with a great seal*) 'Tis fortunate that he is here already. Art thou surprised at this? And didst thou think me mad enough to brave the fury of enraged republicans had I not known they were betrayed and sold?

LOMEL. (*with astonishment*) I know not what to think!

GIANET. But I have thought of something which thou couldst not know. My plan is formed. Ere two days are past twelve senators must fall. Doria becomes sovereign, and the Emperor Charles protects him. Thou seemst astonished —

LOMEL. Twelve senators! My heart is too narrow to comprehend a twelvefold murder.

GIANET. Fool that thou art! The throne will absolve the deed. I consulted with the ministers of Charles on the strong party which France still has in Genoa, and by which she might a second time seize on it unless they should be rooted out. This worked upon the emperor — he approved my projects — and thou shalt write what I will dictate to thee.

LOMEL. I know not yet your purpose.

GIANET. Sit down and write —

LOMEL. But what am I to write? (*Seats himself.*)

GIANET. The names of the twelve candidates for death — Francis Zenturione.

LOMEL. (*writes*) In gratitude for his vote he leads the funeral procession.

GIANET. Cornelio Calva.

LOMEL. Calva.

GIANET. Michael Zibo.

LOMEL. To cool him after his disappointment in the procuratorship.

GIANET. Thomas Asserato and his three brothers — (LOMELLINO *stops.*)

GIANET. (*forcibly*) And his three brothers —

LOMEL. (*writes*) Go on.

GIANET. Fiesco of Lavagna.

LOMEL. Have a care! Have a care! That black stone will yet prove fatal to you.

GIANET. Scipio Bourgognino.

LOMEL. He may celebrate elsewhere his wedding —

GIANET. Ay, where I shall be director of the nuptials. Raphael Sacco.

LOMEL. I should intercede for his life until he shall have paid my five thousand crowns. (*Writes.*) Death strikes the balance.

GIANET. Vincent Calcagno.

LOMEL. Calcagno. The twelfth I write at my own risk, unless our mortal enemy be overlooked.

GIANET. The end crowns all — Joseph Verrina.

LOMEL. He is the very head of the viper that threatens us. (*Rises and presents the paper to* GIANETTINO.) Two days hence death shall make a splendid feast, at which twelve of the chief of Genoa's nobles will be present.

GIANET. (*signs the paper*) 'Tis done. Two days hence will be the ducal election. When the senate shall be assembled for that purpose these twelve shall, on the signal of a handkerchief, be suddenly laid low. My two hundred Germans will have surrounded the senate-house. At that moment I enter and claim homage as the duke. (*Rings the bell.*)

LOMEL. And what of Andreas?

GIANET. (*contemptuously*) He is an old man. (*Enter a servant.*) If the duke should ask for me say I am gone to mass. (*Exit servant.*) I must conceal the devil that's within beneath a saintly garb.

LOMEL. But, my lord, the paper?

GIANET. Take it, and let it be circulated among our party. This letter must be despatched by express to Levanto. 'Tis to inform Spinola of our intended plan, and bid him reach the capital early in the morning. (*Going.*)

LOMEL. Stop, prince. There is an error in our calculation. Fiesco does not attend the senate.

GIANET. (*looking back*) Genoa will easily supply one more assassin. I'll see to that.

[*Exeunt different ways.*

SCENE XV.

An Antechamber in FIESCO'S *Palace.*

FIESCO, *with papers before him, and* MOOR.

FIESCO. Four galleys have entered the harbour, dost say?

MOOR. Yes, they're at anchor in the port.

FIESCO. That's well. Whence are these expresses?

MOOR. From Rome, Placentia, and France.

FIESCO. (*opens the letters and runs over them*) Welcome! welcome news! (*In high spirits.*) Let the messengers be treated in a princely manner.

MOOR. Hem! (*Going.*)

FIESCO. Stop, stop! Here's work for thee in plenty.

MOOR. Command me. I am ready to act the setter or the bloodhound.

FIESCO. I only want at present the voice of the

decoy-bird. To-morrow early two thousand men will enter the city in disguise to engage in my service. Distribute thy assistants at the gates, and let them keep a watchful eye upon the strangers that arrive. Some will be dressed like pilgrims on their journey to Loretto, others like mendicant friars, or Savoyards, or actors; some as peddlers and musicians; but the most as disbanded soldiers coming to seek a livelihood in Genoa. Let every one be asked where he takes up his lodging. If he answer at the Golden Snake, let him be treated as a friend and shown my habitation. But remember, sirrah, I rely upon thy prudence.

MOOR. Sir, as securely as upon my knavery. If a single head escape me, pluck out my eyes and shoot at sparrows with them. (*Going.*)

FIESCO. Stop! I've another piece of business for thee. The arrival of the galleys will excite suspicion in the city. If any one inquire of thee about them, say thou hast heard it rumoured that thy master intends to cruise against the Turks. Dost thou understand me?

MOOR. Yes, yes — the beards of the Mussulmans at the masthead, but the devil for a steersman. (*Going.*)

FIESCO. Gently — one more precaution. Gianettino has new reasons to hate me and lay snares against my life. Go — sound the fellows of thy trade; see if thou canst not smell out some plot on foot against me. Visit the brothels — Doria often frequents them. The secrets of the cabinet are sometimes lodged within the folds of a petticoat. Promise these ladies golden customers. Promise them thy master. Let nothing be too sacred to be used in gaining the desired information.

MOOR. Ha! luckily I am acquainted with one Diana Buononi, whom I have served above a year as procurer. The other day I saw the Signor Lomellino coming out of her house.

FIESCO. That suits my purpose well. This very Lomellino is the key to all Doria's follies. To-morrow thou shalt go thither. Perhaps he is to-night the Endymion of this chaste Diana.

MOOR. One more question, my lord. Suppose the people ask me — and that they will, I'll pawn my soul upon it — suppose they ask, "What does Fiesco think of Genoa?" Would you still wear the mask? — or — how shall I answer them?

FIESCO. Answer? Hum! The fruit is ripe. The pains of labour announce the approaching birth. Answer that Genoa lies upon the block, and that thy master's name is — John Louis Fiesco —

MOOR. (*with an air of satisfaction*) That, by my rogue's honour, shall be done to your heart's content. Now be wide awake, friend Hassan! First to a tavern! My feet have work enough cut out for them. I must coax my stomach to intercede with my legs. (*Hastening away — returns.*) Oh, apropos! My chattering made me almost forget one circumstance. You wished to know what passed between Calcagno and your wife. A refusal, sir — that's all. [*Runs off.*

SCENE XVI.

FIESCO *alone.*

FIESCO. I pity thee, Calcagno. Didst thou think I should, upon so delicate a point, have been thus careless had I not relied in perfect security on my wife's virtue and my own deserts? Yet I welcome this passion. Thou art a good soldier. It shall procure me thy arm for the destruction of Doria. (*Walking up and down.*) Now, Doria, to the scene of action! All the machines are ready for the grand attempt — the instruments are tuned for the terrific concert. Nought is wanting but to throw off the mask, and show Fiesco

to the patriots of Genoa. (*Some persons are heard approaching.*) Ha! Visitors! Who can be coming to disturb me?

FIESCO, VERRINA, ROMANO, *with a picture;* SACCO, BOURGOGNINO, CALCAGNO.

FIESCO. (*receiving them with great affability*) Welcome, my worthy friends! What important business brings you all hither? Are you, too, come, my dear brother, Verrina? I should almost have forgotten you, had you not oftener been present to my thoughts than to my sight. I think I have not seen you since my last entertainment.

VERRINA. Do not count the hours, Fiesco! Heavy burdens have in that interval weighed down my aged head. But enough of this —

FIESCO. Not enough to satisfy the anxiety of friendship. You must inform me farther when we are alone. (*Addressing* BOURGOGNINO.) Welcome, brave youth! Our acquaintance is yet green; but my affection for thee is already ripe. Has your esteem for me improved?

BOURG. 'Tis on the increase.

FIESCO. Verrina, it is reported that this brave young man is to be your son-in-law. Receive my warmest approbation of your choice. I have conversed with him but once; and yet I should be proud to call him my relation.

VERRINA. That judgment makes me of my daughter vain.

FIESCO. (*to the others*) Sacco, Calcagno — all unfrequent visitors — I should fear the absence of Genoa's noblest ornaments were a proof that I had been deficient in hospitality. And here I greet a fifth guest, unknown to me, indeed, but sufficiently recommended by this worthy circle.



ROMANO. He, my lord, is simply a painter, by name Julio Romano, who lives by theft and counterfeit of Nature's charms. His pencil is his only escutcheon; and he now comes hither (*bowing profoundly*) to seek the manly outlines of a Brutus.

FIESCO. Give me your hand, Romano! I love the mistress of your soul with a holy fire. Art is the right hand of Nature. The latter only gave us being, but 'twas the former made us men. What are the subjects of your labour?

ROMANO. Scenes from the heroic ages of antiquity. At Florence is my dying Hercules, at Venice my Cleopatra, the raging Ajax at Rome, where, in the Vatican, the heroes of former times rise again to light.

FIESCO. And what just now employs you?

ROMANO. Alas! my lord, I've thrown away my pencil. The lamp of genius burns quicker than the lamp of life. Beyond a certain moment the flame flickers and dies. This is my last production.

FIESCO. (*in a lively manner*) It could not come more opportune. I feel to-day a more than usual cheerfulness. A sentiment of calm delight pervades my being, and fits it to receive the impression of Nature's beauties. Let us view your picture. I shall feast upon the sight. Come, friends, we will devote ourselves entirely to the artist. Place your picture.

VERRINA. (*apart to the others*) Now, Genoese, observe!

ROMANO. (*placing the picture*) The light must fall upon it thus. Draw up that curtain — let fall the other — right. (*Standing on one side.*) It is the story of Virginia and Appius Claudius. (*A long pause; all contemplate the picture.*)

VERRINA. (*with enthusiasm*) Strike, aged father! Dost thou tremble, tyrant? How pale you stand there, Romans! Imitate him, senseless Romans! The sword yet glitters! Imitate *me*, senseless Genoese!

Down with Doria! Down with him! (*Striking at the picture.*)

FIESCO. (*to the painter, smiling*) Could you desire greater applause? Your art has transformed this old man into a youthful enthusiast.

VERRINA. (*exhausted*) Where am I? What has become of them? They vanished like bubbles. You here, Fiesco! and the tyrant living!

FIESCO. My friend, amidst this admiration you have overlooked the parts most truly beauteous. Does this Roman's head thus strike you? Look there! Observe that damsel — what soft expression! What feminine delicacy! How sweetly touched are those pale lips! How exquisite that dying look! Inimitable! Divine, Romano! And that white, dazzling breast, that heaves with the last pulse of life. Draw more such beauties, Romano, and I will give up Nature to worship thy creative fancy.

BOURG. Is it thus, Verrina, your hopes are answered?

VERRINA. Take courage, son! The Almighty has rejected the arm of Fiesco. Upon ours he must rely.

FIESCO. (*to* ROMANO) Well — 'tis your last work, Romano. Your powers are exhausted. Lay down your pencil. Yet, whilst I am admiring the artist, I forget to satiate on the work. I could stand gazing on it, regardless of an earthquake. Take away your picture — the wealth of Genoa would scarcely reach the value of this Virginia. Away with it.

ROMANO. Honour is the artist's noblest reward. I present it to you. (*Offers to go away.*)

FIESCO. Stay, Romano! (*He walks majestically up and down the room, seeming to reflect on something of importance. Sometimes he casts a quick and penetrating glance at the others; at last he takes* ROMANO *by the hand, and leads him to the picture.*) Come nearer, painter. (*With dignified pride.*) Proudly stand'st thou

there because, upon the dead canvas, thou canst simulate life, and immortalise great deeds with small endeavour. Thou canst dilate with the poet's fire on the empty puppet-show of fancy, without heart and without the nerve of life-inspiring deeds; depose tyrants on canvas, and be thyself a miserable slave! Thou canst liberate republics with a dash of the pencil, yet not break thy own chains! (*In a loud and commanding tone.*) Go! Thy work is a mere juggle. Let the semblance give place to reality! (*With haughtiness, overturning the picture.*) I have done what thou — hast only painted. (*All struck with astonishment;* ROMANO *carries away the picture in confusion.*)

SCENE XVIII.

The former, except ROMANO.

FIESCO. Did you suppose the lion slept because he ceased to roar? Did your vain thoughts persuade you that none but you could feel the chains of Genoa? That none but you durst break them? Before you knew their weight, Fiesco had already broken them. (*He opens an escritoire, takes out a parcel of letters, and throws them on the table.*) These bring soldiers from Parma; — these, French money; — these, four galleys from the Pope. What now is wanting to rouse the tyrant in his lair? Tell me, what think you wanting? (*All stand silent with astonishment.*) Republicans! you waste your time in curses when you should overthrow the tyrant. (*All but* VERRINA *throw themselves at* FIESCO'S *feet.*)

VERRINA. Fiesco, my spirit bends to thine, but my knee cannot. Thy soul is great; but — rise, Genoese! (*They rise.*)

FIESCO. All Genoa was indignant at the effeminate Fiesco; all Genoa cursed the profligate Fiesco. Geno-

ese! my amours have blinded the cunning despot. My wild excesses served to guard my plans from the danger of an imprudent confidence. Concealed beneath the cloak of luxury the infant plot grew up. Enough — I'm known sufficiently to Genoa in being known to you. I have attained my utmost wish.

BOURG. (*throwing himself indignantly into a chair*) Am I, then, nothing?

FIESCO. But let us turn from thought to action. All the engines are prepared — I can storm the city by sea and land. Rome, France, and Parma cover me; the nobles are disaffected; the hearts of the populace are mine; I have lulled to sleep the tyrants; the state is ripe for revolution. We are no longer in the hands of Fortune. Nothing is wanting. Verrina is lost in thought.

BOURG. Patience! I have a word to say, which will more quickly rouse him than the trumpet of the last day. (*To* VERRINA — *calls out to him emphatically.*) Father! Awake! Thy Bertha will despair.

VERRINA. Who spoke those words? Genoese, to arms!

FIESCO. Think on the means of forwarding our plan. Night has advanced upon our discourse; Genoa is wrapped in sleep; the tyrant sinks exhausted beneath the sins of the day. Let us watch o'er both.

BOURG. Let us, before we part, consecrate our heroic union by an embrace! (*They form a circle, with joined arms.*) Here unite five of the bravest hearts in Genoa to decide their country's fate. (*All embrace eagerly.*) When the universe shall fall asunder, and the eternal sentence shall cut in twain the bonds of consanguity and love, then may this fivefold band of heroes still remain entire! (*They separate.*)

VERRINA. When shall we next assemble?

FIESCO. At noon to-morrow I'll hear your sentiments.

VERRINA. 'Tis well — at noon to-morrow. Good night, Fiesco! Come, Bourgognino, you will hear something marvellous.

[*Exeunt* VERRINA *and* BOURGOGNINO.

FIESCO. (*to the others*) Depart by the back gates, that Doria's spies may not suspect us.

[*Exeunt* SACCO *and* CALCAGNO.

SCENE XIX.

FIESCO, *alone.*

FIESCO. (*walking up and down in meditation*) What a tumult is in my breast! What a concourse of dark, uncertain images! Like guilty wretches stealing out in secret to do some horrid deed, with trembling steps and blushing faces bent toward the ground, these flattering phantoms glide athwart my soul. Stay! stay! — let me examine you more closely. A virtuous thought strengthens the heart of man, and boldly meets the day. Ha! I know you — robed in the livery of Satan — avaunt! (*A pause; he continues with energy.*) Fiesco, the patriot! the Duke Fiesco! Peace! On this steep precipice the boundaries of virtue terminate: here heaven and hell are separated. Here have heroes stumbled, here have they fallen, and left behind a name loaded with curses — here, too, have heroes paused, here checked their course, and risen to immortality. (*More vehemently.*) To know the hearts of Genoa mine! To govern with a master's hand this formidable state! Oh, artifice of sin, that masks each devil with an angel's face! Fatal ambition! Everlasting tempter! Won by thy charms, angels abandoned heaven, and death sprung from thy embraces. (*Shuddering.*) Thy syren voice drew angels from their celestial mansions — man thou ensnarest with beauty,

riches, power. (*After a pause, in a firm tone.*) To gain a diadem is great — to reject it is divine! (*Resolutely.*) Perish the tyrant! Let Genoa be free — and I (*much affected*) will be its happiest citizen.

ACT III.

Scene I.

Midnight. A dreary wilderness.

Verrina *and* Bourgognino *entering.*

Bourg. (*stands still*) Whither are you leading me, father? The heavy grief that hung upon your brow when first you bade me follow you still seems to labour in your panting breast. Break this dreadful silence! Speak. I will go no further.

Verrina. This is the place.

Bourg. You could not choose a spot more awful. Father, if the deed you purpose be like the place — father — my hair will stand on end with horror.

Verrina. And yet 'tis cheerfulness itself to the gloom that enwraps my soul. Follow me to yon churchyard, where corruption preys on the mouldering remnants of mortality, and death holds his fearful banquet — where shrieks of damned souls delight the listening fiends, and sorrow weeps her fruitless tears into the never-filling urn. Follow me, my son, to where the condition of this world is changed; and God throws off his attributes of mercy — there will I speak to thee in agony, and thou shalt hear with despair.

Bourg. Hear! what? I conjure you, father.

Verrina. Youth! I fear. Youth, thy blood is

warm and crimson — thy heart is soft and tender — such natures are alive to human kindness — this warmth of feeling melts my obdurate wisdom. If the frost of age or sorrow's leaden pressure had chilled the springtide vigour of thy spirits — if black congealed blood had closed the avenues of thy heart against the approaches of humanity — then would thy mind be attuned to the language of my grief, and thou wouldst look with admiration on my project

BOURG. I will hear it, and embrace it as my own.

VERRINA. Not so, my son — Verrina will not wound thy heart with it. O Scipio, heavy burdens lie on me. A thought more dark and horrible than night, too vast to be contained within the breast of man! Mark me — *my* hand alone shall execute the deed; but my mind cannot alone support the weight of it. If I were proud, Scipio, I might say greatness unshared is torture. It was a burden to the Deity himself, and he created angels to partake his counsels. Hear, Scipio!

BOURG. My soul devours thy words.

VERRINA. Hear! But answer nothing — nothing, young man! Observe me — not a word — Fiesco must die.

BOURG. (*struck with astonishment*) Die! Fiesco!

VERRINA. Die — I thank thee, God, 'tis out at last — Fiesco must die. My son — die by my hand. Now, go. There are deeds too high for human judgment. They appeal alone to Heaven's tribunal. Such a one is this. Go! I neither ask thy blame nor approbation. I know my inward struggles, and that's enough. But hear! These thoughts might weary out thy mind even to madness. Hear! Didst thou observe yesterday with what pride he viewed his greatness reflected from our wondering countenances? The man whose smiles deceived all Italy, will he endure equals in Genoa? Go! 'Tis certain that Fiesco will

overthrow the tyrant. 'Tis as certain he will become a tyrant still more dangerous.

[*Exit hastily.* BOURGOGNINO *looks after him with speechless surprise, then follows slowly.*

SCENE II.

An apartment in FIESCO'S *house. In the middle of the back scene a glass door, through which is seen a view of the sea and Genoa. Daybreak.*

FIESCO *at the window.*

FIESCO. What do I see! The moon hath hid its face. The morn is rising fiery from the sea. Wild fancies have beset my sleep, and kept my soul convulsed by one idea. Let me inhale the pure, refreshing breeze. (*He opens a window; the city and ocean appear red with the tint of morning.* FIESCO *walking up and down the room with energy.*) I the greatest man in Genoa! And should not lesser souls bow down before the greater? But is not this to trample upon virtue? (*Musing.*) Virtue? The elevated mind is exposed to other than ordinary temptations — shall it then be governed by the ordinary rules of virtue? Is the armour which encases the pigmy's feeble frame suited to the giant? (*The sun rises over Genoa.*) This majestic city mine! (*Spreading out his arms as if to embrace it.*) To flame above it like the god of day! To rule over it with a monarch mind! To hold in subjection all the raging passions, all the insatiable desires in this fathomless ocean! 'Tis certain, though the cunning of the thief ennoble not the theft, yet doth the prize ennoble the thief. It is base to filch a purse — daring to embezzle a million, — but it is immeasurably great to steal a diadem. As guilt extends its sphere, the infamy decreaseth. (*A pause, then with energy.*)

To obey! or to command! A fearful dizzying gulf — that absorbs whate'er is precious in the eyes of men. The trophies of the conqueror — the immortal works of science and of art — the voluptuous pleasures of the epicure — the whole wealth encompassed by the seas. To obey! or to command! To be, or not to be! The space between is as wide as from the lowest depths of hell to the throne of the Almighty. (*In an elevated tone.*) From that awful height to look down securely upon the impetuous whirlpool of mankind, where blind fortune holds capricious sway! To quaff at the fountainhead unlimited draughts from the rich cup of pleasure! To hold that armed giant law beneath my feet in leading-strings, and see it struggle with fruitless efforts against the sacred power of majesty! To tame the stubborn passions of the people, and curb them with a playful rein, as a skilful horseman guides the fiery steed! With a breath — one single breath — to quell the rising pride of vassals, whilst the prince, with the motion of his sceptre, can embody even his wildest dreams of fancy! Ah! What thoughts are these which transport the astounded mind beyond its boundaries! Prince! To be for one moment prince comprises the essence of a whole existence. 'Tis not the mere stage of life — but the part we play on it that gives the value. The murmurs which compose the thunder's roar might singly lull an infant to repose — but united their crash can shake the eternal vault of heaven. I am resolved. (*Walking up and down majestically.*)

Scene III.

FIESCO; LEONORA, *entering with a look of anxiety.*

LEONORA. Pardon me, count. I fear I interrupt your morning rest.

FIESCO. (*steps back with astonishment*) Indeed, madam, you do surprise me not a little.

LEONORA. That never happens to those who love.

FIESCO. Charming countess, you expose your beauty to the rude breath of morning.

LEONORA. I know not why I should preserve its small remains for grief to feed on.

FIESCO. Grief, my love? I thought that to be free from cares of state was happiness —

LEONORA. It may be so. Yet do I feel that my weak heart is breaking amidst this happiness. I come, sir, to trouble you with a trifling request, if you can spare a moment's time to hear me. These seven months past I have indulged the pleasing dream of being Countess of Lavagna. It now has passed away and left a painful weight upon my mind. Amid the pleasures of my innocent childhood I must seek relief to my disordered spirits. Permit me, therefore, to return to the arms of my beloved mother —

FIESCO. (*with astonishment*) Countess!

LEONORA. My heart is a poor trembling thing which you should pity. Even the least remembrance of my visionary joy might wound my sickly fancy. I therefore restore the last memorials of your kindness to their rightful owner. (*She lays some trinkets on the table.*) This, too, that like a dagger struck my heart. (*Presenting a letter.*) This, too (*going to rush out of the door in tears*), and I will retain nothing but the wound.

FIESCO. (*agitated, hastens after and detains her*) Leonora! For God's sake, stay!

LEONORA. (*falls into his arms exhausted*) To be your wife was more than I deserved. But she who was your wife deserved at least respect. How bitter is the tongue of calumny. How the wives and maidens of Genoa now look down upon me! "See," they say, "how droops the haughty one whose vanity aspired to Fiesco!" Cruel punishment of my pride! I triumphed

over my whole sex when Fiesco led me to the altar —

FIESCO. Really, Madonna! All this is most surprising —

LEONORA. (*aside*) Ah! he changes colour — now I revive.

FIESCO. Wait only two days, countess — then judge my conduct —

LEONORA. To be sacrificed! Let me not speak it in thy chaste presence, oh, thou virgin day! To be sacrificed to a shameless wanton! Look on me, my husband! Ah, surely those eyes that make all Genoa tremble, must hide themselves before a weeping woman —

FIESCO. (*extremely confused*) No more, signora! No more —

LEONORA. (*with a melancholy look of reproach*) To rend the heart of a poor helpless woman! Oh, it is so worthy of the manly sex. Into his arms I threw myself, and on his strength confidingly reposed my feminine weakness. To him I trusted the heaven of my hopes. The generous man bestowed it on a —

FIESCO. (*interrupting her, with vehemence*) No, my Leonora! No!

LEONORA. My Leonora! Heaven, I thank thee! These were the angelic sounds of love once more. I ought to hate thee, faithless man! And yet I fondly grasp the shadow of thy tenderness. Hate! said I? Hate Fiesco? Oh, believe it not! Thy perfidy may bid me die, but cannot bid me hate thee. I did not know my heart — (*The* MOOR *is heard approaching.*)

FIESCO. Leonora! grant me one trifling favour.

LEONORA. Everything, Fiesco — but indifference.

FIESCO. Well, well. (*Significantly.*) Till Genoa be two days older, inquire not! condemn me not! (*Leads her politely to another apartment.*)

Scene IV.

Fiesco; *the* Moor, *entering hastily.*

Fiesco. Whence come you thus out of breath?

Moor. Quick, my lord!

Fiesco. Has anything run into the net?

Moor. Read this letter. Am I really here? Methinks Genoa is become shorter by twelve streets, or else my legs have grown that much longer! You change colour? Yes, yes — they play at cards for heads, and yours is the chief stake. How do you like it?

Fiesco. (*throws the letter on the table with horror*) Thou woolly-pated rascal! How camest thou by that letter?

Moor. Much in the same way as your Grace will come by the republic. An express was sent with it toward Levanto. I smelt out the game; waylaid the fellow in a narrow pass, despatched the fox, and brought the poultry hither —

Fiesco. His blood be on thy head! As for the letter, 'tis not to be paid with gold.

Moor. Yet I will be content with silver for it — (*Seriously, and with a look of importance.*) Count of Lavagna! 'twas but the other day I sought your life. To-day (*pointing to the letter*) I have preserved it. Now I think his lordship and the scoundrel are even. My further service is an act of friendship — (*presents another letter*) number two!

Fiesco. (*receives it with astonishment*) Art thou mad?

Moor. Number two — (*with an arrogant air — his arms akimbo*) the lion has not acted foolishly in pardoning the mouse. Ah! 'twas a deed of policy. Who else could e'er have gnawed the net with which he was surrounded? Now, sir, how like you that?

FIESCO. Fellow, how many devils hast thou in pay?

MOOR. But one, sir, at your service; and he is in your Grace's keeping.

FIESCO. What! Doria's own signature! Whence dost thou bring this paper?

MOOR. Fresh from the hands of my Diana. I went to her last night, tempted her with your charming words, and still more charming sequins. The last prevailed. She bade me call early in the morning. Lomellino had been there as you predicted, and paid the toll to his contraband heaven with this deposit.

FIESCO. (*indignantly*) Oh, these despicable woman-slaves! They would govern kingdoms, and cannot keep a secret from a harlot. By these papers I learn that Doria and his party have formed a plot to murder me, with eleven senators, and to place Gianettino on the throne.

MOOR. Even so — and that upon the morning of the ducal election, the third of this month.

FIESCO. (*vehemently*) The night of our enterprise shall smother that morning in its very birth. Speed thee, Hassan. My affairs are ripe. Collect our fellows. We will take bloody lead of our adversaries. Be active, Hassan!

MOOR. I have a budget full of news beside. Two thousand soldiers are safely smuggled into the city. I've lodged them with the Capuchins, where not even a prying sunbeam can espy them. They burn with eagerness to see their leader. They are fine fellows.

FIESCO. Each head of them shall yield thee a ducat. Is there no talk about my galleys?

MOOR. Oh, I've a pleasant story of them, my lord. Above four hundred adventurers, whom the peace 'twixt France and Spain has left without employ, besought my people to recommend them to your Grace to fight against the infidels. I have appointed them to meet this evening in the palace court.

FIESCO. (*pleased*) I could almost embrace thee, rascal. A masterly stroke! Four hundred, said'st thou? Genoa is in my power. Four hundred crowns are thine —

MOOR. (*with an air of confidence*) Eh, Fiesco? We two will pull the state in pieces, and sweep away the laws as with a besom. You know not how many hearty fellows I have among the garrison — lads that I can reckon on as surely as on a trip to hell. Now I've so laid my plans that at each gate we have among the guard at least six of our creatures, who will be enough to overcome the others by persuasion or by wine. If you wish to risk a blow to-night, you'll find the sentinels all drenched with liquor.

FIESCO. Peace, fellow! Hitherto I have moved the vast machine alone; shall I now, at the very goal, be put to shame by the greatest rascal under the sun? Here's my hand upon it, fellow — whate'er the *count* remains indebted to thee, the *duke* shall pay.

MOOR. And here, too, is a note from the Countess Imperiali. She beckoned to me from her window, when I went up received me graciously, and asked me ironically if the Countess of Lavagna had not been lately troubled with the spleen. Does your Grace, said I, inquire but for one person?

FIESCO. (*having read the letter throws it aside*) Well said. What answer made she?

MOOR. She answered that she still lamented the fate of the poor bereaved widow — that she was willing to give her satisfaction, and meant to forbid your Grace's attentions.

FIESCO. (*with a sneer*) Which of themselves may possibly cease sometime before the day of judgment. Is that all thy business, Hassan?

MOOR. (*ironically*) My lord, the affairs of the ladies are next to those of state.

FIESCO. Without a doubt, and these especially. But for what purposes are these papers?

MOOR. To remove one plague by another. These powders the signora gave me, to mix one every day with your wife's chocolate.

FIESCO. (*starting*) Gave thee?

MOOR. Donna Julia, Countess Imperiali.

FIESCO. (*snatching them from him eagerly*) If thou liest, rascal, I'll hang thee up alive in irons at the weathercock of the Lorenzo tower, where the wind shall whirl thee nine times round with every blast. The powders?

MOOR. (*impatiently*) I am to give your wife mixed with her chocolate. Such were the orders of Donna Julia Imperiali.

FIESCO. (*enraged*) Monster! monster! This lovely creature! Is there room for so much hell within a female bosom? And I forgot to thank thee, heavenly Providence, that has rendered it abortive — abortive through a greater devil. Wondrous are thy ways! (*To the* MOOR.) Swear to me to obey, and keep this secret.

MOOR. Very well. The latter I can afford — she paid me ready money.

FIESCO. This note invites me to her. I'll be with you, madam! — and find means to lure you hither, too. Now haste thee, with all thy speed, and call together the conspirators.

MOOR. This order I anticipated, and therefore at my own risk appointed every one to come at ten o'clock precisely.

FIESCO. I hear the sound of footsteps. They are here. Fellow, thy villainy deserves a gallows of its own, on which no son of Adam was ever yet suspended. Wait in the antechamber till I call for thee.

MOOR. The Moor has done his work — the Moor may go. [*Exit.*

Scene V.

Fiesco, Verrina, Bourgognino, Calcagno, Sacco.

Fiesco. (*meeting them*) The tempest is approaching: the clouds rush together. Advance with caution. Let all the doors be locked.

Verrina. Eight chambers have I made fast behind. Suspicion cannot come within a hundred steps of us.

Bourg. Here is no traitor, unless our fear become one.

Fiesco. Fear cannot pass my threshold. Welcome he whose mind remains the same as yesterday. Be seated. (*They seat themselves.*)

Bourg. (*walking up and down*) I care not to sit in cold deliberation when action calls upon me.

Fiesco. Genoese, this hour is eventful.

Verrina. Thou hast challenged us to consider a plan for dethroning the tyrant. Demand of us — we are here to answer thee.

Fiesco. First, then, a question which, as it comes so late, you may think strange. Who is to fall? (*A pause.*)

Bourg. (*leaning over* Fiesco's *chair, with an expressive look*) The tyrants.

Fiesco. Well spoken. The tyrants. I entreat you weigh well the importance of the word. Is he who threatens the overthrow of liberty — or he who has it in his power — the greater tyrant?

Verrina. The first I hate, I fear the latter. Let Andreas Doria fall!

Calcagno. (*with emotion*) Andreas? The old Andreas! who perhaps to-morrow may pay the debt of nature —

Sacco. Andreas? That mild old man!

Fiesco. Formidable is that old man's mildness, O

my friend — the brutality of Gianettino only deserves contempt. "Let Andreas fall!" There spoke thy wisdom, Verrina.

BOURG. The chain of iron, and the cord of silk, alike are bonds. Let Andreas perish!

FIESCO. (*going to the table*) The sentence, then, is passed upon the uncle and the nephew. Sign it! (*They all sign.*) The question who is settled. How must be next determined. Speak first, Calcagno.

CALCAGNO. We must execute it either as soldiers or assassins. The first is dangerous, because we must have many confidants. 'Tis also doubtful, because the peoples' hearts are not all with us. To act the second our five good daggers are sufficient. Two days hence high mass will be performed in the Lorenzo Church — both the Dorias will be present. In the house of God even a tyrant's cares are lulled to sleep. I have done.

FIESCO. (*turning away*) Calcagno, your plan is politic, but 'tis detestable. Raphael Sacco, yours?

SACCO. Calcagno's reasons please me, but the means he chooses my mind revolts at. Better were it that Fiesco should invite both the uncle and nephew to a feast, where, pressed on all sides by the vengeance of the republic, they must swallow death at the dagger's point, or in a bumper of good Cyprian. This method is at least convenient.

FIESCO. (*with horror*) Ah, Sacco! What if the wine their dying tongues shall taste become for us torments of burning pitch in hell! Away with this advice! Speak thou, Verrina.

VERRINA. An open heart shows a bold front. Assassination degrades us to banditti. The hero advances sword in hand. I propose to give aloud the signal of revolt, and boldly rouse the patriots of Genoa to vengeance. (*He starts from his seat, the others do the same.*)

BOURG. (*embracing him*) And with armed hand

wrest Fortune's favours from her. This is the voice of honour, and is mine.

FIESCO. And mine. Shame on you, Genoese! (*To* SACCO *and* CALCAGNO.) Fortune has already done too much for us, let something be our own. Therefore open revolt! And that, Genoese, this very night — (VERRINA *and* BOURGOGNINO *astonished — the others terrified.*)

CALCAGNO. What! To-night! The tyrants are yet too powerful, our force too small.

SACCO. To-night! And nought prepared? The day is fast declining.

FIESCO. Your doubts are reasonable, but read these papers. (*He gives them* GIANETTINO'S *papers, and walks up and down with a look of satisfaction, whilst they read them eagerly.*) Now, farewell, thou proud and haughty star of Genoa, that didst seem to fill the whole horizon with thy brightness. Knowest thou not that the majestic sun himself must quit the heavens, and yield his sceptre to the radiant moon? Farewell, Doria, beauteous star!

> Patroclus to the shades is gone,
> And he was more than thou.

BOURG. (*after reading the papers*) This is horrible.

CALCAGNO. Twelve victims at a blow!

VERRINA. To-morrow in the senate-house.

BOURG. Give me these papers, and I will ride with them through Genoa, holding them up to view. The very stones will rise in mutiny, and even the dogs will howl against the tyrant.

ALL. Revenge! Revenge! Revenge! This very night!

FIESCO. Now you have reached the point. At sunset I will invite hither the principal malcontents — those that stand upon the bloody list of Gianettino!

Besides the Sauli, the Gentili, Vivaldi, Vesodimari, all mortal enemies of the house of Doria; but whom the tyrant forgot to fear. They, doubtless, will embrace my plan with eagerness.

BOURG. I doubt it not.

FIESCO. Above all things, we must render ourselves masters of the sea. Galleys and seamen I have ready. The twenty vessels of the Dorias are dismantled, and may be easily surprised. The entrance of the inner harbour must be blocked up, all hope of flight cut off. If we secure this point, all Genoa is in our power.

VERRINA. Doubtless.

FIESCO. Then we must seize the strongest posts in the city, especially the gate of St. Thomas, which, leading to the harbour, connects our land and naval forces. Both the Dorias must be surprised within their palaces, and killed. The bells must toll,—the citizens be called upon to side with us, and vindicate the liberties of Genoa. If Fortune favour us, you shall hear the rest in the senate.

VERRINA. The plan is good. Now for the distribution of our parts.

FIESCO. (*significantly*) Genoese, you chose me, of your own accord, as chief of the conspiracy. Will you obey my further orders?

VERRINA. As certainly as they shall be the best.

FIESCO. Verrina, dost thou know the principle of all warlike enterprise? Instruct him, Genoese. It is subordination. If your will be not subjected to mine — observe me well — if I be not the head of the conspiracy, I am no more a member.

VERRINA. A life of freedom is well worth some hours of slavery. We obey.

FIESCO. Then leave me now. Let one of you reconnoitre the city and inform me of the strength or weakness of the several posts. Let another find out the watchword. A third must see that the galleys are in

readiness. A fourth conduct the two thousand soldiers into my palace court. I myself will make all preparations here for the evening, and pass the interval perhaps in play. At nine precisely let all be at my palace to hear my final orders. (*Rings the bell.*)

VERRINA. I take the harbour.

BOURG. I the soldiers.

CALCAGNO. I will learn the watchword.

SACCO. I will reconnoitre Genoa. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

FIESCO, MOOR.

FIESCO. (*seated at a desk, and writing*) Did they not struggle against the word *subordination* as the worm against the needle which transfixes it? But 'tis too late, republicans.

MOOR. (*entering*) My lord —

FIESCO. (*giving him a paper*) Invite all those whose names are written here to see a play this evening at my palace.

MOOR. Perhaps to act a part, and pay the admittance with their heads.

FIESCO. (*in a haughty and contemptuous manner*) When that is over I will no longer detain thee here in Genoa. (*Going, throws him a purse.*) This is thy last employment. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

MOOR, *alone.*

MOOR. (*taking up the purse slowly, and looking after* FIESCO *with surprise*) Are we, then, on these terms?

"I will detain thee in Genoa no longer." That is to say, translated from the Christian language into my heathen tongue, "When I am duke I shall hang up my friend the Moor upon a Genoese gallows." Hum! He fears, because I know his tricks, my tongue may bring his honour into danger when he is duke. When he is duke? Hold, master count! That event remains to be considered. Ah! old Doria, thy life is in my hands. Thou art lost unless I warn thee of thy danger. Now, if I go to him and discover the plot, I save the Duke of Genoa no less than his existence and his dukedom, and gain at least this hatful of gold for my reward. (*Going, stops suddenly.*) But stay, friend Hassan, thou art going on a foolish errand. Suppose this scene of riot is prevented, and nothing but good is the result. Pshaw! what a cursed trick my avarice would then have played me! Come, devil, help me to make out what promises the greatest mischief; to cheat Fiesco, or to give up Doria to the dagger. If Fiesco succeed then Genoa may prosper. Away! That must not be. If this Doria escape, then all remains as it was before, and Genoa is quiet. That's still worse! Ay, but to see these rebels' heads upon the block! Hum! On the other hand 'twould be amusing to behold the illustrious Dorias in this evening's massacre the victims of a rascally Moor. No. This doubtful question a Christian might perhaps resolve, but 'tis too deep a riddle for my Moorish brains. I'll go propose it to some learned man. [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

An apartment in the house of the COUNTESS IMPERIALI. JULIA *in dishabille.* GIANETTINO *enters, agitated.*

GIANET. Good evening, sister.

JULIA. (*rising*) It must be something extraordinary which brings the crown prince of Genoa to his sister!

GIANET. Sister, you are continually surrounded by butterflies and I by wasps. How is it possible that we should meet? Let's be seated.

JULIA. You almost excite my curiosity.

GIANET. When did Fiesco visit you last?

JULIA. A strange question. As if I burdened my memory with such trifles!

GIANET. I must know — positively.

JULIA. Well, then, he was here yesterday.

GIANET. And behaved without reserve?

JULIA. As usual.

GIANET. As much a coxcomb as ever.

JULIA. (*offended*) Brother!

GIANET. (*more vehemently*) I say — as much a coxcomb —

JULIA. (*rises, with indignation*) Sir! What do you take me for?

GIANET. (*keeps his seat — sarcastically*) For a mere piece of woman-flesh, wrapped up in a great — great patent of nobility. This between ourselves — there is no one by to hear us.

JULIA. (*enraged*) Between ourselves — you are an impertinent jackanapes, and presume upon the credit of your uncle. No one by to hear us, indeed!

GIANET. Sister! sister! don't be angry. I'm only merry because Fiesco is still as much a coxcomb as ever. That's all I wanted to know. Your servant — (*Going.*)

SCENE IX.

The former, LOMELLINO, *entering.*

LOMEL. (*to* JULIA, *respectfully*) Pardon my boldness, gracious lady. (*To* GIANETTINO.) Certain affairs which cannot be delayed — (GIANETTINO *takes him aside;* JULIA *sits down angrily at the pianoforte and plays an allegro.*)

GIANET. (*to* LOMELLINO) Is everything prepared for to-morrow ?

LOMEL. Everything, prince — but the courier, who was despatched this morning to Levanto, is not yet returned, nor is Spinola arrived. Should he be intercepted ! I'm much alarmed —

GIANET. Fear nothing. You have that list at hand ?

LOMEL. (*embarrassed*) My lord — the list ? I do not know — I must have left it at home in my other pocket.

GIANET. It does not signify — would that Spinola were but here. Fiesco will be found dead in his bed. I have taken measures for it.

LOMEL. But it will cause great consternation.

GIANET. In that lies our security. Common crimes but move the blood and stir it to revenge: atrocious deeds freeze it with terror, and annihilate the faculties of man. You know the fabled power of Medusa's head — they who but looked on it were turned to stone. What may not be done, my boy, before stones are warmed to animation ?

LOMEL. Have you given the countess any intimation of it ?

GIANET. That would never do ! We must deal more cautiously with her attachment to Fiesco. When she shares the sweets, the cost will soon be forgotten. Come, I expect troops this evening from Milan, and must give orders at the gates for their reception. (*To* JULIA.) Well, sister, have you almost thrummed away your anger ?

JULIA. Go ! You're a rude, unmannered creature.

(GIANET., *going*, *meets* FIESCO.)

Scene X.

The former ; Fiesco.

Gianet. (*stepping back*) Ha !

Fiesco. (*with politeness*) Prince, you spare me a visit which I was just now about to pay.

Gianet. And I, too, count, am pleased to meet you here.

Fiesco. (*approaching* Julia *courteously*) Your charms, signora, always surpass expectation.

Julia. Fie ! that in another would sound ambiguous — but I'm shocked at my dishabille — excuse me, count — (*Going.*)

Fiesco. Stay, my beauteous lady. Woman's beauty is ne'er so charming as when in the toilet's simplest garb. (*Laughingly.*) An undress is her surest robe of conquest. Permit me to loosen these tresses —

Julia. Oh, how ready are you men to cause confusion !

Fiesco. (*with a smile to* Gianet.) In dress, as in the state — is it not so ? (*To* Julia.) This ribbon, too, is awkwardly put on. Sit down, fair countess — your Laura's skill may strike the eye, but cannot reach the heart. Let me play the chambermaid for once. (*She sits down, he arranges her dress.*)

Gianet. (*aside to* Lomel.) Poor frivolous fellow !

Fiesco. (*engaged about her bosom*) Now see — this I prudently conceal. The senses should always be blind messengers, and not know the secret compact between nature and fancy.

Julia. That is trifling.

Fiesco. Not at all ; for, consider, the prettiest novelty loses all its zest when once become familiar. Our senses are but the rabble of our inward republic. The noble live by them, but elevate themselves above their low, degenerate tastes. (*Having adjusted her*

toilet he leads her to a glass.) Now by my honour! this must on the morrow be Genoa's fashion— (*politely*) — may I have the honour of leading you so abroad, countess?

JULIA. The cunning flatterer! How artfully he lays his plans to ensnare me. No! I have a toothache, and will stay at home.

FIESCO. Pardon me, countess. You *may* be so cruel, but surely you will not. To-day a company of Florentine comedians arrive at my palace. Most of the Genoese ladies will be present this evening at their performance, and I am uncertain whom to place in the chief box without offending others. There is but one expedient. (*Making a low bow.*) If you would condescend, signora —

JULIA. (*blushing, retires to a side apartment*) Laura!

GIANET. (*approaching* FIESCO) Count, you remember an unpleasant circumstance —

FIESCO. (*interrupting him*) 'Tis my wish, prince, we should both forget it. The actions of men are regulated by their knowledge of each other. It is my fault that you knew me so imperfectly.

GIANET. I shall never think of it without craving your pardon from my inmost soul —

FIESCO. Nor I without forgiving you from my heart's core. (JULIA *returns, her dress a little altered.*)

GIANET. Count, I just now recollect that you are going to cruise against the Turks —

FIESCO. This evening we weigh anchor. On that account I had some apprehensions from which my friend Doria's kindness may deliver me.

GIANET. (*obsequiously*) Most willingly. Command my utmost influence!

FIESCO. The circumstance might cause a concourse toward the harbour, and about my palace, which the duke your uncle might misinterpret.

GIANET. (*in a friendly manner*) I'll manage that for you. Continue your preparations, and may success attend your enterprise!

FIESCO. (*with a smile*) I'm much obliged to you.

SCENE XI.

The former — A GERMAN *of the body-guard.*

GIANET. What now?

GERMAN. Passing by the gate of St. Thomas I observed a great number of armed soldiers hastening toward the harbour. The galleys of the Count Fiesco were preparing for sea.

GIANET. Is that all? Report it no further.

GERMAN. Very well. From the convent of the Capuchins, too, suspicious rabble are pouring, and steal toward the market-place. From their gait and appearance I should suppose them soldiers.

GIANET. (*angrily*) Out upon this fool's zeal! (*To* LOMEL., *aside.*) These are undoubtedly my Milanese.

GERMAN. Does your Grace command that they should be arrested?

GIANET. (*aloud to* LOMEL.) Look to them, Lomellino. (*To the* GERMAN.) Begone! 'Tis all well. (*Aside to* LOMEL.) Bid that German beast be silent.

[*Exeunt* LOMEL. *and* GERMAN.

FIESCO. (*in another part of the room with* JULIA — *looks toward* GIANET.) Our friend Doria seems displeased. May I inquire the reason?

GIANET. No wonder. These eternal messages.

[*Exit hastily.*

FIESCO. The play awaits us, too, signora. May I offer you my hand?

JULIA. Stay, let me take my cloak. 'Tis no tragedy I hope, count? It would haunt me in my dreams.

FIESCO. (*sarcastically*) 'Twill excite immoderate laughter. [*He hands her out — the curtain falls.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Night. The court of FIESCO'S *palace. The lamps lighted. Persons carrying in arms. A wing of the palace illuminated. A heap of arms on one side of the stage.*

BOURGOGNINO, *leading a band of soldiers.*

BOURG. Halt! Let four sentinels be stationed at the great gate. Two at every door of the palace. (*The sentinels take their posts.*) Let every one that chooses enter, but none depart. If any one attempts to force his way run him through. (*Goes with the rest into the palace. The sentinels walk up and down. A pause.*)

SCENE II.

ZENTURIONE *entering.*

SENTINELS AT THE GATE. (*call out*) Who goes there?

ZENT. A friend of Lavagna. (*Goes across the court to the palace on the right.*)

SENTINEL THERE. Back! (ZENT. *starts, and goes to the door on the left.*)

SENTINEL ON THE LEFT. Back!

ZENT. (*stands still with surprise. A pause. Then to the* SENTINEL *on the left*) Friend, which is the way to the theatre?

SENTINEL. Don't know.

ZENT. (*walks up and down with increasing surprise — then to the* SENTINEL *on the right*) Friend, when does the play begin?

SENTINEL. Don't know.

ZENT. (*astonished, walks up and down. Perceives the weapons; alarmed*) Friend, what mean these?

SENTINEL. Don't know.

ZENT. (*wraps himself up in his cloak, alarmed*) Strange!

SENTINELS AT THE GATE. (*calling out*) Who goes there?

SCENE III.

The former, ZIBO *entering.*

ZIBO. A friend of Lavagna.

ZENT. Zibo, where are we?

ZIBO. What mean you?

ZENT. Look around you, Zibo.

ZIBO. Where? What?

ZENT. All the doors are guarded!

ZIBO. Here are arms! —

ZENT. No one that will answer —

ZIBO. 'Tis strange!

ZENT. What is it o'clock?

ZIBO. Past eight.

ZENT. How bitter cold it is!

ZIBO. Eight was the hour appointed.

ZENT. (*shaking his head*) 'Tis not all as it should be here.

ZIBO. Fiesco means to jest with us —

ZENT. To-morrow will be the ducal election. Zibo, all's not right here, depend upon it.

ZIBO. Hush! hush!

ZENT. The right wing of the palace is full of lights.

ZIBO. Do you hear nothing?

ZENT. A confused murmuring within — and —

ZIBO. The sound of clattering arms —

ZENT. Horrible! horrible!

ZIBO. A carriage — it stops at the gate!

SENTINELS AT THE GATE. (*calling out*) Who goes there?

SCENE IV.

The former, four of the ASSERATO *family.*

ASSERATO. (*entering*) A friend of Fiesco.

ZIBO. They are the four Asserati.

ZENT. Good evening, friends!

ASSERATO. We are going to the play.

ZIBO. A pleasant journey to you!

ASSERATO. Are you not going also?

ZENT. Walk on. We'll just take a breath of air first.

ASSERATO. 'Twill soon begin. Come. (*Going.*)

SENTINEL. Back!

ASSERATO. What can this mean?

ZENT. (*laughing*) To keep you from the palace.

ASSERATO. Here's some mistake —

ZIBO. That's plain enough. (*Music is heard in the right wing.*)

ASSERATO. Do you hear the symphony? The comedy is going to begin.

ZENT. I think it has begun, and we are acting our parts as fools.

ZIBO. I'm not over warm — I'll return home.

ASSERATO. Arms here, too?

ZIBO. Poh! Mere playhouse articles.

ZENT. Shall we stand waiting, like ghosts upon the banks of Acheron? Come, let us to a tavern! (*All six go toward the gate.*)

SENTINELS. (*calling loudly*) Back! Back!

ZENT. Death and the devil! We are caught.

ZIBO. My sword shall open a passage!

ASSERATO. Put it up! The count's a man of honour.

ZIBO. We are sold! betrayed! The comedy was a bait, and we're caught in a trap.

ASSERATO. Heaven forbid! And yet I tremble for the event.

SCENE V.

The former — VERRINA, SACCO, *and* NOBLES.

SENTINELS. Who goes there?

VERRINA. Friends of the house. (*Seven* NOBLES *enter with him.*)

ZIBO. These are his confidants. Now all will be explained.

SACCO. (*in conversation with* VERRINA) 'Tis as I told you; Lascaro is on guard at the St. Thomas' gate, the best officer of Doria, and blindly devoted to him.

VERRINA. I'm glad of it.

ZIBO. (*to* VERRINA) Verrina, you come opportunely to clear up the mystery.

VERRINA. How so? What mean you?

ZENT. We are invited to a comedy.

VERRINA. Then we are going the same way.

ZENT. (*impatiently*) Yes — the way of all flesh. You see the doors are guarded. Why guard the doors?

ZIBO. Why these sentinels?

ZENT. We stand here like criminals beneath the gallows.

VERRINA. The count will come himself.

ZENT. 'Twere well if he came a little faster. My patience begins to fail. (*All the* NOBLES *walk up and down in the background.*)

BOURG. (*coming out of the palace, to* VERRINA) How goes it in the harbour?

VERRINA. They're all safe on board.

BOURG. The palace is full of soldiers.

VERRINA. 'Tis almost nine.

BOURG. The count is long in coming.

VERRINA. And yet too quick to gain his wishes. Bourgognino! There is a thought that freezes me.

BOURG. Father, be not too hasty.

VERRINA. It is impossible to be too hasty where delay is fatal. I must commit a second murder to justify the first.

BOURG. But — when must Fiesco fall?

VERRINA. When Genoa is free Fiesco dies!

SENTINELS. Who goes there?

SCENE VI.

The former, FIESCO.

FIESCO. A friend! (*The* NOBLES *bow — the* SENTINELS *present their arms.*) Welcome, my worthy guests! You must have been displeased at my long absence. Pardon me. (*In a low voice to* VERRINA.) Ready?

VERRINA. (*in the same manner*) As you wish.

FIESCO. (*to* BOURGOGNINO) And you?

BOURG. Quite prepared.

FIESCO. (*to* SACCO) And you?

SACCO. All's right.

FIESCO. And Calcagno?

BOURG. Is not yet arrived.

FIESCO. (*aloud to the* SENTINELS) Make fast the gates! (*He takes off his hat, and steps forward with dignity toward the assembly.*) My friends — I have invited you hither to a play — not as spectators, but to allot to each a part therein.

Long enough have we borne the insolence of Gianettino Doria, and the usurpation of Andreas. My friends, if we would deliver Genoa, no time is to be lost. For what purpose, think you, are those twenty galleys which beset our harbour? For what purpose the alliances which the Dorias have of late concluded? For what purpose the foreign forces which they have collected even in the heart of Genoa? Murmurs and execrations avail no longer. To save all we must dare all. A desperate disease requires a desperate remedy. Is there one base enough in this assembly to own an equal for his master? (*Murmurs.*) Here is not one whose ancestors did not watch around the cradle of infant Genoa. What! — in Heaven's name! — what, I ask you, have these two citizens to boast of that they could urge their daring flight so far above our head? (*Increasing murmurs.*) Every one of you is loudly called upon to fight for the cause of Genoa against its tyrants. No one can surrender a hair's breadth of his rights without betraying the soul of the whole state. (*Interrupted by violent commotions he proceeds.*)

You feel your wrongs — then everything is gained. I have already paved your way to glory — Genoese, will you follow? I am prepared to lead you. Those signs of war which you just now beheld with horror should awaken your heroism. Your anxious shuddering must warm into a glorious zeal that you may unite your efforts with this patriotic band to overthrow the tyrant. Success will crown the enterprise, for all our preparations are well arranged. The cause is just, for Genoa suffers. The attempt will render us immortal, for it is vast and glorious —

ZENT. (*vehemently, and agitated*) Enough! Genoa shall be free! Be this our shout of onset against hell itself!

ZIBO. And may he who is not roused by it pant at the slavish oar till the last trumpet break his chains —

FIESCO. Spoken like men. Now you deserve to know the danger that hung over yourselves and Genoa. (*Gives them the papers of the* MOOR.) Lights, soldiers! (*The nobles crowd about the lights, and read* — FIESCO *aside to* VERRINA.) Friend, it went as I could wish.

VERRINA. Be not too certain. Upon the left I saw countenances that grew pale, and knees that tottered.

ZENT. (*enraged*) Twelve senators! Infernal villainy! Seize each a sword! (*All, except two, eagerly take up the weapons that lie in readiness.*)

ZIBO. Thy name, too, Bourgognino, is written there.

BOURG. Ay, and if Heaven permit, it shall be written to-day upon the throat of Gianettino.

ZENT. Two swords remain —

ZIBO. Ah! What sayest thou?

ZENT. Two amongst us have not taken swords.

ASSERATO. My brothers cannot bear the sight of blood — pray spare them!

ZENT. (*vehemently*) What! Not a tyrant's blood! Tear them to pieces — cowards! Let such bastards be driven from the republic! (*Some of the assembly attack the two* ASSERATI.)

FIESCO. (*restraining them*) Cease! Shall Genoa owe its liberty to slaves? Shall our pure gold be debased by this alloy? (*He disengages them.*) Gentlemen, you must be content to take up your abode within my palace until our business be decided. (*To the* SENTINELS.) These are your prisoners; you answer for their safety! Guard them with loaded arms. (*They are led off — a knocking heard at the gate.*)

SENTINEL. Who is there?

CALCAGNO. (*without, eagerly*) Open the gate! A friend! for God's sake, open!

BOURG. It is Calcagno — heavens! What can this mean?

FIESCO. Open the gate, soldiers.

Scene VII.

The former — Calcagno, *out of breath.*

Calcagno. All is lost! all is lost! Fly, every one that can!

Bourg. What's lost? Have they flesh of brass? Are our swords made of rushes?

Fiesco. Consider, Calcagno! An error now is fatal!

Calcagno. We are betrayed! Your Moor, Lavagna, is the rascal! I come from the senate-house. He had an audience of the duke.

Verrina. (*with a resolute tone, to the* Sentinels) Soldiers! let me rush upon your halberds! I will not perish by the hangman's hands. (*The assembly show marks of confusion.*)

Fiesco. (*with firmness*) What are you about? 'Sdeath, Calcagno! Friends, 'tis a false alarm. (*To* Calcagno, *aside.*) Woman that thou art to tell these boys this tale. Thou, too, Verrina? and thou, Bourgognino? Whither wouldst thou go?

Bourg. Home — to kill my Bertha — and then return to fall with thee.

Fiesco. (*bursting into a loud laugh*) Stay! stay! Is this the valour that should punish tyrants? Well didst thou play thy part, Calcagno. Did none of you perceive that this alarm was my contrivance? Speak, Calcagno! Was it not my order that you should put these Romans to this trial?

Verrina. Well, if you can laugh I'll believe you — or never more think you man.

Fiesco. Shame on you, men! to fail in such a boyish trial! Resume your arms — you must fight like lions to atone for this disgrace. (*Aside to* Calcagno.) Were you there yourself?

Calcagno. (*low*) I made my way among the

guards to hear, as was my business, the watchword from the duke. As I was returning the Moor was brought —

FIESCO. (*aloud*) So the old man is gone to bed — we'll drum him out of his feathers. (*Low.*) Did he talk long with the duke?

CALCAGNO. (*low*) My sudden flight and your impending danger drove me away in haste —

FIESCO. (*aloud*) See how our countrymen still tremble.

CALCAGNO. (*aloud*) You should have carried on the jest. (*Low.*) For God's sake, friend, what will this artifice avail us?

FIESCO. 'Twill gain us time, and dissipate the first panic. (*Aloud.*) Ho, bring wine here! (*Low.*) Did the duke turn pale? (*Aloud.*) Well, brothers, let us drink success to this night's entertainment. (*Low.*) Did the duke turn pale?

CALCAGNO. The Moor's first word must have been conspiracy; for the old man started back as pale as ashes.

FIESCO. (*confused*) Hum! the devil is an artful counseller. Calcagno — the Moor was cunning, he betrayed nothing till the knife was at his throat. Now he is indeed their saviour. (*Wine is brought, he drinks to the assembly.*) Comrades, success! (*A knocking is heard.*)

SENTINELS. Who is without?

A VOICE. The guard of the duke's. (*The* NOBLES *rush about the court in despair.*)

FIESCO. (*stepping forward*) Oh, my friends! Be not alarmed! I am here — quick, remove these arms — be men. I entreat you — this visit makes me hope that Andreas still doubts our plot. Retire into the palace: recall your spirits. Soldiers, throw open the gate! (*They retire, the gates are opened.*)

SCENE VIII.

FIESCO (*as if coming from the palace.*) *Three* GERMAN SOLDIERS *bringing the* MOOR, *bound.*

FIESCO. Who calls me?

GERMANS. Bring us to the count!

FIESCO. The count is here, who wants me?

GERMAN. (*presenting his arms*) Greeting from the duke! — he delivers up to your Grace this Moor in chains, who had basely slandered you: the rest this note will tell.

FIESCO. (*takes it with an air of indifference*) Have I not threatened thee already with the galleys? (*To the* GERMAN.) Very well, my friend, my respects to the duke.

MOOR. (*hallooing after them*) Mine, too — and tell the duke had he not employed an ass for his messenger he would have learned that two thousand soldiers are concealed within these palace walls.

[*Exeunt* GERMANS, *the* NOBLES *return.*

SCENE IX.

FIESCO, *the* CONSPIRATORS, MOOR (*looking at them unconcerned*).

THE CONSPIRATORS. (*shuddering at the sight of the* MOOR) Ha! what means this?

FIESCO. (*after reading the note with suppressed anger*) Genoese, the danger is past — but the conspiracy is likewise at an end —

VERRINA. (*astonished*) What! Are the Dorias dead?

FIESCO. (*violently agitated*) By heavens! I was

prepared to encounter the whole force of the republic, but not this blow. This old nerveless man, with his pen, annihilates three thousand soldiers. (*His hands sink down.*) Doria overcomes Fiesco!

BOURG. Speak, count, we are amazed!

FIESCO. (*reading*) "Lavagna, your fate resembles mine; benevolence is rewarded with ingratitude. The Moor informs me of a plot: I send him back to you in chains, and shall sleep to-night without a guard." (*He drops the paper — the rest look at each other.*)

VERRINA. Well, Fiesco?

FIESCO. (*with dignity*) Shall Doria surpass me in magnanimity? Shall the race of Fiesco want this one virtue? No, by my honour — disperse — I'll go and own the whole —

VERRINA. (*stopping him*) Art thou mad? Was, then, our enterprise some thievish act of villainy? Was it not our country's cause? Was Andreas the object of thy hatred, and not the tyrant? Stay! I arrest thee as a traitor to thy country.

CONSPIRATORS. Bind him! throw him down!

FIESCO. (*snatching up his sword, and making way through them*) Gently! Who will be the first to throw the cord around the tiger? See, Genoese! — I stand here at liberty, and might force my way with ease, had I the will — but I will stay — I have other thoughts —

BOURG. Are they thoughts of duty?

FIESCO. (*haughtily*) Ha! boy! learn first to know thy own — and toward me restrain that tongue! Be appeased, Genoese, — our plans remain unaltered. (*To the* MOOR, *whose cords he cuts with a sword.*) Thou hast the merit of causing a noble act — fly! —

CALCAGNO. (*enraged*) What? Shall that scoundrel live, — he who has betrayed us all?

FIESCO. Live, though he has frightened you all. Rascal, begone! See that thou turn thy back quickly

on Genoa; lest some one immolate thee to the manes of his courage.

MOOR. So, then, the devil does not forsake his friends. Your servant, gentlemen! I see that Italy does not produce my halter; I must seek it elsewhere. [*Exit laughing.*

SCENE X.

FIESCO, CONSPIRATORS. *Enter* SERVANT.

SERVANT. The Countess Imperiali has already asked three times for your Grace.

FIESCO. Ha! then the comedy must indeed begin! Tell her I come directly. Desire my wife to hasten to the concert-room, and there remain concealed behind the tapestry. (*Exit* SERVANT.) In these papers your several stations are appointed: let each but act his part, the plan is perfect. Verrina will lead the forces to the harbour, and when the ships are seized will fire a shot as a signal for the general attack. I now leave you upon important business; when you hear the bell come all together to my concert-room. Meanwhile enjoy my Cyprian wine within. (*They depart into the palace.*)

SCENE XI.

LEONORA, ARABELLA, *and* ROSA.

LEONORA. Fiesco promised to meet me here, and comes not. 'Tis past eleven. The sound of arms and men rings frightfully through the palace, and no Fiesco comes.

ROSA. You are to conceal yourself behind the tapestry — what can the count intend?

LEONORA. He directs and I obey. Why should I

fear? And yet I tremble, Arabella, and my heart beats fearfully with apprehension. For heaven's sake, damsels, do not leave me.

ARABELLA. Fear nothing; our timidity subdues our curiosity.

LEONORA. Where'er I turn my eyes strange shapes appear with hollow and distracted countenances. Whomsoever I address trembles like a criminal, and withdraws into the thickest gloom of night, that fearful refuge of a guilty conscience. Whate'er they answer falls from the trembling tongue in doubtful accents. Oh, Fiesco! what horrid business dost thou meditate? Ye heavenly powers! watch over my Fiesco!

ROSA. (*alarmed*) Oh, heavens! what noise is that without?

ARABELLA. It is the soldier who stands there as sentinel. (*The* SENTINEL *without calls, "Who goes there?"*)

LEONORA. Some one approaches. Quick! behind the curtain. (*They conceal themselves.*)

SCENE XII.

JULIA *and* FIESCO, *in conversation.*

JULIA. (*much agitated*) Forbear, count! Your passion meets no longer an indifferent ear, but fires the raging blood — where am I? Naught but seducing night is here! Whither has your artful tongue lured my unguarded heart?

FIESCO. To this spot where timid love grows bold, and where emotions mingle unrestrained.

JULIA. Hold, Fiesco! For Heaven's sake no more! 'Tis the thick veil of night alone which covers the burning blushes on my cheeks, else wouldst thou pity me.

FIESCO. Rather, Julia, thy blushes would inflame my passions, and urge them to their utmost height. (*Kisses her hand eagerly.*)

JULIA. Thy countenance is glowing as thy words! Ah! and my own, too, burns with guilty fire. Hence, I entreat thee, hence — let us seek the light! The tempting darkness might lead astray the excited senses, and in the absence of the modest day might stir them to rebellion. Haste, I conjure thee, leave this solitude!

FIESCO. (*more pressing*) Why so alarmed, my love? Shall the mistress fear her slave?

JULIA. O man, eternal paradox! then are you truly conquerors, when you bow as captives before our self-conceit. Shall I confess, Fiesco? It was my vice alone that could protect my virtue — my pride alone defied your artifices — thus far, my principles prevailed, and all your arts were foiled — but in despair of every other suit you made appeal to Julia's passion — and here my principles deserted me —

FIESCO. (*with levity*) And what loss was that?

JULIA. (*with emotion*) If I betray the safeguards of my honour, that thou mayest cover me with shame at will, what have I less to lose than all? Wouldst thou know more, scoffer? Shall I confess that the whole secret wisdom of our sex is but a sorry precaution for the defence of this weak fortress, which in the end is the sole object of assault by all your vows and protestations, and which (I blush to own it) is so willingly surrendered — so often betrayed to the enemy upon the first wavering of virtue? That woman's whole art is enlisted in fortifying a defenceless position, just as in chess the pieces move and form a breastwork round the defenceless king? — surprise the latter — checkmate! and the whole board is thrown into confusion. (*After a pause — with earnestness*), behold the picture of our boasting weakness. Be generous, Fiesco!

FIESCO. And yet, my Julia — where couldst thou

[redacted]is treasure better than on my endless pas-[redacted]?

JULIA. Certainly, nowhere better, and nowhere worse? Tell me, Fiesco, how long will this endless passion endure? But, alas! I've risked too much already now to hesitate at staking my last I trusted boldly to my charms to captivate thee — to preserve thy love, I fear they'll prove too weak. Fie upon me! — what am I uttering? (*Hides her face with her hands.*)

FIESCO. Two sins in one breath. Mistrust in my taste, and treason against the sovereignty of your charms? Which of the two is the most difficult to forgive?

JULIA. (*in a tremulous, imploring tone*) Falsehood is the armory of hell! Fiesco needs not this to gain his Julia. (*She sinks exhausted on a sofa: after a pause — energetically.*) Hear, Fiesco! One word more. When we know our virtue to be in safety, we are heroines; in its defence, no more than children; (*fixing her eyes on him wildly*) — furies, when we avenge it. Hear me! Shouldst thou strike me to the heart with coldness —

FIESCO. (*assuming an angry tone*) Coldness? coldness? Heavens! What does the insatiable vanity of woman look for, if she even doubt the man who lies prostrate at her feet? Ha! my spirit is awakened; my eyes at length are opened. (*With an air of coldness.*) What was this mighty sacrifice? Man dearly purchases a woman's highest favours by the slightest degradation! (*Bowing ceremoniously.*) Take courage, madam! you are safe.

JULIA. (*with astonishment*) Count! what sudden change is this?

FIESCO. (*with great indifference*) True, madam! You judge most rightly; we both have risked our honour. (*Bowing ceremoniously.*) I will await the pleasure of your company among my guests. (*Going.*)

JULIA. (*stops him*) Stay! art thou mad? [illegible] then, declare a passion which the whole race of [illegible] upon their knees, should not extort from my inflexible pride? Alas! in vain the darkness strives to hide the blushes which betray my guilt. Fiesco — I wound the pride of all my sex — my sex will all detest me — Fiesco — I adore thee — (*Falls at his feet.*)

FIESCO. (*steps back without raising her, laughing with exultation*) That I am sorry for, signora. (*Rings the bell — draws the tapestry, and discovers* LEONORA.) Here is my wife — an angel of a woman! (*Embracing her.*)

JULIA. (*with a shriek*) Unheard-of treachery!

SCENE XIII.

The CONSPIRATORS, *entering in a body* — LADIES *on the other side* — FIESCO, JULIA, *and* LEONORA.

LEONORA. Oh, my husband, that was too cruel!

FIESCO. A wicked heart deserved no less. I owed this satisfaction to your tears. (*To the company.*) No, my friends — I am not wont on every slight occasion to kindle into passion. The follies of mankind amuse me long ere they excite my anger; but this woman merits my whole resentment. Behold the poison which she had mingled for my beloved Leonora. (*Shows the poison to the company — they start with horror.*)

JULIA. (*biting her lips with rage*) Good! Good! Very good, sir! (*Going.*)

FIESCO. (*leads her back by the arm*) You must have patience, madam; something else remains. My friends, perhaps, would gladly learn why I debased my reason with the farce of love for Genoa's silliest coquette.

JULIA. (*starting up*) It is not to be borne. But tremble! Doria rules in Genoa, and I am Doria's sister —

[illegible]. Poor, indeed, if that be your only sting! [illegible] that Fiesco of Lavagna has changed the diadem [illegible] your illustrious brother for a halter, and means this night to hang the thief of the republic. (*She is struck with terror — he continues with a sarcastic laugh.*) Ha! that was unexpected. And do you see, madam, 'twas for this purpose that I tried to blind the eyes of the Dorias. For this I assumed a mock passion — (*Pointing to* JULIA.) For this I cast away this precious jewel — (*pointing to* LEONORA); and by shining bait ensnared my prey. I thank you for your complaisance, signora — (*to* JULIA); and resign the trappings of my assumed character. (*Delivers her the miniature with a bow.*)

LEONORA. (*to* FIESCO, *in a supplicating tone*) She weeps, my Lodovico. May your Leonora, trembling, entreat you?

JULIA. (*enraged, to* LEONORA) Silence, detested woman!

FIESCO. (*to a* SERVANT) Be polite to my friend; escort this lady. She has a mind to see my prison-chamber — take care that none approach to incommode her. The night air is blowing somewhat keenly, the storm which rives the house of Doria may, perchance, ruffle the lady's head-dress.

JULIA. Curses on thee, black, detested hypocrite! (*Enraged, to* LEONORA.) Rejoice not at thy triumph! He will destroy thee also, and himself — and then despair! (*Rushing out.*)

FIESCO. (*to the guests*) You were witnesses; let your report in Genoa preserve my honour. (*To the* CONSPIRATORS.) Call on me as soon as the cannon gives the signal. (*All the guests retire.*)

SCENE XIV.

LEONORA *and* FIESCO.

LEONORA. (*approaching with anxiety*) Fiesco! Fiesco! I understand but half your meaning; yet I begin to tremble.

FIESCO. (*significantly*) Leonora! I once saw you yield the place of honour to another. I saw you, in the presence of the nobles, receive the second compliment. Leonora, that sight tormented me! I resolved it should be so no longer. Henceforth it ceases. Do you hear the warlike noise which echoes through my palace? What you suspect is true. Retire to rest, countess, to-morrow you shall awake Duchess of Genoa.

LEONORA. (*clasping her hands together, and throwing herself into a chair*) O God! My very fears! I am undone!

FIESCO. (*seriously, and with dignity*) Let me speak out, my love. Two of my ancestors wore the triple crown. The blood of the Fiescos flows not pure unless beneath the purple. Shall your husband only reflect a borrowed splendour? (*In a more energetic manner.*) What! shall he owe his rank alone to capricious chance, which, from the ashes of mouldering greatness, has patched together a John Louis Fiesco? No, Leonora, I am too proud to accept from others what my own powers may achieve. This night the hereditary titles of my ancestors shall return to deck their tombs — Lavagna's count exists no longer — a race of princes shall begin.

LEONORA. (*mournfully and giving way to imagination*) I see my husband fall, transfixed by deadly wounds. (*In a hollow voice.*) I see them bear my husband's mangled corpse toward me. (*Starting up.*) The first — the only ball has pierced Fiesco's heart.

Fiesco. (*tenderly seizing her hand*) Be calm, my The only ball will not strike me.

Leonora. (*looking steadfastly at him*) Does Fiesco so confidently challenge heaven? If, in the scope of countless possibilities, one chance alone were adverse, that one might happen, and I should lose my husband. Think that thou venturest Heaven, Fiesco; and though a million chances were in thy favour, wouldst thou dare tempt the Almighty by risking on a cast thy hopes of everlasting happiness? No, my husband! When thy whole being is at stake each throw is blasphemy.

Fiesco. Be not alarmed. Fortune and I are better friends.

Leonora. Ah! say you so, Fiesco? You, who have watched the soul-convulsing game, which some call pastime? Have you not seen the sly deceiver, Fortune, how she leads on her votary with gradual favours, till, heated with success, he rushes headlong and stakes his all upon a single cast? Then in the decisive moment she forsakes him, a victim of his rashness — and stood you then unmoved? Oh, my husband, think not that thou hast but to show thyself among the people to be adored. 'Tis no slight task to rouse republicans from their slumber and turn them loose, like the unbridled steed, just conscious of his hoofs. Trust not those traitors. They among them who are most discerning, even while they instigate thy valour, fear it; the vulgar worship thee with senseless and unprofitable adoration. Whichever way I look Fiesco is undone.

Fiesco. (*pacing the room in great emotion*) To be irresolute is the most certain danger. He that aspires to greatness must be daring.

Leonora. Greatness, Fiesco! Alas! thy towering spirit ill accords with the fond wishes of my heart. Should fortune favour thy attempt — shouldst thou

obtain dominion — alas! I then shall be but wretched. Condemned to misery shouldst thou if thou succeed, to misery still greater. Here is choice but evil. Unless he gain the ducal power, Fiesco perishes — if I embrace the duke I lose my husband.

FIESCO. I understand you not.

LEONORA. Ah! my Fiesco, in the stormy atmosphere that surrounds a throne the tender plant of love must perish. The heart of man, e'en were that heart Fiesco's, is not vast enough for two all-powerful idols — idols so hostile to each other. Love has tears, and can sympathise with tears. Ambition has eyes of stone, from which no drop of tenderness can e'er distil. Love has but one favoured object, and is indifferent to all the world beside. Ambition, with insatiable hunger, rages amid the spoil of nature, and changes the immense world into one dark and horrid prison-house. Love paints in every desert an Elysium. And when thou wouldst recline upon my bosom, the cares of empires, or rebellious vassals, would fright away repose. If I should throw myself into thine arms, thy despot fears would hear a murderer rushing forth to strike thee, and urge thy trembling flight through all the palace. Nay, black suspicion would at last o'erwhelm domestic concord. If thy Leonora's tenderness should offer thee a refreshing draught, thou wouldst with horror push away the goblet, and call it poison —

FIESCO. (*starting*) Leonora, cease! These thoughts are dreadful.

LEONORA. And yet the picture is not finished. Let love be sacrificed to greatness — and even peace of mind — if Fiesco but remained unchanged. O God! that thought is racking torture. Seldom do angels ascend the throne — still seldomer do they descend it such. Can he know pity who is raised above the common fears of man? Will he speak the accents of

at every wish can launch a bolt
force it? (*She stops, then timidly*
es his hand with a look of tender
s, Fiesco — these abortions of am-
s — who presume to sit in judgment
d and mortality. Wicked servants

ng about much agitated) Leonora,
e is raised behind me —
h a look of tenderness) And why, my
alone are irrevocable. Thou once
lly clinging to him, and somewhat
thy projects vanished before my
st foresworn thyself, dissembler —
s have prematurely withered. Ask
ere lies the blame? (*More ardently,*
rms around him.) Return, Fiesco!
Renounce! Love shall indemnify
f my heart cannot appease thy in-
e diadem will be found still poorer.
e inmost wishes of this soul. I will
of love all the charms of nature, to
these heavenly bonds the illustrious
heart is infinite, so shall be my pas-
ource of happiness to a being who
en in thee, Fiesco? Ought that to
hy heart?
great emotion) Leonora — what hast
falls, overcome, on her neck.) I shall
meet the eyes of Genoa's citizens.
h lively expression) Let us fly, Fiesco!
eject these gaudy nothings, and pass
nly in the retreats of love! (*She*
r breast with rapture.) Our souls,
clouded sky, shall nevermore be
oisonous breath of sorrow; our lives
ously as the music of the murmuring

brook. (*A cannon-shot is heard — himself — all the* CONSPIRATORS *enter.*

SCENE XV.

CONSPIRATORS. The hour is come.

FIESCO. (*to* LEONORA, *firmly*) Fa — unless Genoa to-morrow be laid feet. (*Going to rush out.*)

BOURG. (*cries out*) The countess *in a swoon — all run to support her.*)

FIESCO. (*kneeling before her, in a* Leonora! Save her! For heaven's (ROSA *and* ARABELLA *run to her assis* — she opens her eyes. (*Jumps up* to close Doria's! (CONSPIRATORS *rus*

ACT V.

SCENE I.

After midnight. The great street c lamps, which gradually become the background is seen the Gate of is shut. Men pass over the st The patrol go their round. Af is quiet except the waves of the se at a distance, rather tempestuou

FIESCO (*armed, before the Doria Pala*

FIESCO. The old man has kept lights are all extinguished in the pa dismissed — I'll ring. (*Rings at* Halloo! Awake, Doria! Thou art b Halloo! Halloo!

appearing at the balcony) Who rings

a feigned voice) Ask not, but follow y star has set; Genoa is in arms against cutioners are near, and canst thou sleep,

with dignity) I remember when the tended with my gallant vessel — when d and the wind split her topmast. Yet then slept soundly. Who sends these

man more terrible than your raging sea Fiesco.

laughs) You jest, my friend. Come in play your tricks. Midnight suits them

ost thou then despise thy monitor?

I thank him and retire to rest. Fiesco, his rioting, sleeps, and has no time to

retched old man! Trust not the artful back is decked with beauteous colours; would approach to view it you are sud- within its deadly folds. You despised Moor. Do not despise the counsels of a rse stands ready saddled for you; fly, time!

Fiesco has a noble mind. I never in- he will not betray me.

esco has a noble mind and yet betrays s thee proof of both.

There is a guard, which would defy unless he led against them legions of

ornfully) That guard I should be glad ch it with a message for eternity.

in an elevated manner) Vain scoffer!

Knowest thou not that Andreas has
year, and that Genoa beneath hi
(Leaves the balcony.)

FIESCO. *(looks after him with ast*
I then destroy this man before I hav
cult it is to equal him? *(He wa*
some time in meditation.) 'Tis past,
repaid the debt of greatness. Des
course! *(He hastens into a remote s*
heard on all sides. A hot engag
Thomas' Gate. The gate is forced, a
pect in the harbour, in which lie s
lights on board.)

SCENE II.

GIANETTINO *(in a scarlet mantle)*, L
vants going before them with

GIANET. *(stops)* Who was it that
alarm to be beat?

LOMEL. A cannon was fired on b
galleys.

GIANET. The slaves perhaps have
(Firing heard at the gate of St. Thoma

LOMEL. Hark! . shot!

GIANET. The gate is open. The g
fusion. *(To the servants.)* Quick, ra
to the harbour. *(Proceeding hastily to*

SCENE III.

The former; BOURGOGNINO, *with some*
coming from the gate of St. T

BOURG. Sebastian Lascaro was a br

ZENT. He defended himself like a l

ps back startled) What do I hear?
Stop!
goes there with torches?
GIANET.) Prince, they are enemies. Turn

lls to them peremptorily) Who goes there
es?
nd! Your watchword?
draws his sword fiercely) Loyalty and

foaming with rage) Violator of the re-
my bride! (*To the* CONSPIRATORS, *rush-*
NET.) Brothers, this shortens our labour.
emselves deliver him into our hands —
rough with his sword.)
(*falling*) Murder! Murder! Murder! Re-
mellino —
d SERVANTS. (*flying*) Help! Murder!

llooing with vehemence) Doria is down.
nt Lomellino! (LOMEL. *is taken.*)
kneeling) Spare but my life, I'll join your

looking at GIANET.) Is this monster yet
he coward fly. (LOMEL. *escapes.*)
Thomas' gate our own! Gianettino
e some of you and tell Fiesco.
(*heaving himself from the ground in*
o! Damnation! (*Dies.*)
(*pulling the sword out of* GIANET.'S *body*)
Genoa, and to my Bertha. Your sword,
Take to my bride this bloody weapon —
is thrown open. I'll follow thee, and
dal kiss. (*They separate through different*

Scene IV.

Andreas Doria, Germ

German. The storm drove that w horse, duke!

Andreas. Let me cast a parting towers! No; it is not a dream. trayed.

German. The enemy is all aro Fly! Beyond the boundaries!

Andreas. (*throwing himself upon his nephew*) Here will I die. Let no Here lies the prop of my old age ended. (Calcagno *appears at a di* spirators.)

German. Danger is near. Fly, *beat.*)

Andreas. Hark, Germans, hark Genoese whose chains I broke. (Do *your* countrymen thus recomp factors?

German. Away! Away! while notch their swords upon our Germ cagno *comes nearer.*)

Andreas. Save yourselves! Le declare the horrid story to the shudd Genoa slew its father —

German. Slew! 'Sdeath, that sh rades, stand firm! Surround the du *their swords.*) Teach these Italian his gray head —

Calcagno. (*calls out*) Who goe have we here?

German. German blows — (*Re carry off the body of* Gianet.)

SCENE V.

ıle attire, ARABELLA *following — they walk along timidly.*

Come, my lady, pray let us hasten on-

his way the tumult rages — hark! was ng groan? Ah, they surround him! st they point their fatal muskets — at point them. Hold! hold! It is my *ows her arms up in agony.*)

For heaven's sake, my lady!

with wild enthusiasm calling on all sides) ny Fiesco! His firmest friends desert of rebels is unsteady. (*Shuddering.*) ? Is Fiesco, then, a chief of rebels?

No, signora. He is the great deliverer

uphatically) Ha! that would indeed be shall Leonora tremble? — shall the ean be wedded to the most timid Arabella! When men contend for woman's soul may kindle into valour. *ard.*) I'll rush among the combatants. *clasping her hands together*) All gra-

ftly! What strikes my foot? Here is e a mantle! A sword, too! (*she lifts* sword, my Arabella; but I can carry d shall not disgrace its bearer. (*The s.*)

Hark! hark! How terrible it sounds tower of the Dominicans! God have

nthusiastically) Rather say, how de-

lightful! In the majestic sound of Fiesco speaks to Genoa. (*Drums* Ha! did flutes so sweetly strike my drums are animated by Fiesco. My All Genoa is roused; the very merc name with transport — and shall hi (*Alarm bells from three other towers.* shall embrace a heroine. My Brutu arms a Roman wife. I'll be his Po GIANETTINO'S *hat and throwing his sc her.*)

ARABELLA. My gracious lady, ho rave. (*Alarm bells and drums are h*

LEONORA. Cold-blooded wretch; c hear all this, and yet not rave? Th ready to weep that they have not feet Fiesco. These palaces upbraid the l laid their foundations so firmly in the cannot fly to join Fiesco. The very s able, would forsake their office in orc glorious banner, though by so doing Genoa to the mercy of the ocean. W death himself out of his leaden slee to rouse thy courage? Away! I'll alone.

ARABELLA. Great God! You wil madly?

LEONORA. (*with heroic haughtiness*) will. (*With great animation.*) Whe rages the most fiercely. Where Fiesc on the combat. Methinks I hear the Lavagna, the unconquered hero, who decides the fate of Genoa? Is that La I will say; yes, Genoese, that is Lav Lavagna is my husband!

SACCO. (*entering with* CONSPIRATO there — Doria or Fiesco?

(*with enthusiasm*) Fiesco and liberty.
o another street. A tumult, ARABELLA *lost*
.)

SCENE VI.

a number of followers. CALCAGNO *meeting him with others.*

). Andreas has escaped.
Unwelcome tidings to Fiesco.
. Those Germans fight like furies! They
nselves around the old man like rocks. I
en get a glimpse of him. Nine of our men
; I myself was slightly wounded. Zounds!
serve a foreign tyrant, how will they guard
f their country?
Numbers have flocked already to our stand-
the gates are ours.
I hear they still are fighting desperately
l.
ourgognino is amongst them. Where is

He guards, ke Cerberus, the passage
noa and the a — an anchovy could
him.
l rouse the suburbs —
I'll away to the market-place. Drum-
p! (*They march off, drums beating.*)

SCENE VII.

troop of THIEVES, *with lighted matches.*

w I'll let you into a secret, my boys;
ooked this soup, but the devil a spoonful

do they give me. Well, I care not. T just to my taste. We'll set about burn dering. While they are squabbling fo we'll make a bonfire in the churches th the frozen apostles. (*They disperse the the neighbouring houses.*)

SCENE VIII.

BOURGOGNINO — BERTHA, *disguised*

BOURG. Rest here, dear youth; thou Dost thou bleed?

BERTHA. (*in a feigned voice*) No; not

BOURG. (*with energy*) Rise, then, I' where thou mayst gain wounds for Gen beautiful like these. (*Uncovering his arm*

BERTHA. (*starting*) Heavens!

BOURG. Art thou frightened, youth? didst thou put on the man. What age

BERTHA. Fifteen years.

BOURG. That is unfortunate! For this ness thou art five years too young. Who

BERTHA. The truest citizen in Genoa.

BOURG. Gently, boy! That name bel the father of my betrothed bride. Dost th house of Verrina?

BERTHA. I should think so.

BOURG. (*eagerly*) And knowest thou daughter?

BERTHA. Her name is Bertha.

BOURG. Go, quickly! Carry her this shall be our wedding-ring; and tell her t fights bravely. Now farewell! I must h The danger is not yet over. (*Some hous fire.*)

(*in a soft voice*) Scipio!

(*struck with astonishment*) By my sword! I
oice.

(*falling upon his neck*) By my heart! I am
here.

Bertha! (*Alarm bells sound in the suburbs
— BOURGOGNINO and BERTHA embrace, and
he crowd.*) [1]

this scene Schiller substituted the following, during
pzig in 1785, for the use of the theatre there:

*an vault, lighted by a single lamp. The background
uite dark.* BERTHA *is discovered sitting on a stone
eground; a black veil covers her face. After a pause
and walks to and fro.*

Still no sound? No sign of human footstep? No
my deliverers. Horrible suspense! Fearful and
at of one buried alive beneath the sod of the church-
or what dost thou wait, poor deceived one? An
immures thee in this dungeon. Gianettino Doria
Genoa be freed, or Bertha left to pine away her
tence — such was my father's oath. Fearful prison-
ch there is no key but the death-groan of a well-
nt. (*Looking round the vault.*) How awful is this
ible as the silence of the grave! How fearfully the
ps from yonder vaults! My lamp, too, is flickering
(*Walking up and down energetically.*) Oh, come,
oved, 'tis horrible to die here. (*A pause — then she
ushes to and fro, wringing her hands in deep despair.*)
en me. He has broken his oath. He has forgotten
The living think not of the dead, and this vault is my
no more, wretched one. Hope flourishes only where
e Almighty pervades — into this dungeon it never
Again a pause; she becomes still more alarmed.)
deliverers perished? Perchance the bold attempt
danger has overwhelmed the courageous youth. O
ha, perhaps even now their ghosts are wandering
vaults, and weep over thy vain hopes. (*Shudder-
s*) if they are dead I am irrevocably lost, irrevocably
a horrible death. (*Leans against the wall for sup-
pause she continues despondingly.*) And if my be-
lives — if he should return to keep his word, to fetch
in triumph, and find all here lonely and silent, and
corpse no longer sensible to his transports — when
sses shall in vain endeavour to restore the life which
these lips, and his tears flow on me hopelessly —

Scene IX.

Fiesco *and* Zibo *from different sides.*

Fiesco. (*in great anger*) Who set fi
houses?

Zibo. The citadel is taken.

Fiesco. Who set those houses on fire?

when my father shall sink weeping on the body of
and the voice of his lamentations echo through the
prison-house. Oh, then repeat not to them my
walls! Tell them that I suffered like a heroine, an
sigh was forgiveness. (*Sinks exhausted on the st
a confused sound of drums and bells is heard from b
in various directions.* Bertha *starts to her feet.*)
means this? Am I awake, or do I dream? How
bells clang! That is no sound of ringing to p
noise comes nearer and increases; she rushes to and
Louder and louder yet! Heavens, they are alarm
alarm bells! Have enemies surprised the city
flames? A wild and dreadful din, like the trampli
What's that? (*Some one knocks loudly at the door*
this way — they draw the bolts — (*rushing toward t*
Men! Men! Liberty! Deliverance! (Bou
hastily with a drawn sword, followed by several t

Bourg. (*calling out loudly*) Thou art fr
tyrant is dead! This sword has passed through

Bertha. (*running into his arms*) My deli

Bourg. Dost thou hear the alarm bells, a
drums? Fiesco has conquered, Genoa is free,
curse annihilated.

Bertha. Oh, heavens! This dreadful up
bells, then, were for me?

Bourg. For thee, Bertha! They are our
Leave this horrid dungeon and follow me to the

Bertha. To the altar, Bourgognino? Now
hour? While this awful tumult is raging as
globe were crushing to atoms! (Verrina *ente
remains standing silently at the entrance.*)

Bourg. In this beautiful, glorious night, in
celebrates its freedom, as a bond of love, this
with the tyrant's blood, shall be my wedding
still warm from the heroic deed, the priest
Fear not, my love, and follow me to the churc
proaches, steps between both, and embraces them

o *the attendants*) Despatch a guard to appre-
ains. (*Some soldiers go.*)
Will they make me an incendiary? Hasten
gines! (*Attendants go.*) But are you sure
tino has fallen?
o they say.
(*wildly*) They say so only! Who say?
on your honour, has he escaped?
doubtfully) If I may trust my eyes against
n of a nobleman, then — Gianettino lives.

God bless you, my children!
d Bourg. (*falling at his feet*) O my father!
(*lays his hands on them both — a pause — then he
to* Bourgognino) Never forget how dearly thou hast
ver forget that thy marriage dates from the day of
om. (*Turning toward* Bertha *in a grave and
er.*) Thou art the daughter of Verrina, and 'twas
ew the tyrant. (*After a pause he beckons them to
with suppressed emotion.*) The priest awaits you.
d Bourg. (*together*) How, my father? Will you
us thither?
(*very gravely*) A terrible duty calls me elsewhere;
all accompany you. (*Drums and trumpets inter-
amations are heard in the distance.*) What means

ey are proclaiming Fiesco duke. The populace
with eager acclamations brought him the purple;
ked on with dismay, but dared not refuse their

laughs bitterly) You s[illegible] my son, I must away with
first to tender the oath of allegiance to the new

ds him back alarmed) What is your purpose! I'll

anging anxiously on Bourgognino) Heavens!
, Bourgognino? What is my father meditating?
y son, I have converted all my possessions into
onveyed it on board thy ship. Take thy bride
out delay. Perhaps I shall soon follow, perhaps
to Marseilles, and (*embracing them with emotion*)

rminedly) Verrina, I must stay; the danger is

ading him toward Bertha) Look to thy bride,
tiable one. Thou hast despatched thy tyrant,
with mine. [*Exeunt.*"

FIESCO. (*starting*) Zibo, your eyes r
head —

ZIBO. 'Tis but eight minutes since
the crowd dressed in his scarlet cloal
plume.

FIESCO. (*wildly*) Heaven and hell! Z
gnino shall answer for it with his head.
secure the barriers. Sink all the boats
not escape by sea. This diamond, Zibo
in all Italy — this diamond shall reward
brings me tidings of Gianettino's death.
away.) Fly, Zibo!

SCENE X.

FIESCO, SACCO, *the* MOOR, SOLDIE

SACCO. We found this Moor throwi
match into the convent of the Jesuits.

FIESCO. Thy treachery was overlo
concerned myself alone. The halter a
cendiary. Take him away and hang
church-door.

MOOR. Plague on it! that's an awk
business. Is there no way out of it?

FIESCO. No.

MOOR. Send me awhile to the galleys

FIESCO. (*beckoning to the attendants*)
lows.

MOOR. (*impudently*) Then I'll turn C

FIESCO. The Church refuses the dreg

MOOR. (*in an insinuating manner*)
me drunk into eternity!

FIESCO. Sober.

MOOR. Don't hang me up, however, l
tian church!

A man of honour keeps his word. I prom-
gallows of thy own.
No more prating, heathen! we've business
sequence.
But, stay! Perhaps the rope may break?
(*to* SACCO.) Let it be double.
Well, if it must be so, the devil may make
n extra guest. (*Soldiers lead him off, and
t a little distance.*)

SCENE XI.

LEONORA *appearing at a distance, in the scarlet cloak of* GIANETTINO.

(*perceiving her, rushes forward — then*
I know that crest and mantle? (*Rushes*
y.) Yes, I know them. (*Runs her through*
vord.) If thou hast three lives then rise
ONORA *falls with a hollow groan, the march*
s heard, with drums, horns, and hautboys.)

SCENE XII.

CALCAGNO, ZENTURIONE, ZIBO: SOLDIERS, *with drums and colours.*

(*advancing toward them in triumph*) Gen-
die is cast. Here lies the viper of my soul,
d food of my resentment. Lift high your
ianettino is no more!
o. And I come to inform you that two-
enoa have declared for our party, and swear
o Fiesco's standard.
By me Verrina sends his greeting to you

from the admiral's galley, with the domi sea.

ZENT. By me the governor of the cit keys and staff of office.

SACCO. And in me (*kneeling*) the less senate of the republic kneel down before t and supplicate for favour and protection.

CALCAGNO. Let me be the first to w illustrious conqueror within the walls. Bo ours! Hail, Duke of Genoa!

ALL. (*taking off their hats*) Hail! Ha Genoa! (*March of triumph — FIESCO stan time with his head sunk upon his breast, in ing posture.*)

CALCAGNO. The people and the senate their gracious sovereign invested in the r nity. Great duke, permit us to follow you to the senate-house.

FIESCO. First allow me to listen to the my heart. I was obliged to leave a most c in anxious apprehension — a person who with me the glory of this night. (*To the* Will you, my friends, attend me to yo duchess? (*Going.*)

CALCAGNO. Shall that murderous villai and hide his infamy in obscurity?

ZENT. Plant his head upon a halberd.

ZIBO. Let his mangled carcass sweep t (*They hold lights toward the body.*)

CALCAGNO. (*terrified and in a low voice*) oese! By heavens, this is not the face of (*All look at the body.*)

FIESCO. (*fixes his eyes upon it with an which he withdraws slowly — then, with conv ness exclaims*) No! ye devils! That is not Gianettino — Oh, malicious fiend! Genoa i you? Mine? (*Rushing forward with a

rickery of hell! It is my wife! (*He groupd in agony — The* CONSPIRATORS *in groups, shuddering — a dead silence.*) *aising himself exhausted — in a faint* me truly, Genoese, have I indeed slain conjure you look not so ghastly upon Heaven be praised! there are fates as not to fear, because he is but man. one of them. He who is denied the n can scarce be doomed to bear the pains dread infliction would be even more. d! It must be so. And this is naught ra of a disordered brain.

SCENE XIII.

ormer — ARABELLA *enters weeping.*

Let them kill me! What have I now Have pity on me, Genoese. 'Twas here I est mistress, and nowhere can I find her.

(*approaching her — with a low and trem-* Was Leonora thy mistress?

A. (*with pleasure*) Are you there, my most l dear good lord? Be not displeased with uld no longer restrain her.

(*in alarm*) Restrain her! Wretch! From

A. From following —

(*violently*) Ha! From following what?

A. The tumult —

What was her dress?

A. A scarlet mantle.

(*in a transport of rage*) Get thee to the ll! The mantle?

ARABELLA. Lay here upon the groun
SOME OF THE CONSPIRATORS. (*talking*
here that Gianettino was killed.

FIESCO. (*ready to faint, to* ARABELL
tress is found — (ARABELLA *advances*
FIESCO *casts his eyes round the whole*
with a faltering voice) — 'Tis true — 'Ti
I am the instrument of this horrid dee
Back! back! ye human forms! Oh! (
teeth wildly, and looking up toward he
but this created orb between my teeth
though I could tear the universe to fragm
ture's face was hideous as the pain tha
soul! (*To the others, that stand aroun*
See, how they stand aghast there, miserab
blessing themselves and rejoicing that th
I am. I alone feel the blow. (*Wildly.*)
I? Why not these as well? Why is
denied the balm of being shared with o

CALCAGNO. (*timidly*) Most gracious du

FIESCO. (*rushes on him with a look of*
Ha! Welcome! Here, Heaven be than
whom the same thunderbolt has struck
CALCAGNO *furiously in his arms.*) Bro
sorrows! Welcome to your share of destru
dead. Didst thou not also love her? (
toward the dead body.) Behold her and de
dead. (*Fixing his eyes earnestly on one*
stage.) Oh, that I could stand upon the
infernal gulf, and view below all hell's va
ments! — could hear the horrid shrieks
souls! (*Approaching the body, trembling.*)
my murdered wife. Nay — that says too
wife that I myself have murdered. Oh! '
ningest of hell's devices — first I was all
topmost pinnacle of joy — to the very t
heaven — then — in an instant hurled hea

oh, that my breath could send a pesti-
And then was made the murderer of my
t I was to trust two erring eyes! Oh,
our masterpiece of torture! (*All the
ean upon their swords much afflicted —*

austed, and looking mournfully round
by heavens! They who feared not to
rds against their prince are shedding
dejection.) Speak! Do you weep
caused by treacherous death, or do
fall of your leader's spirit? (*Turning
body in an affecting posture.*) Where
arriors were melted into tears, Fiesco
mprecations of despair. (*Kneels down,
side.*) Pardon me, Leonora — the de-
are immutable; they yield not to mor-
th a melancholy tenderness.) O Leonora,
fancy painted that triumphant hour
present thee to Genoa as her duchess
I saw the lovely blush that tinged thy
— the timid heaving of thy beauteous
the snowy gauze — I heard the gentle
y voice, which died away in rapture!
Ah, how intoxicating to my soul were
mations of the people! How did my
ee its triumph marked in the sinking
s! Leonora! The hour which should
pes is come. Thy Fiesco is Duke of
t the meanest beggar would not ex-
ty for my greatness and my sufferings.
He has a wife to share his troubles
an I share my splendour? (*He weeps
ws himself on the dead body. Compas-
n the countenances of all.*)
She was, indeed, a most excellent lady.
vent must be concealed from the peo-

ple. 'Twould damp the ardour of our pa
the enemy with hope.

FIESCO. (*rises, collected and firm*) He
Providence, if rightly I interpret its des
me with this wound only to try my
approaching greatness. The blow was t
I have felt it, I fear neither torture
Come! Genoa, you say, awaits me —
Genoa a prince more truly great than Eu
Away! — for this unhappy princess I
funeral so splendid that life shall lose i
cold corruption glitter like a bride. Foll

[*Exeunt, with mus*

SCENE XIV.

ANDREAS, LOMELLINO.

ANDREAS. Yonder they go, with shou
tion.

LOMEL. They are intoxicated with
gates are deserted and all are hastening
senate-house.

ANDREAS. It was my nephew only
could not brook. My nephew is no m
Lomellino!

LOMEL. What, duke — still — do you
ANDREAS. (*sternly*) And dost thou tre
life, and mock me with the name of duk
thou wouldst forbid me hope?

LOMEL. My gracious lord, a raging na
Fiesco's scale; what counterpoise in yours
ANDREAS. (*with dignity and animation*
LOMEL. (*shrugging up his shoulders*) T
past, my lord, when armies fought under t
of celestial leaders. Since gunpowder w
angels have ceased to fight.

Wretch that thou art! Wouldst thou
l head of its support, its God? (*In an*
nmanding tone.) Go! Make it known
noa that Andreas Doria is still alive.
eas entreats the citizens, his children,
im, in his old age, to dwell with for-
e'er would pardon the exalted state to
d his country. Say this — and further
begs but so much ground within his
may contain his bones.
bey; but I despair of success. (*Going.*)
Stay; take with thee this snowy lock,
s the last upon my head. Say that I
that night when ungrateful Genoa tore
heart. For fourscore years it hung upon
nd now has left my bald head, chilled
er of age. The lock is weak, but 'twill
n the purple on that young usurper.
LOMELLINO *hastens into another street —*
ts are heard, with trumpets and drums.

SCENE XV.

oming from the harbour), BERTHA, *and*
BOURGOGNINO.

What mean these shouts?
hey proclaim Fiesco duke.
(*to* BOURGOGNINO, *timidly*) Scipio! My
are dreadful —
Leave me, my children. O Genoa!

he populace adore him, and with trans-
him as their duke. The nobles looked
or, but dared not oppose it.
My son, I have converted all my posses

sions into gold, and conveyed it on bo[illegible] Take thy wife with thee, and set sail[illegible] Perhaps I soon shall follow. Perhaps[illegible] Hasten to Marseilles, and — (*embracing[illegible] fully and with energy*) — may the Al[illegible] you.

BERTHA. I beseech thee, say, on w[illegible] project does my father brood?

BOURG. Didst thou understand thy fa[illegible]

BERTHA. He bade us fly. Merciful H[illegible] on our bridal day!

BOURG. He spoke it, and we must obe[illegible]

[*Exeunt toward*

SCENE XVI.

VERRINA, *and* FIESCO (*in the ducal hab[illegible]*

FIESCO. Welcome, Verrina! I was an[illegible] thee.

VERRINA. I also sought Fiesco.

FIESCO. Does Verrina perceive no alt[illegible] friend?

VERRINA. (*with reserve*) I wish for non[illegible]

FIESCO. But do[illegible] see none?

VERRINA. (*without looking at him*) I[illegible] not!

FIESCO. I ask, do you perceive none?

VERRINA. (*after a slight glance*) None[illegible]

FIESCO. See, then, how idle is the obs[illegible] power makes a tyrant. Since we parted[illegible] the Duke of Genoa, and yet Verrina (*pr[illegible] his bosom*) finds my embrace still glowing[illegible]

VERRINA. I grieve that I must return[illegible] sight of majesty falls like a keen-edged[illegible] ting off all affection between the duke[illegible]

sco belonged the territory of my heart. nquered Genoa I resume that poor pos-

h astonishment) Forbid it, Heaven! That rmous even for a dukedom.

muttering) Hum! Is liberty then out t republics are so lightly thrown away hat offers himself?

tes his lips) Verrina, say this to no one

Oh, of course! Great indeed must be h can hear the voice of truth without las! the cunning gamester has failed in rd. He calculated all the chances of tion, but unfortunately overlooked one ne patriot — (*Very significantly.*) But pressor of liberty has still in store some ishing patriotic virtue. I swear by the at posterity shall sooner collect my nes from off the wheel than from a in that country which is governed by

king him tenderly by the hand) Not even ke is thy brother? Not if he should ipality the treasury of that benevolence rained by his domestic poverty? Not rina?

No — not even then! We pardon not ause he made gifts of his plunder, nor rosity suit Verrina. I might permit my to confer a benefit on me — because I me day to make them an adequate re- hich a prince confers is bounty; but ved I would receive alone from God.

ngrily) It were as easy to tear Italy n of the ocean as to shake this stubborn n his prejudices.

VERRINA. Well mayst thou talk of
hast torn the republic from Doria, as a l
jaws of the wolf, only that thou might
thyself. But enough of this — just te
what crime the poor wretch committed
ordered to be hung up at the church of th

FIESCO. The scoundrel set fire to the c

VERRINA. Yet the scoundrel left the law

FIESCO. Verrina presumes upon my fri

VERRINA. Away with friendship! I t
longer love thee. I swear to thee that I hate
thee like the serpent of Paradise, that fir
the happiness of creation, and brought upon
bounded sorrow. Hear me, Fiesco, I speak to
a subject to his master, not as a friend to hi
as man to man. (*With bitterness and vehem*
hast committed a crime against the maj
eternal God in permitting virtue to lead t
wickedness, and in suffering the patriots
violate their country. Fiesco, had thy villai
me also! — Fiesco, by all the horrors of ete
my own hands I would have strangled my
thy head spurted the venom of my departin
princely crime may break the scale of hum
but thou hast insulted Heaven, and the las
will decide the cause. (FIESCO *remains spe*
ing at him with astonishment.) Do not
answer me. Now we have done. (*After w*
times up and down.) Duke of Genoa, in th
yesterday's tyrant, I have seen a miserabl
at every stroke of their oars, ruminate upon
expiated guilt, and weep their tears into
which, like a rich man, is too proud to
A good prince begins his reign with acts
Wilt thou release the galley-slaves?

FIESCO. (*sharply*) Let them be the first
tyranny. Go, and announce to them the

u will enjoy but half the pleasure
their happiness. Perform this deed
at are seldom witnesses of the evils
e. And shall they, too, do good by
scurity? Methinks the duke is not
athise with a beggar.
thou art dreadful; yet I know not
w thee. (*Both go toward the sea.*)
ps, much affected*) But once more em-
Here is no one by to see Verrina
l a prince give way to feeling. (*He*
rly.) Surely never beat two greater
we loved each other so fraternally.
y on FIESCO'S *neck.*) Fiesco! Fiesco!
id in my bosom which all mankind,
could not fill up.
affected) Be still, my friend.
ow off this hateful purple, and I will
prince was a murderer, and assumed
e the bloody stains of his detested
Fiesco! I am a warrior, little used
sco — these are my first tears —
ble!

e vehementl[illegible] Fiesco, place on the
honours of th[illegible]reat globe, on the
es; they should not make me kneel
Fiesco (*falling on his knee*), this is
f my knee — throw off this purple!
nd no longer irritate me!
a determined tone) I rise then, and
tate thee. (*They stand on a board*
) The prince must take precedence.
do you pull my cloak? It falls —
h bitter irony) If the purple falls
fter it. (*He pushes him into the*

FIESCO. (*calls out of the waves*) Help! Help thy duke! (*Sinks.*)

SCENE XVII.

CALCAGNO, SACCO, ZIBO, ZENTURIONE, *People.*

CALCAGNO. (*crying out*) Fiesco! Fi is returned — half Genoa joins Andre Fiesco?

VERRINA. (*in a firm tone*) Drownin

ZENT. Does hell or madness prompt

VERRINA. Drowned — if that sound to join Andreas. (*The* CONSPIRATORS *st astonished. The curtain falls.*)

Love and Intrigue

A Tragedy

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

PRESIDENT VON WALTER, Prime Minister in
German Prince.
FERDINAND, his son ; a Major in the Arr
Louisa Miller.
BARON VON KALB, Court Marshal (or Chan
WORM, Private Secretary to the President.
MILLER, the Town Musician, and Teacher c
MRS. MILLER, his wife.
LOUISA, the daughter of Miller, in love witl
LADY MILFORD, the Prince's Mistress.
SOPHY, attendant on Lady Milford.
An old Valet in the service of the Prince.
Officers, Attendants, etc.

'e and Intrigue

ACT I.

SCENE I.

4ILLER — MRS. MILLER.

ing quickly up and down the room) The affair is becoming serious. My e baron will soon be the town talk — its character — the president will get — the short and long of the matter is, unker the door.

You did not entice him to your house t your daughter upon him!

t entice him to my house — didn't upon him! Who'll believe me? I y own house. I ought to have taken daughter. I should have bundled the e, or have gone straight to his Excel- and disclosed all. The young baron y with a snubbing, I know that well he blame will fall upon the fiddler.

(*sipping her coffee*) Pooh! nonsense! pon you? What have people to do follow your profession, and pick up ou can find them.

Mill. All very fine, but please to will be the upshot of the whole affai marry the girl — marriage is out of the to make her his — God help us! "Go No, no — when such a sprig of nobility bling here and there and everywhere, and himself with the devil knows what all, of be a relish to my young gentleman to get of sweet water. Take heed! Take heed! dotted with eyes, and could place a sentin hair of your head, he'll bamboozle her und nose; add one to her reckoning, take him the girl's ruined for life, left in the lurch once tasted the trade, will carry it on. (*forehead.*) Oh, horrible thought!

Mrs. Mill. God in his mercy protect

Mill. We shall want his protection. well say that. What other object can su grace have? The girl is handsome — well show a pretty foot. How the upper story matters little. That's blinked in you wom has not played the niggard in other respect harum-scarum but turn over this chapte his eyes will glisten like Rodney's when of a French frigate ... up with all sail and I don't blame ... for it — flesh is fle that very well.

Mrs. Mill. You should only read billy-doux which the baron writes to yo Gracious me! Why it's as clear as the sun that he loves her purely for her virtuous

Mill. That's the right strain! We but mean the ass's back. He who wishe respects to the flesh needs only a kind he between. What did I myself? When far cleared the ground that the affectio slap! the bodies follow their example

d the silver moon kindly plays the

And then only think of the beautiful
major has sent us. Your daughter
t of them.
les) Prays! You've hit the mark. The
d of nature is much too raw and indi-
maccaroni gentleman's stomach. It
for him artificially in the infernal pes-
of your novel-writers. Into the fire
! I shall have the girl taking up with
hat all — about heavenly fooleries that
r blood, like Spanish flies, and scatter
handful of Christianity that cost her
rouble to keep together. Into the fire
! The girl will take the devil's own
er head; amidst the dreams of her
she'll not know her own home,
feel ashamed of her father, the
nd, lastly, I shall lose a worthy, hon-
o might have nestled himself so snugly
ons. No! damn it! (*Jumps up in a*
reak the neck of it at once, and the
s, the major — shall be shown where
de the door. (*Going.*)
Be civil, Miller! How many a bright
presents —
back, and goes up to her) The blood-
ghter? To Beelzebub with thee, thou
Sooner will I vagabondise with my
for a bit of bread — sooner will I
ny instrument and carry dung on the
han taste a mouthful earned by my
price of her soul and future happi-
your cursed coffee and snuff-taking,
be no need to carry your daughter's
I have always had my bellyful and a

good shirt to my back before this co
put his nose into my crib.

Mrs. Mill. Now don't be so rea
house out of window. How you fla
sudden. I only meant to say that we
the major, because he is the son of the

Mill. There lies the root of the
that reason — for that very reason — th
put a stop to this very day! The pres
just and upright father, will give me h
must brush up my red plush, and I wi
his Excellency. I shall say to him, -
lency's son has an eye to my daughter;
not good enough to be your Excellency
too good to be your Excellency's son
there's an end of the matter. My nam

Scene II.

Enter Secretary Wor

Mrs. Mill. Ah! Good morning,
Have we indeed the pleasure of seeing

Worm. All on my side — on my
ler! Where a high-born cavalier's vi
mine can be of no account whatever.

Mrs. Mill. How can you think so
His lordship the baron, Major Ferdina
us the honour to look in now and t
that, we don't undervalue others.

Mill. (*vexed*) A chair, wife, for
Be seated, kinsman.

Worm. (*lays aside hat and stick,*
Well, well — and how then is my fu
bride? I hope she'll not be — may
honour of seeing — Miss Louisa?

MRS. MILL. Thanks for inquiries, Mr. Seckertary, but my daughter is not at all proud.

MILL. (*angrily, jogs her with his elbow*) Woman!

MRS. MILL. Sorry she can't have the honour, Mr. Seckertary. My daughter is now at mass.

WORM. I am glad to hear it, — glad to hear it. I shall have in her a pious, Christian wife!

MRS. MILL. (*smiling in a stupidly affected manner*) Yes — but, Mr. Seckertary —

MILL. (*greatly incensed, pulls her ears*) Woman!

MRS. MILL. If our family can serve you in any other way — with the greatest pleasure. Mr. Seckertary —

WORM. (*frowning angrily*) In any other way? Much obliged! much obliged! — h'm! h'm! h'm!

MRS. MILL. But, as you yourself must see, Mr. Seckertary —

MILL. (*in a rage, shaking his fist at her*) Woman!

MRS. MILL. Good is good, and better is better, and one does not like to stand between fortune and one's only child. (*With vulgar pride.*) You understand me, Mr. Seckertary?

WORM. Understand. Not exac— Oh, yes. But what do you really mean?

MRS. MILL. Why — why — I only think — I mean — (*Coughs.*) Since then Provid[illegible] has determined to make a great lady of my daughter —

WORM. (*jumping from his chair*) What's that you say? what?

MILL. Keep your seat, keep your seat, Mr. Secretary! The woman's an out-and-out fool! Where's the great lady to come from? How you show your donkey's ears by talking such stuff!

[illegible] l as long as you will. I know

[illegible] hat the major said, he said.

[illegible] o *his fiddle in anger*) Will you

[illegible] Shall I throw my fiddle at you

head? What can you know? What can he have said? Take no notice of her clack, kinsman! Away with you to your kitchen! You'll not think me first cousin of a fool, and that I'm looking out so high for the girl? You'll not think that of me, Mr. Secretary?

WORM. Nor have I deserved it of you, Mr. Miller! You have always shown yourself a man of your word, and my contract to your daughter was as good as signed. I hold an office that will maintain a thrifty manager; the president befriends me; the door to advancement is open to me whenever I may choose to take advantage of it. You see that my intentions toward Miss Louisa are serious; if you have been won over by a fop of rank —

MRS. MILL. Mr. Seckertary! more respect, I beg —

MILL. Hold your tongue, I say. Never mind her, kinsman. Things remain as they were. The answer I gave you last harvest, I repeat to-day. I'll not force my daughter. If you suit her, well and good; then it's for her to see that she can be happy with you. If she shakes her head — still better — be it so, I should say — then you must be content to pocket the refusal, and part in good fellowship over a bottle with her father. 'Tis the girl who is to live with you — not I. Why should I, out of sheer caprice, fasten a husband upon the girl for whom she has no inclination? That the evil one may haunt me down like a wild beast in my old age — that in every drop I drink — in every bit of bread I bite, I might swallow the bitter reproach: Thou art the villain who destroyed his child's happiness!

MRS. MILL. The short ar

refuse my consent downright;

for a lofty station, and I'll go

going to be talked over.

MILL. Shall I break every

millclack?

WORM. (*to* MILLER) Paternal advice goes a great way with the daughter, and I hope you know me, Mr. Miller.

MILL. Plague take you! 'Tis the girl must know you. What an old crabstick like me can see in you is just the very last thing that a dainty young girl wants. I'll tell you to a hair if you're the man for an orchestra — but a woman's heart is far too deep for a music-master. And then, to be frank with you — you know that I'm a blunt, straightforward fellow — you'll not give thank'ye for my advice. I'll persuade my daughter to no one — but from you Mr. Sec— I would dissuade her! A lover who calls upon the father for help — with permission — is not worth a pinch of snuff. If he has anything in him, he'll be ashamed to take that old-fashioned way of making his deserts known to his sweetheart. If he hasn't the courage, why he's a milk-sop, and no Louisas were born for the like of him. No! he must carry on his commerce with the daughter behind the father's back. He must manage so to win her heart, that she would rather wish both father and mother at Old Harry than give him up — or that she come herself, fall at her father's feet, and implore either for death on the rack, or the only one of her heart. That's the fellow for me! that I'll love! and he who can't bring matters to that pitch [illegible] a petticoat may — stick the goose feather in his cap.

WORM. (*seizes hat and stick and hurries out of the room*) Much obliged, Mr. Miller!

MILL. (*going after him slowly*) For what? for what? You haven't taken anything, Mr. Secretary! (*Comes back.*) He won't hear, and off he's gone. The
-driver is like poison and brim-
, contraband knave, smuggled
he lewd prank of the devil —
pig's eyes, foxy hair, and nut-
if Nature, enraged at such a

bungled piece of goods, had seized the ugly monster by it, and flung him aside. No! rather than throw away my daughter on a vagabond like him, she may — God forgive me!

MRS. MILL. The wretch! — but you'll be made to keep a clean tongue in your head!

MILL. Ay, and you too, with your pestilential baron — you, too, must put my bristles up. You're never more stupid than when you have the most occasion to show a little sense. What's the meaning of all that trash about your daughter being a great lady? If it's to be cried out about the town to-morrow, you need only let that fellow get scent of it. He is one of your worthies who go sniffing about into people's houses, dispute upon everything, and, if a slip of the tongue happen to you, skurry with it straight to the prince, mistress, and minister, and then there's the devil to pay.

SCENE III.

Enter LOUISA *with a book in her hand.*

LOUISA. Good morning, dear father!

MILL. (*affectionately*) Bless thee, my Louisa! I rejoice to see thy thoughts are turned so diligently to thy Creator. Continue so, and his arm will support thee.

LOUISA. Oh! I am a great sinner, father! Was he not here, mother?

MRS. MILL. Who, my child?

LOUISA. Ah! I forgot that there are others in the world besides him — my heac
not here? Ferdinand?

MILL. (*with melancholy, se*
my Louisa had forgotten that
LOUISA. (*after looking at h*

time) I understand you, father. I feel the knife which stabs my conscience; but it comes too late. I can no longer pray, father. Heaven and Ferdinand divide my bleeding soul, and I fear — I fear — (*After a pause.*) Yet no, no, good father. The painter is best praised when we forget him in the contemplation of his picture. When in the contemplation of his masterpiece, my delight makes me forget the Creator, — is not that, father, the true praise of God?

MILL. (*throws himself in displeasure on a chair*) There we have it! Those are the fruits of your ungodly reading.

LOUISA. (*uneasy, goes to the window*) Where can he be now? Ah! the high-born ladies who see him — listen to him — I am a poor forgotten maiden. (*Startles at that word, and rushes to her father.*) But no, no! forgive me. I do not repine at my lot. I ask but little — to think on him — that can harm no one. Ah! that I might breathe out this little spark of life in one soft, fondling zephyr to cool his cheek! That this fragile floweret, youth, were a violet, on which he might tread, and I die modestly beneath his feet! I ask no more, father! Can the proud, majestic day-star punish the gnat for basking in its rays?

MILL. (*deeply affected, leans on the arm of his chair, and covers his face*) My child, my child, with joy would I sacrifice the remnant of my days hadst thou never seen the major.

LOUISA. (*terrified*) How! How! What did you say? No, no! that could not be your meaning, good father. You know not that Ferdinand is mine! You know not that God created him for me, and for my delight alone! (*After a pause of recollection.*) The

that I beheld him — and the blood

glowing cheeks — every pulse beat

throb told me, every breath whis-

" And my heart, recognising the

long-desired one, repeated "'Tis he!" And the whole world was as one melodious echo of my delight! Then — oh! then was the first dawning of my soul! A thousand new sentiments arose in my bosom, as flowers arise from the earth when spring approaches. I forgot there was a world, yet never had I felt that world so dear to me! I forgot there was a God, yet never had I so loved him!

MILL. (*runs to her and clasps her to his bosom*) Louisa! my beloved, my admirable child! Do what thou wilt. Take all — all — my life — the baron — God is my witness — him I can never give thee!

[*Exit.*

LOUISA. Nor would I have him now, father! Time on earth is but a stinted dewdrop in the ocean of eternity. 'Twill swiftly glide in one delicious dream of Ferdinand. I renounce him for this life! But then, mother — then when the bounds of separation are removed — when the hated distinctions of rank no longer part us — when men will be only men — I shall bring nothing with me save my innocence! Yet often has my father told me that at the Almighty's coming riches and titles will be worthless; and that hearts alone will be beyond all price. Oh! then shall I be rich! There tears will be reckoned for triumphs, and purity of soul [illegible] preferred to an illustrious ancestry. Then, then, mother, shall I be noble! In what will he then be superior to the girl of his heart?

MRS. MILL. (*starts from her seat*) Louisa! the baron! He is jumping over the fence! Where shall I hide myself?

LOUISA. (*begins to tremble*) Oh! do not leave me, mother!

MRS. MILL. Mercy! What a figure I am. I am quite ashamed! I cannot let his lordship [illegible] this state!

Scene IV.

Louisa — Ferdinand. (*He flies toward her — she falls back into her chair, pale and trembling. He remains standing before her — they look at each other for some moments in silence. A pause.*)

Ferd. So pale, Louisa?

Louisa. (*rising, and embracing him*) It is nothing — nothing now that you are here — it is over.

Ferd. (*takes her hand and raises it to his lips*) And does my Louisa still love me? My heart is yesterday's; is thine the same? I flew hither to see if thou wert happy, that I might return and be so too. But I find thee whelmed in sorrow!

Louisa. Not so, my beloved, not so!

Ferd. Confess, Louisa! you are not happy. I see through your soul as clearly as through the transparent lustre of this brilliant. No spot can harbour here unmarked by me — no thought can cloud your brow that does not reach your lover's heart. Whence comes this grief? Tell me, I beseech you! Ah! could I feel assured this mirror still remained unsullied, there'd seem to me no cloud in all the universe! Tell me, dear Louisa, what afflicts you?

Louisa. (*looking at him with anxiety for a few moments*) Ferdinand! couldst thou but know how such discourse exalts the tradesman's daughter —

Ferd. (*surprised*) What say'st thou? Tell me, girl! how camest thou by that thought? Thou art my Louisa! who told thee thou couldst be aught else? See, false one, see, for what coldness I must chide

indeed thy whole soul absorbed by love

...dst thou found time to draw compari-

am with thee, my prudence is lost in

thine eyes: when I am absent in a

dream of thee! But thou — thou canst harbour prudence in the same breast with love! Fie on thee! Every moment bestowed on this sorrow was a robbery from affection and from me!

LOUISA. (*pressing his hand and shaking her head with a melancholy air*) Ferdinand, you would lull my apprehensions to sleep; you would divert my eyes from the precipice into which I am falling. I can see the future! The voice of honour — your prospects, your father's anger — my nothingness. (*Shuddering and suddenly drops his hands.*) Ferdinand! a sword hangs over us! They would separate us!

FERD. (*jumps up*) Separate us! Whence these apprehensions, Louisa? Who can rend the bonds that bind two hearts, or separate the tones of one accord? True, I am a nobleman — but show me that my patent of nobility is older than the eternal laws of the universe — or my escutcheon more valid than the handwriting of heaven in my Louisa's eyes? "This woman is for this man?" I am son of the prime minister. For that very reason, what but love can soften the curses which my father's extortions from the country will entail upon me?

LOUISA. Oh! how I fear that father!

FERD. I fear nothing — nothing but that your affection should know bounds. Let obstacles rise between us, huge as mountains, I will look upon them as a ladder by which to fly into the arms of my Louisa! The tempest of opposing fate shall but fan the flame of my affection: dangers will only serve to make Louisa yet more charming. Then speak no more of terrors, my love! I myself — I will watch over thee carefully as the enchanter's dragon watches over buried gold. Trust thyself to me! Thou shalt need no other
I will throw myself between thee an
receive each wound. For thee will I
distilled from the cup of joy, and b

bowl of love. (*Embracing her affectionately.*) This arm shall support my Louisa through life. Fairer than it dismissed thee, shall heaven receive thee back, and confess with delight that love alone can give perfection to the soul.

LOUISA. (*disengaging herself from him, greatly agitated*) No more! I beseech thee, Ferdinand! no more! Couldst thou know! Oh! leave me, leave me! Little dost thou feel how these hopes rend my heart in pieces like fiends! (*Going.*)

FERD. (*detaining her*) Stay, Louisa! stay! Why this agitation? Why those anxious looks?

LOUISA. I had forgotten these dreams, and was happy. Now — now — from this day is the tranquillity of my heart no more. Wild impetuous wishes will torment my bosom! Go! God forgive thee! Thou hast hurled a firebrand into my young peaceful heart which nothing can extinguish! (*She breaks from him, and rushes from the apartment, followed by* FERDINAND.)

SCENE V.

A Chamber in the PRESIDENT'S *House.*

The PRESIDENT, *with the grand*[illegible]*er of the cross about his neck, and a star at his breast* — SECRETARY WORM.

PRES. A serious attachment, say you? No, no, Worm; that I never can believe.

WORM. If your Excellency pleases, I will bring [illegible] my assertions.

[illegible]hat he has a fancy for the wench — flatters [illegible] you will, pretends to love her — all this [illegible]ible — nay — excusable — but — and the [illegible] a musician, you say?

WORM. Of Miller, the music-master.

PRES. Handsome? But that, of course.

WORM. (*with warmth*) A most captivating and lovely blondine, who, without saying too much, might figure advantageously beside the greatest beauties of the court.

PRES. (*laughs*) It's very plain, Worm, that you have an eye upon the jade yourself — I see that. But listen, Worm. That my son has a passion for the fair sex gives me hope that he will find favour with the ladies. He may make his way at court. The girl is handsome, you say; I am glad to think my son has taste. Can he deceive the silly wench by holding out honourable intentions — still better; it will show that he is shrewd enough to play the hypocrite when it serves his purpose. He may become prime minister — if he accomplishes his purpose! Admirable! that will prove to me that fortune favours him. Should the farce end with a chubby grandchild — incomparable! I will drink an extra bottle of Malaga to the prospects of my pedigree, and cheerfully pay the wench's lying-in expenses.

WORM. All I wish is that your Excellency may not have to drink that bottle to drown your sorrow.

PRES. (*sternly*) Worm! remember that what I once believe, I believe obstinately — that I am furious when angered. I am willing to pass over as a joke this attempt to stir my blood. That you are desirous of getting rid of your rival, I can very well comprehend, and that, because you might have some difficulty in supplanting the son, you endeavour to make a catspaw of the father, I can also understand — I am even delighted to find that you are master of such excellent qualifications in the way of roguery. Worm, pray don't make me, too, the knavery. Understand me, have a care t ning trench not upon my plans

WORM. Pardon me, your Excellency! If even — as you suspect — jealousy is concerned, it is only with the eye, and not with the tongue.

PRES. It would be better to dispense with it altogether. What can it matter to you, simpleton, whether you get your coin fresh from the mint, or it comes through a banker? Console yourself with the example of our nobility. Whether known to the bridegroom or not, I can assure you that, amongst us of rank, scarcely a marriage takes place but what at least half a dozen of the guests — or the footmen — can state the geometrical area of the bridegroom's paradise.

WORM. (*lowing*) My lord! Upon this head I confess myself a plebeian.

PRES. And, besides, you may soon have the satisfaction of turning the laugh most handsomely against your rival. At this very moment it is under consideration in the cabinet, that, upon the arrival of the new duchess, Lady Milford shall apparently be discarded, and, to complete the deception, form an alliance. You know, Worm, how greatly my influence depends upon this lady — how my mightiest prospects hang upon the passions of the prince. The duke is now seeking a partner for Lady Milford. Some one else may step in — conclude the bargain f[illegible] ladyship, win the confidence of the prince, and [illegible]e himself indispensable, to my cost. Now, to retain the prince in the meshes of my family, I have resolved that my Ferdinand shall marry Lady Milford. Is that clear to you?

WORM. Quite dazzling! Your Excellency has at least convinced me that, compared with the president, the father is but a novice. Should the major prove as obedient a son as you show yourself a tender father, [illegible] may chance to be returned with a pro-

[illegible]tunately, I have never yet had to fear [illegible] my will when once I have pronounced,

"It shall be so!" But now, Worm, that brings us back to our former subject! I will propose Lady Milford to my son this very day. The face which he puts upon it shall either confirm your suspicions or entirely confute them.

WORM. Pardon me, my lord! The sullen face which he most assuredly will put upon it may be placed equally to the account of the bride you offer to him as of her from whom you wish to separate him. I would beg of you a more positive test! Propose to him some perfectly unexceptionable woman. Then, if he consents, let Secretary Worm break stones on the highway for the next three years.

PRES. (*biting his lips*) The devil!

WORM. Such is the case, you may rest assured! The mother — stupidity itself — has, in her simplicity, betrayed all to me.

PRES. (*pacing the room, and trying to repress his rage*) Good! this very morning, then!

WORM. Yet, let me entreat your Excellency not to forget that the major — is my master's son —

PRES. No harm shall come to him, Worm.

WORM. And that my service in ridding you of an unwelcome daughter-in-law —

PRES. Should be rewarded by me helping you to a wife? That too, Worm!

WORM. (*bowing with delight*) Eternally your lordship's slave. (*Going.*)

PRES. (*threatening him*) As to what I have confided to you, Worm! If you dare but to whisper a syllable —

WORM. (*laughs*) Then your Excellency will no doubt expose my forgeries!

PRES. Yes, yes, you are safe enough!
in the fetters of your own knavery, like a
hook!

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT. Marshal Kalb —

PRES. The very man I wished to see. Introduce him. [*Exit* SERVANT.

SCENE VI.

MARSHAL KALB, *in a rich but tasteless court-dress, with chamberlain's keys, two watches, sword, three-cornered hat, and hair dressed à la Herisson. He bustles up to the* PRESIDENT, *and diffuses a strong scent of musk through the whole theatre* — PRESIDENT.

MARSHAL. Ah! good morning, my dear baron! Quite delighted to see you again — pray forgive my not having paid my respects to you at an earlier hour — the most pressing business — the duke's bill of fare — invitation cards — arrangements for the sledge party to-day — ah! — besides it was necessary for me to be at the levee, to inform his Highness of the state of the weather.

PRES. True, marshal! Such weighty concerns were not to be neglected!

MARSHAL. Then a rasc[redacted]ailor, too, kept me waiting for him!

PRES. And yet ready to the moment?

MARSHAL. Nor is that all! One misfortune follows at the heels of the other to-day! Only hear me!

PRES. (*absent*) Can it be possible?

MARSHAL. Just listen! Scarce had I quitted my ge, when the horses became restive, and began nge and rear — only imagine! — splashed my es all over with mud! What was to be done? , my dear baron, just fancy yourself for a mo- in my predicament! There I stood! the hour

was late! a day's journey to return — yet to appear before his Highness in this — good heavens! What did I bethink me of? I pretended to faint! They bundle me into my carriage! I drive home like mad — change my dress — hasten back — and only think! — in spite of all this I was the first person in the antechamber! What say you to that?

PRES. A most admirable impromptu of mortal wit — but tell me, Kalb, did you speak to the duke?

MARSHAL. (*importantly*) Full twenty minutes and a half.

PRES. Indeed? Then doubtless you have important news to impart to me?

MARSHAL. (*seriously, after a pause of reflecton*) His Highness wears a Merde d'Oye beaver to-day.

PRES. God bless me! — and yet, marshal, I have even greater news to tell you. Lady Milford will soon become my daughter-in-law. That, I think, will be new to you?

MARSHAL. Is it possible! And is it already agreed upon?

PRES. It is settled, marshal — and you would oblige me by forthwith waiting upon her ladyship, and preparing her to receive Ferdinand's visit. You have full liberty, also, to circulate the news of my son's approaching nuptials.

MARSHAL. My dear friend! With consummate pleasure! What can I desire more? I fly to the baroness this moment. Adieu! (*Embracing him.*) In less than three-quarters of an hour it shall be known throughout the town. [*Skips off.*

PRES. (*smiling contemptuously*) How can say that such creatures are of no use in the world then, Master Ferdinand must either consent the whole town the lie. (*Rings* — WORM *enters.* my son hither. (WORM *retires; the* PRESIDEN *up and down, full of thought.*)

Scene VII.

President — Ferdinand.

Ferd. In obedience to your commands, sir —

Pres. Ay, if I desire the presence of my son, I must command it — Ferdinand, I have observed you for some time past, and find no longer that open vivacity of youth which once so delighted me. An unusual sorrow broods upon your features; you shun your father; you shun society. For shame, Ferdinand! At your age a thousand irregularities are easier forgiven than one instant of idle melancholy. Leave this to me, my son! Leave the care of your future happiness to my direction, and study only to coöperate with my designs — come, Ferdinand, embrace me!

Ferd. You are most gracious to-day, father!

Pres. "To-day," you rogue? and your "to-day" with such a vinegar look? (*Seriously.*) Ferdinand! For whose sake have I trod that dangerous path which leads to the affections of the prince? For whose sake have I for ever destroyed my peace with Heaven and my conscience? Hear me, Ferdinand — I am speaking to my son. For whom have I paved the way by the removal of my predecessor [illegible] [illegible]eed which the more deeply gores my inward feelin[illegible] [illegible]e more carefully I conceal the dagger from the world! Tell me, Ferdinand, for whose sake have I done all this?

Ferd. (*recoiling with horror*) Surely not for mine, father, not for mine? Surely not on me can fall the bloody reflection of this murder? By my Almighty [illegible]r, it were better never to have been born than to [illegible]e pretext for such a crime!

Pres. What sayest thou? How? But I will [illegible]ute these strange notions to thy romantic brain, [illegible]nand; let me not lose my temper — ungrateful

boy! Thus dost thou repay me for my sleepless nights? Thus for my restless anxiety to promote thy good? Thus for the never-dying scorpion of my conscience? Upon me must fall the burden of responsibility; upon me the curse, the thunderbolt of the Judge. Thou receivest thy fortune from another's hand — the crime is not attached to the inheritance.

FERD. (*extending his right hand toward heaven*) Here I solemnly abjure an inheritance which must ever remind me of a parent's guilt!

PRES. Hear me, sirrah! and do not incense me! Were you left to your own direction you would crawl through life in the dust.

FERD. Oh! better, father, far, far better, than to crawl about a throne!

PRES. (*repressing his anger*) So! Then compulsion must make you sensible of your good fortune! To that point, which, with the utmost striving a thousand others fail to reach, you have been exalted in your very sleep. At twelve you received a commission; at twenty a command. I have succeeded in obtaining for you the duke's patronage. He bids you lay aside your uniform, and share with me his favour and his confidence. He spoke of titles — embassies — of honours bestowed but upon few! A glorious prospect spreads itself before you! That first direct path to the place next the throne lies open to you! Nay, to the throne itself, if the actual power of ruling is equivalent to the mere symbol. Does not that idea awaken your ambition?

FERD. No! My ideas of greatness and happiness differ widely from yours. Your happiness is but seldom known, except by the misery of others. Envy, terror, hatred are the melancholy mirrors in which the smiles of princes are reflected. Tears, curses, and the wailings of despair, the horrid banquet that feasts you supposed elect of fortune; intoxicated with these they rush headlong into eternity, staggering to the throne of

judgment. My ideas of happiness teach me to look for its fountain in myself! All my wishes lie centred in my heart!

PRES. Masterly! Inimitable! Admirable! The first schooling I have received these thirty years! Pity that the brain at fifty should be so dull at learning! But — that such talent may not rust, I will place one by your side on whom you can practise your harlequinade follies at pleasure. You will resolve — resolve this very day — to take a wife.

FERD. (*starting back amazed*) Father!

PRES. Answer me not. I have made proposals, in your name, to Lady Milford. You will instantly determine upon going to her, and declaring yourself her bridegroom.

FERD. Lady Milford! father?

PRES. I presume she is not unknown to you!

FERD. (*passionately*) To what brothel is she unknown through the dukedom? But pardon me, dearest father! It is ridiculous to imagine that your proposal can be serious. Would you call yourself father of that infamous son who married a licensed prostitute?

PRES. Nay, more. I would ask her hand myself, if she would take a man of fifty. Would not you call yourself that infamous father's son?

FERD. No! as God lives! t[illegible]uld I not!

PRES. An audacity, by my h[illegible]r! which I pardon for its excessive singularity.

FERD. I entreat you, father, release me from a demand which would render it insupportable to call myself your son.

PRES. Are you distracted, boy? What reasonable man would not thirst after a distinction which makes him, as one of a trio, the equal and co-partner of his sovereign?

FERD. You are quite an enigma to me, father! "A distinction," do you call it? A distinction to share

that with a prince, wherein he places himself on a level with the meanest of his subjects? (*The* PRESIDENT *bursts into a loud laugh.*) You may scoff — I must submit to it in a father. With what countenance should I support the gaze of the meanest labourer, who at least receives an undivided person as the portion of his bride? With what countenance should I present myself before the world? before the prince? nay, before the harlot herself, who seeks to wash out in my shame the brand-marks of her honour?

PRES. Where in the world couldst thou collect such notions, boy?

FERD. I implore you, father, by heaven and earth! By thus sacrificing your only son you can never become so happy as you will make him miserable! If my life can be a step to your advancement, dispose of it. My life you gave me; and I will never hesitate a moment to sacrifice it wholly to your welfare. But my honour, father! If you deprive me of this, the giving me life was a mere trick of wanton cruelty, and I must equally curse the parent and the pander.

PRES. (*tapping him on the shoulder in a friendly manner*) That's as it should be, my dear boy! Now I see that you are a brave and noble fellow, and worthy of the first woman in the dukedom. You shall have her. This very day you shall be affianced to the Countess of Ostheim.

FERD. (*in new disorder*) Is this, then, destined to be the hour of my destruction?

PRES. (*regarding him with an eye of suspicion*) In this union, I imagine, you can have no objection on the score of honour?

FERD. None, father, none whatever. Frederica of Ostheim would make any other the happiest of men. (*Aside, in the greatest agitation.*) His kindness rends in pieces that remnant of my heart which his cruelty left unwounded.

PRES. (*his eye still fixed upon him*) I expect your gratitude, Ferdinand!

FERD. (*rushes toward him and kisses his hands*) Father, your goodness awakens every spark of sentiment in my bosom. Father! receive my warmest thanks for your kind intentions. Your choice is unexceptionable! But I cannot — I dare not — pity me, father, I never can love the countess.

PRES. (*draws back*) Ha! ha! now I've caught you, young gentleman! The cunning fox has tumbled into the trap. Oh, you artful hypocrite! It was not then *honour* which made you refuse Lady Milford? It was not the woman, but the nuptials which alarmed you! (FERDINAND *stands petrified for a moment; then recovers himself and prepares to quit the chamber hastily.*) Whither now? Stay, sir. Is this the respect due to your father? (FERDINAND *returns slowly.*) Her ladyship expects you. The duke has my promise! Both court and city believe all is settled. If thou makest me appear a liar, boy! If, before the duke — the lady — the court and city — thou shouldst make me appear a liar! — tremble, boy! — or when I have gained information of certain circumstances — how now? Why does the colour so suddenly forsake your cheeks?

FERD. (*pale and trembling*) [illegible] What? Nothing — it is nothing, my father!

PRES. (*casting upon him a dreadful look*) Should there be cause. If I should discover the source whence this obstinacy proceeds! Boy! boy! the very suspicion drives me distracted! Leave me this moment. 'Tis now the hour of parade. As soon as the word is given, go thou to her ladyship. At my nod a dukedom trembles; we shall see whether a disobedient son dare dispute my will! (*Going, returns.*) Remember, sir! fail not to wait on Lady Milford, or dread my anger! [*Exit.*

FERD. (*awakens, as if from a dream*) Is he gone?

Was that a father's voice? Yes, I will go — I will see her — I will say such things to her — hold such a mirror before her eyes. Then, base woman, shouldst thou still demand my hand — in the presence of the assembled nobles, the military, and the people — gird thyself with all the pride of thy native Britain — I, a German youth, will spurn thee! [*Exit.*

ACT II.

Scene I.

A room in Lady Milford's *house. On the right of the stage stands a sofa, on the left a pianoforte.*

Lady Milford, *in a loose but elegant négligée, is running her hand over the keys of the pianoforte as* Sophy *advances from the window.*

Sophy. The parade is over, and the officers are separating, but I see no signs of the major.

Lady M. (*rises and walks up and down the room in visible agitation*) I know not what ails me to-day, Sophy! I never felt so before — you say you do not see him! It is evident enough that he is by no means impatient for th[illegible]eeting — my heart feels oppressed as if by some heavy crime. Go! Sophy, order the most spirited horse in the stable to be saddled for me — I must away into the open air where I may look on the blue sky and hear the busy hum of man. I must dispel this gloominess by change and motion.

Sophy. If you feel out of spirits, my lady, why not invite company? Let the prince give an entertainment here, or have the ombre table brought to you. If the prince and all his court were at *my* beck and call I would let no whim or fancy trouble me!

Lady M. (*throwing herself on the couch*) Pray,

spare me. I would gladly give a jewel in exchange for every hour's respite from the infliction of such company! I always have my rooms tapestried with these creatures! Narrow-minded, miserable beings, who are quite shocked if by chance a candid and heartfelt word should escape one's lips! and stand aghast as though they saw an apparition; slaves, moved by a single puppet-wire, which I can govern as easily as the threads of my embroidery! What can I have in common with such insipid wretches, whose souls, like their watches, are regulated by machinery? What pleasure can I have in the society of people whose answers to my questions I know beforehand? How can I hold communion with men who dare not venture on an opinion of their own lest it should differ from mine! Away with them — I care not to ride a horse that has not spirit enough to champ the bit! (*Goes to the window.*)

Sophy. But surely, my lady, you except the prince, the handsomest, the wittiest, and the most gallant man in all his duchy.

Lady M. (*returning*) Yes, in *his* duchy, that was well said — and it is only a royal duchy, Sophy, that could in the least excuse my weakness. You say the world envies me! Poor thing! It should rather pity me! Believe me, of all who drink of the streams of royal bounty there is none more miserable than the sovereign's favourite, for he who is great and mighty in the eyes of others comes to *her* but as the humble suppliant! It is true that by the talisman of his greatness he can realise every wish of my heart as readily as the magician calls forth the fairy palace from the depths of the earth! He can place the luxuries of both Indies upon my table, turn the barren wilderness to a paradise, can bid the broad rivers of his land play in triumphal arches over my path, or expend all the hard-earned gains of his subjects in a

single *feu-de-joie* to my honour. But can he school his heart to respond to one great or ardent emotion? Can he extort one noble thought from his weak and indigent brain? Alas! my heart is thirsting amid all this ocean of splendour; what avail, then, a thousand virtuous sentiments when I am only permitted to indulge in the pleasures of the senses?

SOPHY. (*regarding her with surprise*) Dear lady, you amaze me! how long is it since I entered your service?

LADY M. Do you ask because *this* is the first day on which you have learnt to know me? I have sold my honour to the prince, it is true, but my heart is still my own — a heart, dear Sophy, which even yet may be worth the acceptance of an honourable man — a heart over which the pestilential blast of courtly corruption has passed as the breath which for a moment dims the mirror's lustre. Believe me, my spirit would long since have revolted against this miserable thraldom could my ambition have submitted to see another advanced to my place.

SOPHY. And could a heart like yours so readily surrender itself to mere ambition?

LADY M. (*with energy*) Has it not already been avenged? nay, is it not even at this very moment making me pay a cruel atonement? (*With emphasis laying her hand on* SOPHY'S *shoulder.*) Believe me, Sophy, woman has but to choose between ruling and serving, but the utmost joy of power is a worthless possession if the mightier joy of being slave to the man we love be denied us.

SOPHY. A truth, dear lady, which I could least of all have expected to hear from your lips!

LADY M. And wherefore, Sophy? Does not woman show, by her childish mode of swaying the sceptre of power, that she is only fit to go in leading-strings? Have not my fickle humours — my eager pursuit of

wild dissipation — betrayed to you that I sought in these to stifle the still wilder throbbings of my heart ?

SOPHY. (*starting back with surprise*) This from you, my lady ?

LADY M. (*continuing with increasing energy*) Appease these throbbings. Give me the man in whom my thoughts are centred — the man I adore, without whom life were worse than death. Let me but hear from *his* lips that the tears of love with which my eyes are bedewed outvie the gems that sparkle in my hair, and I will throw at the feet of the prince his heart and his dukedom, and flee to the uttermost parts of the earth with the man of my love !

SOPHY. (*looking at her in alarm*) Heavens ! my lady ! control your emotion —

LADY M. (*in surprise*) You change colour ! To what have I given utterance ? Yet, since I have said thus much, let me say still more — let my confidence be a pledge of your fidelity, — I will tell you all.

SOPHY. (*looking anxiously around*) I fear, my lady — I dread it — I have heard enough !

LADY M. This alliance with the major — you, like the rest of the world, believe to be the result of a court intrigue — Sophy, blush not — be not ashamed of me — it is the work of — my [illegible]

SOPHY. Heavens ! As I suspected !

LADY M. Yes, Sophy, they are all deceived. The weak prince — the diplomatic baron — the silly marshal — each and all of these are firmly convinced that this marriage is a most infallible means of preserving me to the prince, and of uniting us still more firmly ! But this will prove the very means of separating us for ever, and bursting asunder these execrable bonds. The cheater cheated — outwitted by a weak woman. Ye yourselves are leading me to the man of my heart — this was all I sought. Let him but once be mine —

be but mine — then, oh, then, a long farewell to all this despicable pomp!

Scene II.

An old valet of the Duke's *with a casket of jewels. The former.*

Valet. His Serene Highness begs your ladyship's acceptance of these jewels as a nuptial present. They have just arrived from Venice.

Lady M. (*opens the casket and starts back in astonishment*) What did these jewels cost the duke?

Valet. Nothing!

Lady M. *Nothing!* Are you beside yourself? (*Retreating a step or two.*) Old man! you fix on me a look as though you would pierce me through. Did you say these precious jewels cost nothing?

Valet. Yesterday seven thousand children of the land left their homes to go to America — they pay for all.

Lady M. (*sets the casket suddenly down, and paces up and down the room; after a pause, to the* Valet) What distresses you, old man? you are weeping!

Valet (*wiping his eyes, and trembling violently*) Yes, for these jewels. My two sons are among the number.

Lady M. But they went not by compulsion?

Valet. (*laughing bitterly*) Oh! dear no! they were all volunteers! There were certainly some few forward lads who pushed to the front of the ranks and inquired of the colonel at what price the prince sold his subjects per yoke, upon which our gracious ruler ordered the regiments to be marched to the parade, and the malcontents to be shot. We heard the report of the muskets, and saw brains and blood spurting about us, while the whole band shouted — "Hurrah for America!"

Lady M. And I heard nothing of all this! saw nothing!

Valet. No, most gracious lady, because you rode off to the bear-hunt with his Highness just at the moment the drum was beating for the march. 'Tis a pity your ladyship missed the pleasure of the sight — here, crying children might be seen following their wretched father — there, a mother distracted with grief was rushing forward to throw her tender infant among the bristling bayonets — here, a bride and bridegroom were separated with the sabre's stroke — and there, graybeards were seen to stand in despair, and fling their very crutches after their sons in the New World — and, in the midst of all this, the drums were beating loudly, that the prayers and lamentations might not reach the Almighty ear.

Lady M. (*rising in violent emotion*) Away with these jewels — their rays pierce my bosom like the flames of hell. Moderate your grief, old man. Your children shall be restored to you. You shall again clasp them to your bosom.

Valet. (*with warmth*) Yes, Heaven knows! We shall meet again! As they passed the city gates they turned round and cried aloud, "God bless our wives and children — long life to our gracious sovereign. At the day of judgment we shall meet again!"

Lady M. (*walks up and down the room in great agitation*) Horrible! most horrible! — and they would persuade me that I had dried up all the tears in the land. Now, indeed, my eyes are fearfully opened! Go — tell the prince that I will thank him in person! (*As the valet is going she drops the purse into his hat.*) And take this as a recompense for the truth you have revealed to me.

Valet. (*throws the purse with contempt on the table*) Keep it, with your other treasures. [*Exit.*

Lady M. (*looking after him in astonishment*)

Sophy, follow him, and inquire his name. His sons shall be restored to him. (SOPHY *goes.* LADY MILFORD *becomes absorbed in thought. Pause. Then to* SOPHY *as she returns.*) Was there not a report that some town on the frontier had been destroyed by fire, and four hundred families reduced to beggary? (*She rings.*)

SOPHY. What has made your ladyship just think of that? Yes — such was certainly the fact, and most of these poor creatures are either compelled to serve their creditors as bondsmen, or are dragging out their miserable days in the depths of the royal silver mines.

Enter a SERVANT. What are your ladyship's commands?

LADY M. (*giving him the case of jewels*) Carry this to my treasurer without delay. Let the jewels be sold and the money distributed among the four hundred families who were ruined by the fire.

SOPHY. Consider, my lady, the risk you run of displeasing his Highness.

LADY M. (*with dignity*) Should I encircle my brows with the curses of his subjects? (*Makes a sign to the servant, who goes away with the jewel-case.*) Wouldst thou have me dragged to the earth by the dreadful weight of the tears of misery? Nay! Sophy, it is better far to wear these jewels on the brow, and to have the consciousness of a good deed within the breast!

SOPHY. But diamonds of such value! Why not rather give some that are less precious? Truly, my lady, it is an unpardonable act.

LADY M. Foolish girl! For this deed more brilliants and pearls will flow for me in one moment than kings ever wore in their richest diadems! Ay, and infinitely more beautiful!

SERVANT *enters.* Major von Walter!

SOPHY. (*running hastily to the help of* LADY MIL-

FORD, *who seems fainting*) Heavens, my lady, you change colour!

LADY M. The first man who ever made me tremble. (*To the* SERVANT.) I am not well — but stay — what said the major? — how? — O Sophy! I look sadly ill, do I not?

SOPHY. I entreat you, my lady, compose yourself.

SERVANT. Is it your ladyship's wish that I should deny you to the major?

LADY M. (*hesitating*) Tell him — I shall be happy to see him. (*Exit* SERVANT.) What shall I say to him, Sophy? how shall I receive him? I will be silent — alas! I fear he will despise my weakness. He will — ah, me! what sad forebodings oppress my heart! You are going, Sophy! stay, yet — no, no — he comes — yes, stay, stay with me —

SOPHY. Collect yourself, my lady, the major —

SCENE III.

FERDINAND VON WALTER. *The former.*

FERD. (*with a slight bow*) I hope I do not interrupt your ladyship?

LADY M. (*with visible em[illegible]*) Not at all, baron — not in the least.

FERD. I wait on your ladyship, at the command of my father.

LADY M. Therein I am his debtor.

FERD. And I am charged to announce to you that our marriage is determined on. Thus far I fulfil the commission of my father.

LADY M. (*changing colour and trembling*) And not of your own heart?

FERD. Ministers and panders have no concern with hearts.

Lady M. (*almost speechless with emotion*) And you yourself — have you nothing to add?

Ferd. (*looking at* Sophy) Much! my lady, much!

Lady M. (*motions to* Sophy *to withdraw*) May I beg you to take a seat by my side?

Ferd. I will be brief, lady.

Lady M. Well!

Ferd. I am a man of honour!

Lady M. Whose worth I know how to appreciate.

Ferd. I am of noble birth!

Lady M. Noble as any in the land!

Ferd. A soldier!

Lady M. (*in a soft, affectionate manner*) Thus far you have only enumerated advantages which you share in common with many others. Why are you so silent regarding those noble qualities which are peculiarly your own?

Ferd. (*coldly*) Here they would be out of place.

Lady M. (*with increasing agitation*) In what light am I to understand this prelude?

Ferd. (*slowly, and with emphasis*) As the protest of the voice of honour — should you think proper to enforce the possession of my hand!

Lady M. (*starting with indignation*) Major von Walter! What language is this?

Ferd. (*calmly*) The language of my heart — of my unspotted name — and this true sword.

Lady M. Your sword was given to you by the prince.

Ferd. 'Twas the state which gave it, by the hands of the prince. God bestowed on me an honest heart. My nobility is derived from a line of ancestry extending through centuries.

Lady M. But the authority of the prince —

Ferd. (*with warmth*) Can he subvert the laws of humanity, or stamp glory on our actions as easily as he stamps value on the coin of his realm? He himself is

not raised above the laws of honour, although he may stifle its whispers with gold — and shroud his infamy in robes of ermine! But enough of this, lady! — it is too late now to talk of blasted prospects — or of the desecration of ancestry — or of that nice sense of honour — girded on with my sword — or of the world's opinion. All these I am ready to trample under foot as soon as you have proved to me that the reward is not inferior to the sacrifice.

LADY M. (*in extreme distress turning away*) Major! I have not deserved this!

FERD. (*taking her hand*) Pardon me, lady — we are without witnesses. The circumstance which brings us together to-day — and only to-day — justifies me, nay, compels me, to reveal to you my most secret feelings. I cannot comprehend, lady, how a being gifted with so much beauty and spirit — qualities which a man cannot fail to admire — could throw herself away on a prince incapable of valuing aught beyond her mere person — and yet not feel some visitings of shame, when she steps forth to offer her heart to a man of honour!

LADY M. (*looking at him with an air of pride*) Say on, sir, without reserve.

FERD. You call yourself an Englishwoman — pardon me, lady, I can hardly believe you. The free-born daughter of the freest people under heaven — a people too proud to imitate even foreign virtues — would surely never have sold herself to foreign vices! It is not possible, lady, that you should be a native of Britain, unless indeed your heart be as much below as the sons of Britannia vaunt theirs to be above all others!

LADY M. Have you done, sir?

FERD. Womanly vanity — passions — temperament — a natural appetite for pleasure — all these might, perhaps, be pleaded in extenuation — for virtue often

survives honour — and many who once trod the paths of infamy have subsequently reconciled themselves to society by the performance of noble deeds, and have thus thrown a halo of glory round their evil doings — but if this were so, whence comes the monstrous extortion that now oppresses the people with a weight never before known? This I would ask in the name of my fatherland — and now, lady, I have done!

LADY M. (*with gentleness and dignity*) This is the first time, Baron von Walter, that words such as these have been addressed to me — and you are the only man to whom I would in return have vouchsafed an answer. Your rejection of my hand commands my esteem. Your invectives against my heart have my full forgiveness, for I will not believe you sincere, since he who dares hold such language to a woman that could ruin him in an instant — must either believe that she possesses a great and noble heart — or must be the most desperate of madmen. That you ascribe the misery of this land to me may He forgive, before whose throne you, and I, and the prince shall one day meet! But, as in my person you have insulted the daughter of Britain, so in vindication of my country's honour you must hear my exculpation.

FERD. (*leaning on his sword*) Lady, I listen with interest.

LADY M. Hear, then, that which I have never yet breathed to mortal, a word which none but yourself will ever learn from my lips. I am not the low adventurer you suppose me, sir! [illegible]! did I listen to the voice of pride, I might even boast myself to be of royal birth; I am descended from the unhappy Thomas Norfolk, who paid the penalty of his adherence to the cause of Mary, Queen of Scots, by a bloody death on the scaffold. My father, who, as royal chamberlain, had once enjoyed his sovereign's confidence, was accused of maintaining treasonable relations with France,

and was condemned and executed by a decree of the Parliament of Great Britain. Our estates were confiscated, and our family banished from their native soil. My mother died on the day of my father's execution, and I — then a girl of fourteen — fled to Germany with one faithful attendant. A casket of jewels, and this crucifix, placed in my bosom by my dying mother, were all my fortune!

[FERD., *absorbed in thought, surveys* LADY MILFORD *with looks of compassion and sympathy.*

LADY M. (*continuing with increased emotion*) Without a name — without protection or property — a foreigner and an orphan, I reached Hamburg. I had learnt nothing but a little French, and to run my fingers over the embroidery-frame, or the keys of my harpsichord. But, though I was ignorant of all useful arts, I had learnt full well to feast off gold and silver, to sleep beneath silken hangings, to bid attendant pages obey my voice, and to listen to the honeyed words of flattery and adulation. Six years passed away in sorrow and in sadness — the remnant of my scanty means was fast melting away — my old and faithful nurse was no more — and — and then it was that fate brought your sovereign to Hamburg. I was walking beside the shores of the Elbe, wondering, as I gazed on its waters, whether [illegible] or my sorrows were the deeper, when the duke [illegible] my path. He followed me, traced me to my [illegible]e abode, and, casting himself at my feet, vowed [illegible] he loved me. (*She pauses, and, after struggling* [illegible] *her emotion, continues in a voice choked by tears.*) All the images of my happy childhood were re[illegible]ed in hues of delusive brightness — while the future lowered before me black as the grave. My heart panted for communion with another — and I sank into the arms opened to receive me! (*Turning away.*) And now you condemn me!

FERD. (*greatly agitated, follows her and leads her*

back) Lady! heavens! what do I hear? What have I done? The guilt of my conduct is unveiled in all its deformity! It is impossible you should forgive me.

LADY M. (*endeavouring to overcome her emotion*) Hear me on! The prince, it is true, overcame my unprotected youth, but the blood of the Howards still glowed within my veins, and never ceased to reproach me; that I, the descendant of royal ancestors, should stoop to be a prince's paramour! Pride and destiny still contended in my bosom, when the duke brought me hither, where scenes the most revolting burst upon my sight! The voluptuousness of the great is an insatiable hyena — the craving of whose appetite demands perpetual victims. Fearfully had it laid this country waste — separating bridegroom and bride — and tearing asunder even the holy bonds of marriage. Here it had destroyed the tranquil happiness of a whole family — there the blighting pest had seized on a young and inexperienced heart, and expiring victims called down bitter imprecations on the heads of the undoers. It was then that I stepped forth between the lamb and the tiger, and, in a moment of dalliance, extorted from the duke his royal promise that this revolting licentiousness should cease.

FERD. (*pacing the room in violent agitation*) No more, lady! No more!

LADY M. This [illegible] period was succeeded by one still more gl[illegible]. The court swarmed with French and Italian adventurers — the royal sceptre became the plaything of Parisian harlots, and the people writhed and bl[illegible] beneath their capricious rule. Each had her day. I saw them sink before me, one by one, for I was the most skilful coquette of all! It was then that I seized and wielded the tyrant's sceptre whilst he slumbered voluptuously in my embrace — then, Walter, thy country, for the first time, felt the hand of humanity, and reposed in confidence on my

bosom. (*A pause, during which she gazes upon him with tenderness.*) Oh! that the man, by whom, of all others, I least wish to be misunderstood, should compel me to turn braggart and parade my unobtrusive virtues to the glare of admiration! Walter, I have burst open the doors of prisons — I have cancelled death-warrants and shortened many a frightful eternity upon the galleys. Into wounds beyond my power to heal I have at least poured soothing balsam. I have hurled mighty villains to the earth, and oft with the tears of a harlot saved the cause of innocence from impending ruin. Ah! young man, how sweet were then my feelings! How proudly did these actions teach my heart to support the reproaches of my noble blood! And now comes the man who alone can repay me for all that I have suffered — the man, whom perhaps my relenting destiny created as a compensation for former sorrows — the man, whom with ardent affection, I already clasped in my dreams.

FERD. (*interrupting her*) Hold, lady, hold! You exceed the bounds of our conference! You undertook to clear yourself from reproach, and you make me a criminal! Spare me, I beseech you! Spare a heart already overwhelmed by confusion and remorse!

LADY M. (*grasping his hand*) You must hear me, Walter! hear me now or never. Long enough has the heroine sustained me; now [illegible]t feel the whole weight of these tears! Mark [illegible] alter! Should an unfortunate — impetuously, ir[illegible]ly attracted toward you — clasp you to her bosom [illegible] of unutterable, inextinguishable love — should th[illegible] unfortunate — bowed down with the consciousness of shame — disgusted with vicious pleasures — heroically exalted by the inspiration of virtue — throw herself — thus into your arms (*embracing him in an eager and supplicating manner*); should she do this and you still pronounce the freezing word "*Honour!*" Should she pray that

through you she might be saved — that, through you she might be restored to her hopes of heaven! (*Turning away her head, and speaking in a hollow, faltering voice.*) Or should she, her prayer refused, listen to the voice of despair, and to escape from your image plunge herself into yet more fearful depths of infamy and vice —

FERD. (*breaking from her in great emotion*) No, by heaven! This is more than I can endure! Lady, I am compelled — Heaven and earth compel me — to make the honest avowal of my sentiments and situation.

LADY M. (*hastening from him*) Oh! not now! By all that is holy I entreat you — spare me in this dreadful moment when my lacerated heart bleeds from a thousand wounds. Be your decision life or death — I dare not — I will not hear it!

FERD. I entreat you, lady! I insist! What I have to say will mitigate my offence, and warmly plead your forgiveness for the past. I have been deceived in you, lady. I expected — nay, I wished to find you deserving my contempt. I came determined to insult you, and to make myself the object of your hate. Happy would it have been for us both had my purpose succeeded! (*He pauses; then proceeds in a gentle and faltering voice.*) Lady, I love! — I love a maid of humble birth — Louisa Miller is her name, the daughter of a music-master. (LADY M. *turns away pale and greatly agitated.*) I know into what an abyss I plunge myself; but, though prudence bids me conceal my passion, honour overpowers its precepts. I am the criminal — I first destroyed the golden calm of Louisa's innocence — I lulled her heart with aspiring hopes, and surrendered it, like a betrayer, a prey to the wildest of passions. You will bid me remember my rank — my birth — my father's schemes of aggrandisement. But in vain — I love. My hopes become more

fervent as the breach widens between nature and the mere conventions of society — between my resolution and worldly prejudices! We shall see whether love or interest is victorious. (LADY M. *during this has retired to the extreme end of the apartment, and covers her face with both hands.* FERDINAND *approaches her.*) Have you aught to answer, lady?

LADY M. (*in a tone of intense suffering*) Nothing! Nothing! but that you destroy yourself and me — and, with us, yet a third.

FERD. A third?

LADY M. Never can you marry Louisa; never can you be happy with me. We shall all be the victims of your father's rashness. I can never hope to possess the heart of a husband who has been forced to give me his hand.

FERD. Forced, lady? Forced? And yet given? Will you enforce a hand without a heart? Will you tear from a maiden a man who is the whole world to her? Will you tear a maiden from a man who has centred all his hopes of happiness on her alone? Will you do this, lady? you who but a moment before were the lofty, noble-minded daughter of Britain?

LADY M. I will because I must. (*Earnestly and firmly.*) My passions, Walter, overcome my tenderness for you. My honour leaves no alternative. Our union is the talk of the whole city. Every eye, every shaft of ridicule is bent against me. 'Twere a stain which time would never efface should a subject of the prince reject my hand! Appease your father if you have the power! Defend yourself as you best may! My resolution is taken. The mine is fired and I abide the issue.

[*Exit.* FERDINAND *remains in speechless astonishment for some moments; then rushes wildly out.*

SCENE IV.

Miller's House.

MILLER *meeting* LOUISA *and* MRS. MILLER.

MILLER. Ay! ay! I told you how it would be!

LOUISA. (*hastening to him with anxiety*) What, father? What?

MILLER. (*running up and down the room*) My cloak, there! Quick, quick! I must be beforehand with him. My cloak, I say! Yes, yes! this was just what I expected!

LOUISA. For God's sake, father! tell me?

MRS. M. What is the matter, Miller? What alarms you?

MILLER. (*throwing down his wig*) Let that go to the friseur. What is the matter, indeed? And my beard, too, is nearly half an inch long. What's the matter? What do you think, you old carrion? The devil has broken loose, and you may look out for squalls.

MRS. M. There, now, that's just the way! When anything goes wrong, it is always my fault.

MILLER. Your f[illegible]lt? Yes, you brimstone fagot! and whose else [illegible]d it be? This very morning, when you were [illegible] forth about that confounded major, did I not [illegible]en what would be the consequence? That k[illegible] Worm, has blabbed.

MRS. M. Gracio[illegible] heavens! But how do you know?

MILLER. How do [illegible] know? Look yonder! a messenger of the minister is already at the door inquiring for the fiddler.

LOUISA. (*turning pale, and sitting down*) Oh! God! I am in agony!

MILLER. And you, too, with that languishing air?

(*Laughs bitterly.*) But, right! Right! There is an old saying that where the devil keeps a breeding-cage he is sure to hatch a handsome daughter.

MRS. M. But how do you know that Louisa is in question? You may have been recommended to the duke; he may want you in his orchestra.

MILLER. (*jumping up and seizing his fiddlestick*) May the sulphurous rain of hell consume thee! Orchestra, indeed! Ay, where you, you old procuress, shall howl the treble whilst my smarting back groans the bass. (*Throwing himself upon a chair.*) Oh! God in heaven!

LOUISA. (*sinks on the sofa, pale as death*) Father! Mother! Oh! my heart sinks within me.

MILLER. (*starting up with anger*) But let me only lay hands on that infernal quill-driver! I'll make him skip — be it in this world or the next; if I don't pound him to a jelly, body and soul; if I don't write all the Ten Commandments, the seven Penitential Psalms, the five books of Moses, and the whole of the prophets upon his rascally hide so distinctly that the blue hieroglyphics shall be legible at the day of judgment — if I don't, may I —

MRS. M. Yes, yes, curse and swear your hardest! That's the way to frighten the devil! Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Oh, gracious heavens! What shall we do? Who can advise us? Speak, Miller, speak; this silence distracts me! (*She runs screaming up and down the room.*)

MILLER. I will instantly to the minister! I will open my mouth boldly, and tell him all from beginning to end. You knew it before me, and ought to have given me a hint of what was going on! The girl might yet have been advised. It might still have been time to save her! But, no! There was something for your meddling and making, and you must needs add fuel to the fire. Now you have made your

bed you may lie on it. As you have brewed so may you drink; I shall take my daughter under my arm and be off with her over the borders.

SCENE V.

MILLER, MRS. MILLER, LOUISA, FERDINAND.

FERD. (*rushes in, terrified, and out of breath*) Has my father been here?

LOUISA. (*starts back in horror*) His father? Gracious heaven!

MRS. M. (*wringing her hands*) The minister here? Then it's all over with us!

MILLER. (*laughs bitterly*) Thank God! Thank God! Now comes our benefit!

All speaking together.

FERD. (*rushing toward* LOUISA, *and clasping her in his arms*) Mine thou art, though heaven and hell were placed between us!

LOUISA. I am doomed! Speak, Ferdinand! Did you not utter that dreaded name? Your father?

FERD. Be not alarmed! the danger has passed! I have thee again! again thou hast me! Let me regain my breath on thy dear bosom. It was a dreadful hour!

LOUISA. What w[illegible] a dreadful hour? Answer me, Ferdinand! I di[illegible] apprehension!

FERD. (*drawi[illegible] L[illegible], gazing upon her earnestly, then in a solemn to[illegible]*) [illegible] hour, Louisa, when another's form stepped betw[illegible] my heart and thee — an hour in which my love g[illegible] pale before my conscience — when Louisa ceased to [illegible] all in all to Ferdinand!

[LOUISA *sinks back upon her chair, and conceals her face.*

(FERDINAND *stands before her in speechless agitation, then turns away from her suddenly and exclaims*) Never, never! Baroness, 'tis impossible! you ask too

much! Never can I sacrifice this innocence at your shrine. No, by the eternal God! I cannot recall my oath, which speaks to me from thy soul-thrilling eyes louder than the thunders of heaven! Behold, lady! Inhuman father, look on this! Would you have me destroy this angel? Shall my perfidy kindle a hell in this heavenly bosom? (*Turning toward her with firmness.*) No! I will bear her to thy throne, Almighty Judge! Thy voice shall declare if my affection be a crime. (*He grasps her hand and raises her from the sofa.*) Courage, my beloved!—thou hast conquered —and I come forth a victor from the terrible conflict!

LOUISA. No, no, Ferdinand, conceal nothing from me! Declare boldly the dreadful decree! You named your father! You spoke of the baroness! The shivering of death seizes my heart! 'Tis said she is about to be married!

FERD. (*quite overcome, throws himself at her feet*) Yes, and to me, dear unfortunate. Such is my father's will!

LOUISA. (*after a deep pause, in a tremulous voice, but with assumed resignation*) Well! Why am I thus affrighted? Has not my dear father often told me that you never could be mine? But I was obstinate, and believed him not. (*A second pause; she falls weeping into her father's arms.*) Father, thy daughter is thine own again! Father, forgive me! 'Twas not your child's fault that the [illegible] was so heavenly— the waking so terrible!

MILLER. Louisa! Louisa! [illegible] merciful heaven! she has lost her senses! My daughter! My poor child! Curses upon thy seducer! Curses upon the pandering mother who threw thee in his way!

MRS. M. (*weeping on LOUISA'S neck*) Daughter, do I deserve this curse? God forgive you, major! What has this poor lamb done that you bring this misery upon her?

FERD. (*with resolution*) I will unravel the meshes of these intrigues. I will burst asunder these iron chains of prejudice. As a free-born man will I make my choice, and crush these insect souls with the colossal force of my love! [*Going.*

LOUISA. (*rises trembling from the sofa, and attempts to follow him*) Stay, oh, stay! Whither are you going? Father! Mother! He deserts us in this fearful hour!

MRS. M. (*hastens toward him and detains him*) The president is coming hither? He will ill-use my child! He will ill-use us all,—and yet, major, you are going to leave us.

MILLER. (*laughs hysterically*) Leave us. Of course he is! What should hinder him? The girl has given him all she had. (*Grasping* FERDINAND *with one hand, and* LOUISA *with the other.*) Listen to me, young gentleman. The only way out of my house is over my daughter's body. If you possess one single spark of honour await your father's coming; tell him, deceiver, how you stole her young and inexperienced heart; or, by the God who made me! (*thrusting* LOUISA *toward him with violence and passion*) you shall crush before my eyes this trembling worm whom love for you has brought to shame and infamy!

FERD. (*returns, and walks to and fro in deep thought*) 'Tis true, thy president's power is great—parental authority is a mighty word—even crimes claim respect when concealed within its folds. He may push that authority far—very far! But love goes beyond it. He[illegible]de, Louisa; give me thy hand! (*Clasping it firmly.*) [illegible] it surely as I hope for Heaven's mercy in my dying h[illegible]th, I swear that the moment which separates these hands shall also rend asunder the thread that binds me to existence!

LOUISA. You terrify me! Turn from me! Your lips tremble! Your eyes roll fearfully!

FERD. Nay, Louisa! fear nothing! It is not mad-

ness which prompts my oath! 'tis the choicest gift of Heaven, decision, sent to my aid at that critical moment, when an oppressed bosom can only find relief in some desperate remedy. I love thee, Louisa! Thou shalt be mine! 'Tis resolved! And now for my father! [*He rushes out, and is met by the* PRESIDENT.

SCENE VI.

MILLER, MRS. MILLER, LOUISA, FERDINAND, PRESIDENT, *with* SERVANTS.

PRES. (*as he enters*) So! here he is! (*All start in terror.*)

FERD. (*retiring a few paces*) In the house of innocence!

PRES. Where a son learns obedience to his father!

FERD. Permit me to —

PRES. (*interrupting him, turns to* MILLER) The father, I presume?

MILLER. I am Miller, the musician.

PRES. (*to* MRS. MILLER) And you, the mother?

MRS. M. Yes, alas! her unfortunate mother!

FERD. (*to* MILLER) Father, take Louisa to her chamber — she is fainting.

PRES. An unnecessary precaution! I will soon arouse her. (*To* LOUISA.) How long have you been acquainted with the president's son?

LOUISA. (*with timidity*) Of the president's son I have never thought. Ferdinand von Walter has paid his addresses to me since November last.

FERD. And he adores her!

PRES. (*to* LOUISA) Has he given you any assurance of his love?

FERD. But a few minutes since, the most solemn, and God was my witness.

PRES. (*to his son angrily*) Silence! You shall have opportunity enough of confessing your folly. (*To* LOUISA.) I await your answer.

LOUISA. He swore eternal love to me.

FERD. And I will keep my oath.

PRES. (*to* FERDINAND) Must I command your silence? (*To* LOUISA.) Did you accept his rash vows?

LOUISA. (*with tenderness*) I did, and gave him mine in exchange.

FERD. (*resolutely*) The bond is irrevocable —

PRES. (*to* FERDINAND) If you dare to interrupt me again I'll teach you better manners. (*To* LOUISA, *sneeringly.*) And he paid handsomely every time, no doubt?

LOUISA. I do not understand your question.

PRES. (*with an insulting laugh*) Oh, indeed! Well, I only meant to hint that — as everything has its price — I hope you have been more provident than to bestow your favours gratis — or perhaps you were satisfied with merely participating in the pleasure? Eh? how was it?

FERD. (*infuriated*) Hell and confusion! What does this mean?

LOUISA. (*to* FERDINAND, *with dignity and emotion*) Baron von Walter, now you are free!

FERD. Father! virtue though clothed in a beggar's garb commands res[illegible]

PRES. (*laughing* [illegible]) A most excellent joke! The father is commanded to honour his son's strumpet!

LOUISA. Oh! Heaven and earth! (*Sinks down in a swoon.*)

FERD. (*drawing his sword*) Father, you gave me life, and, till now, I acknowledged your claim on it. That debt is cancelled. (*Replaces his sword in the scabbard, and points to* LOUISA.) There lies the bond of filial duty torn to atoms!

MILLER. (*who has stood apart trembling, now comes forward, by turns gnashing his teeth in rage, and shrink-*



ing back in terror) Your Excellency, the child is the father's second self. No offence, I hope! Who strikes the child hits the father — blow for blow — that's our rule here. No offence, I hope!

MRS. M. God have mercy on us! Now the old man has begun — we shall all catch it with a vengeance!

PRES. (*who has not understood what* MILLER *said*) What? is the old pander stirred up? We shall have something to settle together presently, Mr. Pander!

MILLER. You mistake me, my lord. My name is Miller, at your service for an adagio — but, as to lady-birds, I cannot serve you. As long as there is such an assortment at court, we poor citizens can't afford to lay in stock! No offence, I hope!

MRS. M. For Heaven's sake, man, hold your tongue! would you ruin both wife and child?

FERD. (*to his father*) You play but a sorry part here, my lord, and might well have dispensed with these witnesses.

MILLER. (*coming nearer, with increasing confidence*) To be plain and above board — No offence, I hope — your Excellency may have it all your own way in the Cabinet — but this is my house. I'm your most obedient, very humble servant when I wait upon you with a petition, but the rude, unmannerly intruder I have the right to bundle out — no offence, I hope!

PRES. (*pale with anger, and approaching* MILLER) What? What's that you dare utter?

MILLER. (*retreating a few steps*) Only a little bit of my mind, sir — no offence, I hope!

PRES. (*furiously*) Insolent villain! Your impertinence shall procure you a lodging in prison. (*To his servants.*) Call in the officers of justice! Away! (*Some of the attendants go out. The* PRESIDENT *paces the stage with a furious air.*) The father shall to prison; the mother and her strumpet daughter to the pillory! Justice shall lend her sword to my rage! For

this insult will I have ample amends. Shall such contemptible creatures thwart my plans, and set father and son against each other with impunity? Tremble, miscreants! I will glut my hate in your destruction — the whole brood of you — father, mother, and daughter shall be sacrificed to my vengeance!

FERD. (*to* MILLER, *in a collected and firm manner*) Oh! not so! Fear not, friends! I am your protector. (*Turning to the* PRESIDENT, *with deference.*) Be not so rash, father! For your own sake let me beg of you no violence. There is a corner of my heart where the name of father has never yet been heard. Oh! press not into that!

PRES. Silence, unworthy boy! Rouse not my anger to greater fury!

MILLER. (*recovering from a stupor*) Wife, look you to your daughter! I fly to the duke. His Highness' tailor — God be praised for reminding me of it at this moment — learns the flute of me — I cannot fail of success. (*Is hastening off.*)

PRES. To the duke, will you? Have you forgotten that I am the threshold over which you must pass, or failing, perish? To the duke, you fool? Try to reach him with your lamentations, when, reduced to a living skeleton, you lie buried in a dungeon five fathoms deep, where light and sound never enter; where darkness goggles at hell with [illegible]ing eyes! There gnash thy teeth in anguish; t[illegible]ttle thy chains in despair, and groan, "Woe [illegible] This is beyond human endurance!"

SCENE VII.

Officers of Justice — the former.

FERD. (*flies to* LOUISA, *who, overcome with fear, faints in his arms*) Louisa! — Help, for God's sake! Terror overpowers her!

[MILLER, *catching up his cane and putting on his hat, prepares for defence.* MRS. MILLER *throws herself on her knees before the* PRESIDENT.

PRES. (*to the officers, showing his star*) Arrest these offenders in the duke's name. Boy, let go that strumpet! Fainting or not — when once her neck is fitted with the iron collar, the mob will pelt her till she revives.

MRS. MILLER. Mercy, your Excellency! Mercy! mercy!

MILLER. (*snatching her from the ground with violence*) Kneel to God, you howling fool, and not to — villains — since I must to prison anyway!

PRES. (*biting his lips*) You may be out in your reckoning, scoundrel! There are still gallows to spare! (*To the officers.*) Must I repeat my orders?

[*They approach* LOUIS[illegible] FERDINAND *places himself before her.*

FERD. (*fiercely*) Touch [illegible] who dare! (*He draws his sword and flourishes* [illegible]) Let no one presume to lay a finger on her, whose [illegible] is not well insured. (*To the* PRESIDENT.) As you value your own safety, father, urge me no further!

PRES. (*to the officers, in a threatening voice*) At your peril, cowards! (*They again attempt to seize* LOUISA.)

FERD. Hell and furies! Back, I say! (*Driving them away.*) Once more, father, I warn you — have

some thought for your own safety! Drive me not to extremity!

PRES. (*enraged, to the officers*) Scoundrels! Is this your obedience? (*The officers renew their efforts.*)

FERD. Well, if it must be so (*attacking and wounding several of them*), Justice forgive me!

PRES. (*exasperated to the utmost*) Let me see whether I, too, must feel your weapon! (*He seizes* LOUISA *and delivers her to an officer.*)

FERD. (*laughing bitterly*) Father! father! Your conduct is a galling satire upon Providence, who has so ill understood her people as to make bad statesmen of excellent executioners!

PRES. (*to the officers*) Away with her!

FERD. Father, if I cannot prevent it, she must stand in the pillory — but by her side will also stand the son of the president. Do you still insist?

PRES. The more entertaining will be the exhibition. Away with her!

FERD. I will pledge the honour of an officer's sword for her. Do you still insist?

PRES. Your sword is already familiar with disgrace. Away! away! You know my will.

FERD. (*wrests* LOUISA *from the officer and holds her with one arm, with the other points his sword at her bosom*) Father, rather than tamely see my wife branded with infamy I will plunge this sword into her bosom. Do you still insist? [illegible]

PRES. Do it, if the blade be sharp enough!

FERD. (*releases* LOUISA, *and looks wildly toward heaven*) Be thou witness, Almighty God, that I have left no human means untried to save her! Forgive me now if I have recourse to hellish means. While you are leading her to the pillory (*speaking loudly in the* PRESIDENT'S *ear*), I will publish throughout the town a pleasant history of how a president's chair may be gained! [*Exit.*

PRES. (*as if thunderstruck*) How? What said he? Ferdinand! Release her instantly! (*Rushes after his son.*)

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Room at the PRESIDENT'S. *Enter* PRESIDENT *and* WORM.

PRES. That was an infernal piece of business!

WORM. Just what I feared, your Excellency. Opposition may inflame the enthusiast, but never converts him.

PRES. I had placed my whole reliance upon the success of this attempt. I made no doubt but if the girl were once publicly disgraced, he would be obliged as an officer and a gentleman to resign her.

WORM. An admirable idea! — had you but succeeded in disgracing her.

PRES. And yet — when I reflect on the matter coolly — I ought not to have suffered myself to be overawed. It was a threat which he never could have meant seriously.

WORM. Be not too certain of that! There is no folly too gross for excited passion! You say that the baron has always looked up[illegible]ernment with an eye of disapprobation. I can r[illegible]elieve it. The principles which he brought with him from college are ill-suited to our atmosphere. What have the fantastic visions of personal nobility and greatness of soul to do in court, where 'tis the perfection of wisdom to be great and little by turns, as occasion demands? The baron is too young and too fiery to take pleasure in the slow and crooked paths of intrigue. That alone can give impulse to his ambition which seems glorious and romantic!

PRES. (*impatiently*) But how will these sagacious remarks advance our affairs?

WORM. They will point out to your Excellency where the wound lies, and so, perhaps, help you to find a remedy. Such a character — pardon the observation — ought never to have been made a confidant, or should never have been roused to enmity. He detests the means by which you have risen to power! Perhaps it is only the *son* that has hitherto sealed the lips of the *betrayer!* Give him but a fair opportunity for throwing off the bonds imposed upon him by nature! only convince him, by unrelenting opposition to his passion, that you are no longer an affectionate father, and that moment the duties of a patriot will rush upon him with irresistible force! Nay, the high-wrought idea of offering so unparalleled a sacrifice at the shrine of justice might of itself alone have charms sufficient to reconcile him to the ruin of a parent!

PRES. Worm! Worm! To what a horrible abyss do you lead me!

WORM. Never fear, my lord, I will lead you back in safety! May I speak without restraint?

PRES. (*throwing himself into a seat*) Freely, as felon with felon.

WORM. Forgive me, then. It seems to me that you have to ascribe all your influence as president to the courtly art of intrigue; why not resort to the same means for attaining your ends as a father? I well remember with what seeming frankness you invited your predecessor to a game at piquet, and caroused half the night with him over bumpers of Burgundy; and yet it was the same night on which the great mine you had planned to annihilate him was to explode. Why did you make a public exhibition of enmity to the major? You should by no means have let it appear that you knew anything of his love-affair. You should have made the girl the object of your attacks

and have preserved the affection of your son; like the prudent general who does not engage the prime of the enemy's force but creates disaffection among the ranks.

PRES. How could this have been effected?

WORM. In the simplest manner — even now the game is not entirely lost! Forget for a time that you are a father. Do not contend against a passion which opposition only renders more formidable. Leave me to hatch, from the heat of their own passions, the basilisk which shall destroy them.

PRES. I am all attention.

WORM. Either my knowledge of human character is very small, or the major is as impetuous in jealousy as in love. Make him suspect the girl's constancy, — whether probable or not does not signify. One grain of leaven will be enough to ferment the whole mass.

PRES. But where shall we find that grain?

WORM. Now, then, I come to the point. But first explain to me how much depends upon the major's compliance. How far is it of consequence that the romance with the music-master's daughter should be brought to a conclusion and the marriage with Lady Milford effected?

PRES. How can you ask me, Worm? If the match with Lady Milford is broken off, I stand a fair chance of losing my whole influence; on the other hand, if I force the major's consent, of losing my head.

WORM. (*with animation*) Now have the kindness to listen to me. The major must be entangled in a web. Your whole power must be employed against his mistress. We must make her write a love-letter, address it to a third party, and contrive to drop it cleverly in the way of the major.

PRES. Absurd proposal! As if she would consent to sign her own death-warrant.

WORM. She must do so if you will but let me fol-

low my own plan. I know her gentle heart thoroughly; she has but two vulnerable sides by which her conscience can be attacked; they are her father and the major. The latter is entirely out of the question; we must, therefore, make the most of the musician.

PRES. In what way?

WORM. From the description your Excellency gave me of what passed in his house, nothing can be easier than to terrify the father with the threat of a criminal process. The person of his favourite, and of the keeper of the seals, is in some degree the representative of the duke himself, and he who offends the former is guilty of treason toward the latter. At any rate I will engage with these pretences to conjure up such a phantom as shall scare the poor devil out of his seven senses.

PRES. But recollect, Worm, the affair must not be carried so far as to become serious.

WORM. Nor shall it. It shall be carried no further than is necessary to frighten the family into our toils. The musician, therefore, must be quietly arrested. To make the necessity yet more urgent, we may also take possession of the mother; — and then we begin to talk of criminal process, of the scaffold, and of imprisonment for life, and make the daughter's letter the sole condition of the parent's release.

PRES. Excellent! Excellent! Now I begin to understand you!

WORM. Louisa loves her father — I might say even to adoration! The danger which threatens his life, or at least his freedom — the reproaches of her conscience for being the cause of his misfortunes — the impossibility of ever becoming the major's wife — the confusion of her brain, which I take upon myself to produce — all these considerations make our plan certain of success. She must be caught in the snare.

PRES. But my son — will he not instantly get

scent of it? Will it not make him yet more desperate?

WORM. Leave that to me, your Excellency! The old folks shall not be set at liberty till they and their daughter have taken the most solemn oath to keep the whole transaction secret, and never to confess the deception.

PRES. An oath! Ridiculous! What restraint can an oath be?

WORM. None upon us, my lord, but the most binding upon people of their stamp. Observe how dexterously by this measure we shall both reach the goal of our desires. The girl loses at once the affection of her lover, and her good name; the parents will lower their tone, and, thoroughly humbled by misfortune, will esteem it an act of mercy, if, by giving her my hand, I reëstablish their daughter's reputation.

PRES. (*shaking his head and smiling*) Artful villain! I confess myself outdone — no devil could spin a finer snare! The scholar excels his master. The next question is, to whom must the letter be addressed — with whom to accuse her of having an intrigue?

WORM. It must necessarily be some one who has all to gain or all to lose by your son's decision in this affair.

PRES. (*after a moment's reflection*) I can think of no one but the marshal.

WORM. (*shrugs his shoulders*) The marshal! He would certainly not be my choice were I Louisa Miller.

PRES. And why not? What a strange notion! A man who dresses in the height of fashion — who carries with him an atmosphere of eau de mille fleurs and musk — who can garnish every silly speech with a handful of ducats — could all this possibly fail to overcome the delicacy of a tradesman's daughter? No, no, my good friend, jealousy is not quite so hard of

belief. I shall send for the marshal immediately. (*Rings.*)

WORM. While your Excellency takes care of him, and of the fiddler's arrest, I will go and indite the aforesaid letter.

PRES. (*seats himself at his writing-table*) Do so; and, as soon as it is ready, bring it hither for my perusal. [*Exit* WORM.

[*The* PRESIDENT, *having written, rises and hands the paper to a servant who enters.*

See this arrest executed without a moment's delay, and let Marshal von Kalb be informed that I wish to see him immediately.

SERV. The marshal's carriage has just stopped at your lordship's door.

PRES. So much the better — as for the arrest, let it be managed with such precaution that no disturbance arise.

SERV. I will take care, my lord.

PRES. You understand me? The business must be kept quite secret.

SERV. Your Excellency shall be obeyed. [*Exit* SERVANT.

SCENE II.

The PRESIDENT — MARSHAL KALB.

MARSHAL. (*hastily*) I have just looked in, *en passant*, my dear friend! How are you? How do you get on? We are to have the grand opera Dido to-night! Such a conflagration! — a whole town will be in flames! — you will come to the blaze of course — eh?

PRES. I have conflagration enough in my own house, one that threatens the destruction of all I possess.

Be seated, my dear marshal. You arrive very opportunely to give me your advice and assistance in a certain business which will either advance our fortunes or utterly ruin us both!

MARSHAL. Don't alarm me so, my dear friend!

PRES. As I said before, it must exalt or ruin us entirely! You know my project respecting the major and Lady Milford — you are not ignorant how necessary this union is to secure both our fortunes! Marshal, our plans threaten to come to naught. My son refuses to marry her.

MARSHAL. Refuses! Refuses to marry her? But, my goodness! I have published the news through the whole town. The union is the general topic of conversation.

PRES. Then you will be talked of by all the town as a spreader of false reports, — in short, Ferdinand loves another.

MARSHAL. Pooh! you are joking! As if that were an obstacle!

PRES. With such an enthusiast a most insurmountable one!

MARSHAL. Can he be mad enough to spurn his good fortune? Eh?

PRES. Ask him yourself and you'll hear what he will answer.

MARSHAL. But, *mon Dieu!* what can he answer?

PRES. That he will publish to the world the crime by which we rose to power — that he will denounce our forged letters and receipts — that he will send us both to the scaffold. That is what he can answer.

MARSHAL. Are you out of your mind?

PRES. Nay, that is what he has already answered! He was actually on the point of putting these threats into execution; and it was only by the most abject submission that I could persuade him to abandon his design. What say you to this, marshal?

MARSHAL. (*with a look of bewildered stupidity*) I am at my wit's end!

PRES. That might have blown over. But my spies have just brought me notice that the grand cupbearer, Von Bock, is on the point of offering himself as a suitor to her ladyship.

MARSHAL. You drive me distracted! Whom did you say? Von Bock? Don't you know that we are mortal enemies? And don't you know why?

PRES. The first word that I ever heard of it!

MARSHAL. My dear count! You shall hear — your hair will stand on end! You must remember the famous court ball — it is now just twenty years ago. It was the first time that English country-dances were introduced — you remember how the hot wax trickled from the great chandelier on Count Meerschaum's blue and silver domino. Surely, you cannot have forgotten that affair!

PRES. Who could forget so remarkable a circumstance!

MARSHAL. Well, then, in the heat of the dance Princess Amelia lost her garter. The whole ball, as you may imagine, was instantly thrown into confusion. Von Bock and myself — we were then fellow pages — crept through the whole saloon in search of the garter. At length I discovered it. Von Bock perceives my good fortune — rushes forward — tears it from my hands, and, just fancy — presents it to the princess, and so cheated me of the honour I had so fortunately earned. What do you think of that?

PRES. 'Twas most insolent!

MARSHAL. I thought I should have fainted upon the spot. A trick so malicious was beyond the powers of mortal endurance. At length I recovered myself; and, approaching the princess, said, — "Von Bock, 'tis true, was fortunate enough to present the garter to your Highness; but he who first discovered

that treasure finds his reward in silence, and is dumb!"

PRES. Bravo, marshal! Admirably said! Most admirable!

MARSHAL. And is dumb! But till the day of judgment will I remember his conduct—the mean, sneaking sycophant! And as if that were not aggravation enough, he actually, as we were struggling on the ground for the garter, rubbed all the powder from one side of my peruke with his sleeve, and ruined me for the rest of the evening.

PRES. This is the man who will marry Lady Milford, and consequently soon take the lead at court.

MARSHAL. You plunge a dagger in my heart! But why must he? Why should he marry her? Why he? Where is the necessity?

PRES. Because Ferdinand refuses her, and there is no other candidate.

MARSHAL. But is there no possible method of obtaining your son's consent? Let the measure be ever so extravagant or desperate — there is nothing to which I should not willingly consent in order to supplant the hated Von Bock.

PRES. I know but one means of accomplishing this, and that rests entirely with you.

MARSHAL. With me? Name it, my dear count, name it!

PRES. You must set Ferdinand and his mistress against each other.

MARSHAL. Against each other? How do you mean? — and how would that be possible?

PRES. Everything is ours could we make him suspect the girl.

MARSHAL. Ah, of theft, you mean?

PRES. Pshaw!—he would never believe that! No, no — I mean that she is carrying on an intrigue with another.

MARSHAL. And this other, who is he to be?

PRES. Yourself!

MARSHAL. How? Must I be her lover? Is she of noble birth?

PRES. What signifies that? What an idea!—she is the daughter of a musician.

MARSHAL. A plebeian?—that will never do!

PRES. What will never do? Nonsense, man! Who in the name of wonder would think of asking a pair of rosy cheeks for their owner's pedigree?

MARSHAL. But consider, my dear count, a married man! And my reputation at court!

PRES. Oh! that's quite another thing! I beg a thousand pardons, marshal; I was not aware that a man of unblemished morals held a higher place in your estimation than a man of power! Let us break up our conference.

MARSHAL. Be not so hasty, count. I did not mean to say that.

PRES. (*coldly*) No—no! You are perfectly right. I, too, am weary of office. I shall throw up the game, tender my resignation to the duke, and congratulate Von Bock on his accession to the premiership. This duchy is not all the world.

MARSHAL. And what am I to do? It is very fine for you to talk thus! You are a man of learning! But I—*mon Dieu!* What shall I be if his Highness dismisses me?

PRES. A stale jest!—a thing out of fashion!

MARSHAL. I implore you, my dearest, my most valued friend. Abandon those thoughts. I will consent to everything!

PRES. Will you lend your name to an assignation to which this Louisa Miller shall invite you in writing?

MARSHAL. Well, in God's name let it be so!

PRES. And drop the letter where the major cannot fail to find it.

MARSHAL. For instance, on the parade, where I can let it fall, as if accidentally, in drawing out my handkerchief.

PRES. And when the baron questions you will you assume the character of a favoured rival?

MARSHAL. *Mort de ma vie!* I'll teach him manners! I'll cure him of interfering in my amours!

PRES. Good! Now you speak in the right key. The letter shall be written immediately! Come in the evening to receive it, and we will talk over the part you are to play.

MARSHAL. I will be with you the instant I have paid sixteen visits of the very highest importance. Permit me, therefore, to take my leave without delay. (*Going.*)

PRES. (*rings*) I reckon upon your discretion, marshal.

MARSHAL. (*calls backs*) Ah, *mon Dieu!* you know me! [*Exit* MARSHAL.

SCENE III.

The PRESIDENT *and* WORM.

WORM. The music-master and his wife have been arrested without the least disturbance. Will your Excellency read this letter?

PRES. (*having read it*) Excellent! Excellent, my dear secretary! poison like this would convert health itself into jaundiced leprosy. The marshal, too, has taken the bait. Now, then, away with my proposals to the father, and then lose no time with the daughter.

[*Exeunt on different sides.*

Scene IV.

Room in Miller's *House.*

Louisa and Ferdinand.

Louisa. Cease, I implore you! I expect no more days of happiness. All my hopes are levelled with the dust.

Ferd. All mine are exalted to heaven! My father's passions are roused! He will direct his whole artillery against us! He will force me to become an unnatural son. I will not answer for my filial duty. Rage and despair will wring from me the dark secret that my father is an assassin! The son will deliver the parent into the hands of the executioner. This is a moment of extreme danger, and extreme danger alone could prompt my love to take so daring a leap! Hear me, Louisa! A thought, vast and immeasurable as my love, has arisen in my soul — *Thou*, Louisa, and *I*, and *Love!* Lies not a whole heaven within this circle? Or dost thou feel that there is still something wanting?

Louisa. Oh! cease! No more! I tremble to think what you would say.

Ferd. If we have no longer a claim upon the world, why should we seek its approbation? Why venture where nothing can be gained and all may be lost? Will thine eyes sparkle less brightly reflected by the Baltic waves than by the waters of the Rhine or the Elbe? Where Louisa loves me there is my native land! Thy footsteps will make the wild and sandy desert far more attractive than the marble halls of my ancestors. Shall we miss the pomp of cities? Be we where we may, Louisa, a sun will rise and a sun will set — scenes before which the most glorious achievements of art grow pale and dim! Though we serve God no more in his consecrated churches, yet the night

shall spread her solemn shadows round us; the changing moon shall hear our confession, and a glorious congregation of stars join in our prayers! Think you our talk of love can ever be exhausted? Oh, no! One smile from Louisa were a theme for centuries — the dream of life will be over ere I can exhaust the charms of a single tear.

LOUISA. And hast thou no duty save that of love?

FERD. (*embracing her*) None so sacred as thy peace of mind!

LOUISA. (*very seriously*) Cease, then, and leave me. I have a father who possesses no treasure save one only daughter. To-morrow he will be sixty years old — that he will fall a victim to the vengeance of the president is most certain!

FERD. (*interrupting her*) He shall accompany us. Therefore no more objections, my beloved. I will go and convert my valuables into gold, and raise money on my father's credit! It is lawful to plunder a robber, and are not his treasures the price for which he has sold his country? This night, when the clock strikes one, a carriage will stop at your door — throw yourself into it, and we fly!

LOUISA. Pursued by your father's curse! a curse, unthinking one, which is never pronounced in vain even by murderers — which the avenging angel hears when uttered by a malefactor in his last agony — which, like a fury, will fearfully pursue the fugitives from shore to shore! No, my beloved! If nought but a crime can preserve you to me, I still have courage to resign you!

FERD. (*mutters gloomily*) Indeed!

LOUISA. Resign you? Oh! horrible beyond all measure is the thought. Horrible enough to pierce the immortal spirit and pale the glowing cheeks of joy! Ferdinand! To resign you! Yet how can one resign what one never possessed? Your heart is the

property of your station. My claim was sacrilege, and, shuddering, I withdraw it!

FERD. (*with convulsed features, and biting his under lip*) You withdraw it!

LOUISA. Nay! look upon me, dearest Ferdinand. Gnash not your teeth so bitterly! Come, let my example rouse your slumbering courage. Let me be the heroine of this moment. Let me restore to a father his lost son. I will renounce a union which would sever the bonds by which society is held together, and overthrow the landmarks of social order. I am the criminal. My bosom has nourished proud and foolish wishes, and my present misery is a just punishment. Oh! leave me then the sweet, the consoling idea that mine is the sacrifice. Canst thou deny me this last satisfaction? (FERDINAND, *stupefied with agitation and anger, seizes a violin and strikes a few notes upon it; and then tears away the strings, dashes the instrument upon the ground, and, stamping it to pieces, bursts into a loud laugh.*) Walter! God in heaven! What mean you? Be not thus unmanned! This hour requires fortitude; it is the hour of separation! You have a heart, dear Walter; I know that heart — warm as life is your love — boundless and immeasurable — bestow it on one more noble, more worthy — she need not envy the most fortunate of her sex! (*Striving to repress her tears.*) You shall see me no more! Leave the vain, disappointed girl to bewail her sorrow in sad and lonely seclusion; where her tears will flow unheeded. Dead and gone are all my hopes of happiness in this world; yet still shall I inhale ever and anon the perfumes of the faded wreath! (*Giving him her trembling hand, while her face is turned away.*) Baron Walter, farewell!

FERD. (*recovering from the stupor in which he was plunged*) Louisa, I fly! Do you indeed refuse to follow me?

LOUISA. (*who has retreated to the farther end of the apartment, conceals her countenance with her hands*) My duty bids me stay, and suffer.

FERD. Serpent! thou liest — some other motive chains thee here!

LOUISA. (*in a tone of the most heartfelt sorrow*) Encourage that belief. Haply it may make our parting more supportable.

FERD. What? Oppose freezing duty to fiery love! And dost thou think to cheat me with that delusion? Some rival detains thee here, and woe be to thee and him should my suspicions be confirmed! [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

LOUISA. (*she remains for some time motionless in the seat upon which she has thrown herself. At length she rises, comes forward, and looks timidly around*) Where can my parents be? My father promised to return in a few minutes; yet full five dreadful hours have passed since his departure. Should any accident — good Heavens! What is come over me? Why does my heart palpitate so violently? (*Here* WORM *enters, and remains standing unobserved in the background.*) It can be nothing real. 'Tis but the terrible delusion of my overheated blood. When once the soul is wrapped in terror the eye behold spectres in every shadow.

SCENE VI.

LOUISA *and* WORM.

WORM. (*approaches her*) Good evening, miss.

LOUISA. Heavens! who speaks! (*Perceives him, and starts back in terror.*) Ha! Dreadful! dreadful!

I fear some dire misfortune is even now realising the forebodings of my soul! (*To* WORM, *with a look of disdain.*) Do you seek the president? He is no longer here.

WORM. 'Tis you I seek, miss!

LOUISA. I wonder, then, that you did not direct your steps toward the market-place.

WORM. What should I do there?

LOUISA. Release your betrothed from the pillory.

WORM. Louisa, you cherish some false suspicion —

LOUISA. (*sharply interrupting him*) What is your business with me?

WORM. I come with a message from your father.

LOUISA. (*agitated*) From my father? Oh! Where is my father?

WORM. Where he would fain not be!

LOUISA. Quick, quick, for God's sake! Oh! my foreboding heart! Where is my father?

WORM. In prison, if you needs must know!

LOUISA. (*with a look toward heaven*) This, too! This, too! In prison, said you? And why in prison?

WORM. It is the duke's order.

LOUISA. The duke's?

WORM. Who thinking his own dignity offended by the insults offered to the person of his representative —

LOUISA. How? How? Oh ye Almighty Powers!

WORM. Has resolved to inflict the most exemplary punishment.

LOUISA. This was still wanting! This! Yes, in truth. I now feel that my heart does love another besides Ferdinand! That could not be allowed to escape! The prince's dignity offended? Heavenly Providence! Save, oh! save my sinking faith! (*After a moment's pause, she turns to* WORM.) And Ferdinand?

WORM. Must choose between Lady Milford's hand and his father's curse and disinheritance.

LOUISA. Terrible choice! — and yet — yet is he the

happier of the two. He has no father to lose — and yet to have none is misery enough! My father imprisoned for treason — my Ferdinand compelled to choose between Lady Milford's hand or a parent's curse and disinheritance! Truly admirable! for even villainy so perfect is perfection! Perfection? No! something is still wanting to complete that. Where is my mother?

WORM. In the house of correction.

LOUISA. (*with a smile of despair*) Now the measure is full! It is full, and I am free — released from all duties — all sorrows — all joys! Released even from Providence! I have nothing more to do with it! (*A dreadful pause.*) Have you aught else to communicate? Speak freely — now I can hear anything with indifference.

WORM. All that has happened you already know.

LOUISA. But not that which is yet to happen! (*Another pause, during which she surveys* WORM *from head to foot.*) Unfortunate man! you have entered on a melancholy employment, which can never lead you to happiness. To cause misery to others is sad enough — but to be the messenger of evil is horrible indeed — to be the first to shriek the screech-owl's song, to stand by when the bleeding heart trembles upon the iron shaft of necessity, and the Christian doubts the existence of a God — Heaven protect me! Wert thou paid a ton of gold for every tear of anguish which thou must witness, I would not be a wretch like thee! What is there yet to happen?

WORM. I know not.

LOUISA. You pretend not to know? This light-shunning embassy trembles at the sound of words, but the spectre betrays itself in your ghastly visage. What is there yet to happen? You said the duke will inflict upon him a most exemplary punishment. What call you exemplary?

WORM. Ask me no more.

LOUISA. Terrible man! Some hangman must have schooled thee! Else thou hadst not so well learned to prolong the torture of thy victim before giving the finishing stroke to the agonised heart! Speak! What fate awaits my father? Death thou canst announce with a laughing sneer — what then must that be which thou dost hesitate to disclose? Speak out! Let me at once receive the overwhelming weight of thy tidings! What fate awaits my father?

WORM. A criminal process.

LOUISA. But what is that? I am an ignorant, innocent girl, and understand but little of your fearful terms of law. What mean you by a criminal process?

WORM. Judgment upon life or death.

LOUISA. (*firmly*) Ah! I thank you.

[*Exit hastily by a side door.*

WORM. (*alarmed*) What means this? Should the simpleton perchance — confusion! Surely she will not — I must follow her. I am answerable for her life. (*As he is going toward the door,* LOUISA *returns, wrapped in a cloak.*)

LOUISA. Your pardon, Mr. Secretary, I must lock the door.

WORM. Whither in such haste?

LOUISA. (*passing him*) To the duke.

WORM. (*alarmed, detains her*) How? Whither?

LOUISA. To the duke. Do you not hear? Even to that very duke whose will is to decide upon my father's life or death. Yet no! — 'tis not his will that decides, but the will of wicked men who surround his throne. He lends nought to this process, save the shadow of his majesty, and his royal signature.

WORM. (*with a burst of laughter*) To the duke!

LOUISA. I know the meaning of that sneering laugh — you would tell me that I shall find no compassion there. But though I may meet (God preserve

me!) with nothing but scorn — scorn at my sorrows — yet will I to the duke. I have been told that the great never know what misery is; that they fly from the knowledge of it. But I will teach the duke what misery is; I will paint to him, in all the writhing agonies of death, what misery is; I will cry aloud, in wailings that shall creep through the very marrow of his bones, what misery is; and, while at my picture his hairs shall stand on end like quills upon the porcupine, will I shriek into his affrighted ear, that in the hour of death the sinews of these mighty gods of earth shall shrivel and shrink, and that at the day of judgment beggars and kings shall be weighed together in the same balance. (*Going.*)

WORM. (*ironically*) By all means go to the duke! You can really do nothing more prudent; I advise you heartily to the step. Only go, and I give you my word that the duke will grant your suit.

LOUISA. (*stopping suddenly*) What said you? Do you yourself advise the step? (*Returns hastily.*) What am I about to do? Something wicked surely, since this man approves it — how know you that the prince will grant my suit?

WORM. Because he will not have to grant it unrewarded.

LOUISA. Not unrewarded? And what price does he set on his humanity?

WORM. The person of the fair suppliant will be payment enough!

LOUISA. (*stopping for a moment in mute dismay — in a feeble voice*) Almighty God!

WORM. And I trust that you will not think your father's life overvalued, when 'tis purchased at so gracious a price.

LOUISA. (*with great indignation*) True, oh! true! The great are entrenched from truth behind their own vices, safely as behind the swords of cherubims. The

Almighty protect thee, father! Your child can die — but not sin for thee.

WORM. This will be agreeable news for the poor disconsolate old man. "My Louisa," says he, "has bowed me down to the earth; but my Louisa will raise me up again." I hasten to him with your answer. (*Affects to be about to depart.*)

LOUISA. (*flies after him and holds him back*) Stay! stay! one moment's patience! How nimble this Satan is, when his business is to drive humanity distracted! I have bowed him to the earth! I must raise him up again! Speak to me! Counsel me! What can I, what must I, do?

WORM. There is but one means of saving him!

LOUISA. What is that means?

WORM. And your father approves of it —

LOUISA. My father? Oh! name that means.

WORM. It is easy for you to execute.

LOUISA. I know of nothing harder than infamy!

WORM. Suppose you were to release the major from his engagement?

LOUISA. Release him! Do you mock me? Do you call that a choice to which force compelled me?

WORM. You mistake me, dear girl! The major must resign you willingly, and be the first to retract his engagement.

LOUISA. That he will never do.

WORM. So it appears. Should we, do you think, have had recourse to you were it not that you alone are able to help us?

LOUISA. I cannot compel him to hate me.

WORM. We will try! Be seated.

LOUISA. (*drawing back*) Man! What is brooding in thy artful brain?

WORM. Be seated. Here are paper, pens, and ink. Write what I dictate.

LOUISA. (*sitting down in the greatest uneasiness*) What must I write? To whom must I write?

WORM. To your father's executioner.

LOUISA. Ah! How well thou knowest to torture souls to thy purpose. (*Takes a pen.*)

WORM. (*dictating to her*) "My dear Sir. (LOUISA *writes with a trembling hand.*) Three days, three insupportable days, have already passed — already passed — since last we met."

LOUISA. (*starts, and lays down her pen*) To whom is the letter?

WORM. To your father's executioner.

LOUISA. Oh! my God!

WORM. "But for this you must blame the major — the major — who watches me all day with the vigilance of an Argus."

LOUISA. (*starting up*) Villainy! Villainy beyond all precedent! To whom is the letter?

WORM. To your father's executioner.

LOUISA. (*paces to and fro, wringing her hands*) No, no, no! This is tyrannical! Oh, Heaven! If mortals provoke thee, punish them like mortals; but wherefore must I be placed between two precipices? Wherefore am I hurled by turns from death to infamy, from infamy to death? Wherefore is my neck made the footstool of this blood-sucking fiend? No; do what thou wilt, I will never write that!

WORM. (*seizing his hat*) As you please, miss! It rests entirely on your own pleasure!

LOUISA. Pleasure, say'st thou? On my own pleasure? Go, barbarian! Suspend some unfortunate over the pit of hell; then make your demands, and ask your victim if it be his pleasure to grant your request! Oh! Thou knowest but too well that the bonds of nature bind our hearts as firmly as chains! But all is now alike indifferent. Dictate! I cease to think! Artifices of hell, I yield to ye! (*She resumes her seat at the table.*)

WORM. "With the vigilance of an Argus." Have you written it?

LOUISA. Proceed, proceed!

WORM. "The president was here yesterday. It was amusing to see how warm the poor major was in defence of my honour."

LOUISA. Excellent! Excellent! Oh! Admirable! Quick! quick, go on!

WORM. "I had recourse to a swoon — a swoon — that I might not laugh aloud —"

LOUISA. Oh, Heavens!

WORM. "But the mask which I have worn so long is becoming insupportable — insupportable. Oh! if I could but rid myself of him."

LOUISA. (*rises, and walks a few turns with her head bent down, as if she sought something upon the floor: then returns to her place and continues to write*) "Rid myself of him."

WORM. "He will be on duty to-morrow — observe when he leaves me, and hasten to the usual place." Have you written "the usual place?"

LOUISA. Everything, everything!

WORM. "To the usual place, to meet your devotedly attached Louisa."

LOUISA. Now then, the address?

WORM. "To Marshal von Kalb."

LOUISA. Eternal Providence! A name as foreign to my ear as these scandalous lines are to my heart! (*She rises, and for some moments surveys the writing with a vacant gaze. At length she hands it to* WORM, *speaking in a voice trembling and exhausted.*) Take it, sir! What I now put into your hands is my good name. It is Ferdinand — it is the whole joy of my life! You have it, and now I am a beggar —

WORM. Oh! Not so! Despair not, dear girl! You inspire me with the most heartfelt pity! Perhaps — who knows? I might even now overlook certain

parts of your conduct — yes! Heaven is my witness, how deeply I compassionate your sorrows!

LOUISA. (*giving him a piercing look*) Do not explain yourself! You are on the point of asking something more terrible than all.

WORM. (*attempting to kiss her hand*) What if I asked this little hand? Would that be terrible, Louisa?

LOUISA. (*with great indignation*) Yes! for I should strangle you on the bridal night: and for such a deed I would joyfully yield my body to be torn on the rack! (*She is going, but comes hurriedly back.*) Is all settled between us, sir? May the dove be released?

WORM. A trifle yet remains, maiden! You must swear, by the holy sacrament, to acknowledge this letter for your free and voluntary act.

LOUISA. Oh, God! Oh, God! And wilt thou grant thine own seal to confirm the works of hell? (WORM *leads her away.*)

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Saloon in the PRESIDENT'S *House.*

FERDINAND VON WALTER *enters in great excitement with an open letter in his hand, and is met by a* SERVANT.

FERD. Is the marshal here?

SERV. My lord, his Highness the president is inquiring for you.

FERD. Fire and fury! I ask is the marshal here?

SERV. His Honour is engaged at the faro-table, above stairs.

FERD. Tell his Honour, in the name of all the devils in hell, to make his appearance this instant!

[*Exit* SERVANT.

SCENE II.

FERD. (*hastily reading the letter, at one moment seeming petrified with astonishment, at the next pacing the room with fury*) Impossible! quite impossible! A form so heavenly cannot hide so devilish a heart. And yet! — and yet! Though all the angels of heaven should descend on earth and proclaim her innocence — though heaven and earth, the Creator and the created, should, with one accord, vouch for her innocence — it is her hand, her own hand! Treachery, monstrous, infernal treachery, such as humanity never before witnessed! This, then, was the reason she so resolutely opposed our flight! This it was — Oh, God! Now I awake from my dream! Now the veil is lifted! This, then, is why she surrendered with so much seeming heroism her claims on my affection, and all but cheated me with her saint-like demeanour! (*He traverses the chamber rapidly, and then remains for some moments in deep thought.*) To fathom my heart to its very core! To reciprocate every lofty sentiment, every gentle emotion, every fiery ebullition! To sympathise with every secret breathing of my soul! To study me even in her tears! To mount with me to the sublimest heights of passion — to brave with me, undaunted, each fearful precipice! God of heaven! And was all this deceit? mere grimace? Oh, if falsehood can assume so lovely an appearance of truth, why has no devil yet lied himself back into heaven?

When I unfolded to her the dangers which threatened our affection, with what convincing artifice did the false one turn pale! With what overpowering dignity did she repulse my father's licentious scoffs! yet at that very moment the deceiver was conscious of her guilt! Nay, did she not even undergo the fiery ordeal of truth? Forsooth, the hypocrite fainted! What

must now be thy language, sensibility, since coquettes faint? How wilt thou vindicate thyself, innocence? — for even strumpets faint?

She knows her power over me — she has seen through my very heart! My soul shone conspicuous in my eyes at the blush of her first kiss. And that she should have felt nothing! or perhaps felt only the triumph of her art; whilst my happy delirium fancied that in her I embraced a whole heaven, my wildest wishes were hushed! No thought but of her and eternity was present to my mind. Oh, God! and yet she felt nothing? Nothing? but that her artifice had triumphed! That her charms were flattered! Death and vengeance! Nothing, but that I was betrayed!

SCENE III.

FERDINAND, *the* MARSHAL.

MARSHAL. (*tripping into the room*) I am told, my dear baron, that you have expressed a wish —

FERD. (*muttering to himself*) To break your rascally neck. (*Aloud.*) Marshal, this letter must have dropped out of your pocket on parade. (*With a malicious smile.*) And I have been the fortunate finder.

MARSHAL. You?

FERD. By a singular coincidence! Now, balance thy account with heaven!

MARSHAL. You quite alarm me, baron!

FERD. Read it, sir, read it! (*Turning from him.*) If I am not good enough for a lover, perhaps I may do for a pimp. (*While the* MARSHAL *reads,* FERDINAND *goes to the wall and takes down the pistols.*)

KALB. (*throws the letter upon the table and rushes off*) Confusion!

FERD. (*leads him back by the arm*) Wait a little, my

dear marshal! The intelligence contained in that letter appears to be agreeable! The finder must have his reward. (*Showing him the pistols.*)

MARSHAL. (*starts back in alarm*) Have you lost your senses, baron?

FERD. (*in a terrible voice*) I have more than enough left to rid the world of such a scoundrel as you! Choose one of these instantly! (*He forces a pistol into the* MARSHAL'S *hand, and then draws out his handkerchief.*) And now take the other end of this handkerchief! It was given me by the strumpet herself!

MARSHAL. What, shoot over the handkerchief? Baron, are you mad? What can you be thinking of?

FERD. Lay hold of it, I say! or you will be sure to miss your aim, coward! How the coward trembles! You should thank God, you pitiful coward, that you have a chance for once of getting something in your empty brain-box. (*The* MARSHAL *takes to his heels.*) Gently, gently! I'll take care of that. (*Overtakes him and bolts the door.*)

MARSHAL. Surely you will not fight in the chamber?

FERD. As if you were worth the trouble of a walk beyond the boundaries! The report, my dear fellow, will be louder, and, for the first time, you will make some noise in the world. Now, then, take hold!

MARSHAL. (*wiping his forehead*) Yet consider, I entreat. Would you risk your precious life, young and promising as you are, in this desperate manner?

FERD. Take hold, I say! I have nothing more to do in this world!

MARSHAL. But I have much, my dearest, most excellent friend!

FERD. Thou, wretch — thou? What hast thou to do, but to play the stop-gap, where honest men keep aloof! To stretch or shrink seven times in an instant, like the butterfly on a pin? To be privy registrar in

chief and clerk of the jordan? To be the cap-and-bell buffoon on which your master sharpens his wit? Well, well, let it be so. I will carry you about with me, as I would a marmot of rare training. You shall skip and dance, like a tamed monkey, to the howling of the damned; fetch, carry, and serve; and with your courtly arts enliven the wailings of everlasting despair!

MARSHAL. Anything you please, dear major! Whatever you please! Only take away the pistols!

FERD. How he stands there, poor trembling wretch! There he stands, a blot on the sixth day of creation. He looks as if he were a piratical counterfeit of the Almighty original. Pity, eternal pity! that an atom of brains should lie wasting in so barren a skull! That single atom bestowed upon a baboon might have made him a perfect man, whereas it is now a mere useless fragment. And that she should share her heart with a thing like this! Monstrous! Incredible! A wretch more formed to wean from sin than to excite it!

MARSHAL. Praised be Heaven! he is getting witty.

FERD. I will let him live! That toleration which spares the caterpillar shall be extended to him! Men shall look on him in wonder, and, shrugging their shoulders, admire the wise dispensation of Providence, which can feed its creatures with husks and scourings; which spreads the table for the raven on the gallows, and for the courtier in the slime of majesty. We wonder at the wisdom of Providence, which even in the world of spirits maintains its staff of venomous reptiles for the dissemination of poison. (*Relapsing into rage.*) But such vermin shall not pollute my rose; sooner will I crush to atoms (*seizing the* MARSHAL *and shaking him roughly*), thus — and thus — and thus —

MARSHAL. Oh! God, that I were away from here!

hundreds of miles away in the asylum for maniacs at Paris! Anywhere but near this man!

FERD. Villain! If she be no longer pure! Villain! If thou hast profaned where I worshipped! (*With increased fury.*) If thou hast polluted, where I believed myself the god! (*Pausing suddenly; then in a solemn terrible voice.*) It were better for thee, villain, to flee to hell, than to encounter my wrath in heaven! Confess! To what extent has your unhallowed love proceeded?

MARSHAL. Let me go! I will confess everything.

FERD. Oh! it must be more rapturous even to be her licentious paramour than to burn with the purest flame for any other! Would she surrender her charms to unlicensed pleasure she might dissolve the soul itself to sin, and make voluptuousness pass for virtue. (*Pressing his pistol against the* MARSHAL'S *breast.*) To what extremities have you proceeded? Confess this instant or I fire!

MARSHAL. There is nothing at all in it, I assure you! There is not a syllable of truth in the whole business! Have but a moment's patience! You are deceived, indeed you are!

FERD. (*furiously*) And dare you remind me of that, villain? To what extremities have you proceeded? Confess, or you are a dead man!

MARSHAL. *Mon Dieu!* My God! You mistake my words! Only listen for a moment. When a father —

FERD. (*still more enraged*) No doubt! He threw his daughter into your arms? And how far have you proceeded? Confess, or I will murder you!

MARSHAL. You rave! You will not listen! I never saw her! I don't know her! I know nothing at all about her!

FERD. (*drawing back*) You never saw her? You don't know her? Know nothing at all about her?

Louisa is lost to me for ever on thy account, and yet in one breath hast thou denied her thrice. Go, wretch, go (*he gives him a blow with the pistol and thrusts him out of the chamber*); powder were thrown away on such a miscreant. [*Exit* MARSHAL.

SCENE IV.

FERD. (*after a long silence, during which his countenance declares him to be agitated by some dreadful idea*) For ever lost? Yes, false unfortunate, both are lost! Ay, by the Almighty God! if I am lost, thou art so too. Judge of the world, ask her not from me! She is mine. For her sake I renounced the whole world — abandoned all thy glorious creation. Leave me the maid, great Judge of the world! Millions of souls pour out their plaints to thee — turn on them thine eye of compassion, but leave me, Almighty Judge — leave me to myself. (*Clasping his hands in agony.*) Can the bountiful, the munificent, Creator be covetous of one miserable soul, and that soul the worst of his creation? The maiden is mine! Once I was her god, but now I am her devil! (*Fixes his eyes with terrible expression.*) An eternity passed with her upon the rack of everlasting perdition! Her melting eyeballs riveted on mine! Our blazing locks entwined together! Our shrieks of agony dissolving into one! And then to renew to her my vows of love, and chant unceasingly her broken oaths! God! God! The union is dreadful — and eternal! (*As he is about to rush off, the* PRESIDENT *meets him.*)

Scene V.

Ferdinand, *the* President.

Ferd. (*starting back*) Ha! my father!

Pres. I am glad to meet with you, Ferdinand! I come to bring you some pleasant news — something that will certainly surprise you, my dear son. Shall we be seated?

Ferd. (*after gazing upon him for some time with a vacant stare*) My father! (*Going to him with emotion, and grasping his hand.*) My father! (*Kissing it, and falling at his feet.*) Oh, father!

Pres. What is the matter? Rise, my son. Your hand burns and trembles!

Ferd. (*wildly*) Forgive my ingratitude, father! I am a lost man! I have misinterpreted your kindness! Your meaning was so truly — truly paternal! Oh! you had a prophetic soul! Now it is too late! Pardon! pardon! Your blessing, my dear father!

Pres. (*feigning astonishment*) Arise, my son! Recollect that your words to me are riddles!

Ferd. This Louisa, dear father! Oh! You understand mankind! Your anger was so just, so noble, so truly the zeal of a father! had not its very earnestness led you to mistake the way. This Louisa!

Pres. Spare me, dear boy! Curses on my severity! I come to entreat your forgiveness —

Ferd. Forgiveness from me! Curse me rather. Your disapproval was wisdom! Your severity was heavenly mercy! This Louisa, father —

Pres. Is a noble, a lovely girl! I recall my too rash suspicions! She has won my entire esteem!

Ferd. (*starting up*) What? You, too? Father, even you? And is she not, father, the very personification of innocence? And is it not so natural to love this maiden?

PRES. Say, rather, 'twere a crime not to love her.

FERD. Incredible! wonderful! And you, too, who can so thoroughly see through the heart! And you, who saw her faults with the eyes of hatred! Oh, unexampled hypocrisy! This Louisa, father!

PRES. Is worthy to be my daughter! Her virtues supply the want of ancestry, her beauty the want of fortune. My prudential maxims yield to the force of your attachment. Louisa shall be yours!

FERD. Nought but this wanting! Father, farewell! (*Rushes out of the apartment.*)

PRES. (*following him*) Stay, my son, stay! Whither do you fly?

SCENE VI.

A magnificent Saloon in LADY MILFORD'S *House.*

Enter LADY MILFORD *and* SOPHIA.

LADY M. You have seen her then? Will she come?

SOPHIA. Yes, in a moment! She was in *dishabille,* and only requested time to change her dress.

LADY M. Speak not of her. Silence! I tremble like a criminal at the prospect of beholding that fortunate woman whose heart sympathises thus cruelly with my own. And how did she receive my invitation?

SOPHIA. She seemed surprised, became thoughtful, fixed her eyes on me steadfastly, and for awhile remained silent. I was already prepared for her excuses, when she returned me this answer, with a look that quite astonished me: "Tell your mistress that she commands what I myself intended to request to-morrow."

LADY M. Leave me, Sophia! Pity me! I must blush if she is but an ordinary woman — despair if she is more!

SOPHIA. But, my lady! it is not in this spirit that a rival should be received! Remember who you are! Summon to your aid your birth, your rank, your power! A prouder soul should heighten the gorgeous splendour of your appearance.

LADY M. (*in a fit of absence*) What is the simpleton babbling about?

SOPHIA. (*maliciously*) Or, is it, perhaps, by chance that to-day, in particular, you are adorned with your most costly brilliants? by chance that you are to-day arrayed in your most sumptuous robes? that your antechamber is crowded with guards and pages; and that the tradesman's daughter is to be received in the most stately apartment of the palace?

LADY M. (*angry and nettled*) This is outrageous! Insupportable! Oh, that woman should have such argus-eyes for woman's weakness! How low, how irretrievably low, must I have fallen when such a creature has power to fathom me!

LADY MILFORD, SOPHIA, *a* SERVANT.

SERVANT. (*entering*) Ma'mselle Miller waits.

LADY M. (*to* SOPHIA) Hence with you! Leave the room instantly! (*Imperiously, as the latter hesitates.*) Must I repeat my orders? (SOPHIA *retires* — LADY MILFORD *takes a few turns hastily.*) So; 'tis well that I have been excited! I am in the fitter mood for this meeting. (*To the* SERVANT.) Let her approach.

[*Exit* SERVANT. LADY MILFORD *throws herself upon the sofa, and assumes a negligent but studied attitude.*

Scene VII.

Lady Milford, Louisa.

Louisa *enters timidly, and remains standing at a great distance from* Lady Milford, *who has turned her back toward her, and for some time watches her attentively in the opposite looking-glass. After a pause* —

Louisa. Noble lady, I await your commands.

Lady M. (*turning toward* Louisa *and making a slight and distant motion with her head*) Oh! Are you there? I presume the young lady — a certain — Pray what is your name?

Louisa. (*somewhat sensitively*) My father's name is Miller. Your ladyship expressed a wish to see his daughter.

Lady M. True, true! I remember. The poor musician's daughter, of whom we were speaking the other day. (*Aside, after a pause.*) Very interesting, but no beauty! (*To* Louisa.) Come nearer, my child. (*Again aside.*) Eyes well practised in weeping. Oh! How I love those eyes! (*Aloud.*) Nearer — come nearer! Quite close! I really think, my good child, that you are afraid of me!

Louisa. (*with firmness and dignity*) No, my lady — I despise the opinion of the multitude!

Lady M. (*aside*) Well, to be sure! She has learnt this boldness from him. (*To* Louisa.) You have been recommended to me, miss! I am told that you have been decently educated, and are well disposed. I can readily believe it; besides, I would not, for the world, doubt the word of so warm an advocate.

Louisa. And yet I remember no one, my lady, who

would be at the trouble to seek your ladyship's patronage for me!

LADY M. (*significantly*) Does that imply my unworthiness, or your humility?

LOUISA. Your words are beyond my comprehension, lady.

LADY M. More cunning than I should have expected from that open countenance. (*To* LOUISA.) Your name is Louisa, I believe? May I inquire your age?

LOUISA. Sixteen, just turned.

LADY M. (*starting up*) Ha! There it is! Sixteen! The first pulsation of love! The first sweet vibration upon the yet unsounded harp! Nothing is more fascinating. (*To* LOUISA.) Be seated, lovely girl — I am anxious about you. (*To herself.*) And he, too, loves for the first time! What wonder, if the ruddy morning beams should meet and blend? (*To* LOUISA, *taking her hand affectionately.*) 'Tis settled: I will make your fortune. (*To herself.*) Oh! there is nothing in it: nothing but the sweet transient vision of youth! (*To* LOUISA, *patting her on the cheek.*) My Sophy is on the point of leaving me to be married: you shall have her place. But just sixteen? Oh! it can never last.

LOUISA. (*kissing her hand respectfully*) Receive my thanks, lady, for your intended favours, and believe me not the less grateful though I may decline to accept them.

LADY M. (*relapsing into disdain and anger*) Only hear the great lady! Girls of your station generally think themselves fortunate to obtain such promotion. What is your dependence, my dainty one? Are these fingers too delicate for work? — or is it your pretty baby-face that makes you give yourself these airs?

LOUISA. My face, lady, is as little of my own choice as my station!

LADY M. Perhaps you believe that your beauty

will last for ever? Poor creature! Whoever put that into your head — be he who he may — has deceived both you and himself! The colours of those cheeks are not burnt in with fire: what your mirror passes off upon you as solid and enduring is but a slight tinselling, which, sooner or later, will rub off in the hands of the purchaser. What then will you do?

LOUISA. Pity the purchaser, lady, who bought a diamond because it appeared to be set in gold.

LADY M. (*affecting not to hear her*) A damsel of your age has ever two mirrors, the real one, and her admirer. The flattering complaisance of the latter counterbalances the rough honesty of the former. What the one proclaims frightful pock-marks, the other declares to be dimples that would adorn the Graces. The credulous maid believes only so much of the former as is confirmed by the latter, and hies from one to the other till she confounds their testimonies, and concludes by fancying them to be both of one opinion. Why do you stare at me so?

LOUISA. Pardon me, lady! I was just then pitying those gorgeous sparkling brilliants, which are unconscious that their possessor is so strenuous a foe to vanity.

LADY M. (*reddening*) No evasion, miss. Were it not that you depend upon personal attractions, what in the world could induce you to reject a situation, the only one where you can acquire polish of manners, and divest yourself of your plebeian prejudices?

LOUISA. And with them, I presume, my plebeian innocence!

LADY M. Preposterous objection! The most dissolute libertine dares not to disrespect our sex, unless we ourselves encourage him by advances. Prove what you are; make manifest your virtue and honour, and I will guarantee your innocence from danger.

LOUISA. Of that, lady, permit me to entertain a

doubt! The palaces of certain ladies are but too often made a theatre for the most unbridled licentiousness. Who will believe that a poor musician's daughter could have the heroism to plunge into the midst of contagion and yet preserve herself untainted? Who will believe that Lady Milford would perpetually hold a scorpion to her breast, and lavish her wealth to purchase the advantage of every moment feeling her cheeks dyed with the crimson blush of shame? I will be frank, lady!—while I adorned you for some assignation, could you meet my eye unabashed? Could you endure my glance when you returned? Oh! better, far better, would it be that oceans should roll between us—that we should inhabit different climes! Beware, my lady!—hours of temperance, moments of satiety, might intrude; the gnawing worm of remorse might plant its sting in your bosom, and then—what a torment would it be for you to read in the countenance of your handmaid that calm serenity with which virtue ever rewards an uncorrupted heart! (*Retiring a few steps.*) Once more, gracious lady, I entreat your pardon!

LADY M. (*extremely agitated*) Insupportable, that she should tell me this! Still more insupportable, that what she tells is true! (*Turning to* LOUISA, *and looking at her steadfastly.*) Girl! girl! this artifice does not blind me. Mere opinions do not speak out so warmly. Beneath the cloak of these sentiments lurks some far dearer interest. 'Tis that which makes my service particularly distasteful—which gives such energy to your language. (*In a threatening voice.*) What it is I am determined to discover.

LOUISA. (*with calm dignity*) And what if you do discover it? Suppose the contemptuous trampling of your foot should rouse the injured worm, which its Creator has furnished with a sting to protect it against misusage. I fear not your vengeance, lady! The poor

criminal extended on the rack can look unappalled even on the dissolution of the world. My misery is so exquisite that even sincerity cannot draw down upon me any further infliction! *(After a pause.)* You say that you would raise me from the obscurity of my station. I will not examine the motives of this suspicious favour. I will only ask, what could induce you to think me so foolish as to blush at my station? What could induce you to become the architect of my happiness, before you knew whether I was willing to receive that happiness at your hands? I had for ever renounced all claims upon the pleasures of the world. I had forgiven Fortune that she had dealt with me so niggardly. Ah! why do you remind me of all this? If the Almighty himself hides his glory from the eyes of his creatures, lest the highest seraph should be overwhelmed by a sense of his own insignificance, why should mortals be so cruelly compassionate? Lady, lady! why is your vaunted happiness so anxious to excite the envy and wonder of the wretched? Does your bliss stand in need of the exhibition of despair for entertainment? Oh! rather grant me that blindness which alone can reconcile me to my barbarous lot! The insect feels itself as happy in a drop of water as though that drop was a paradise: so happy, and so contented! till some one tells it of a world of water, where navies ride and whales disport themselves! But you wish to make me happy, say you? *(After a pause, she advances toward* LADY MILFORD, *and asks her suddenly.)* Are you happy, lady? (LADY MILFORD *turns from her hastily, and overpowered.* LOUISA *follows her, and lays her hand upon her bosom.)* Does this heart wear the smile of its station? Could we now exchange breast for breast, and fate for fate — were I, in childlike innocence, to ask you on your conscience — were I to ask you as a mother — would you really counsel me to make the exchange?

LADY M. (*greatly excited, throwing herself on the sofa*) Intolerable! Incomprehensible! No, Louisa, no! This greatness of thought is not your own, and your conceptions are too fiery, too full of youth, to be inspired by your father. Deceive me not! I detect another teacher —

LOUISA. (*looking piercingly at her*) I cannot but wonder, my lady, that you should have only just discovered that other teacher, and yet have previously shown so much anxiety to patronise me!

LADY M. (*starting up*) 'Tis not to be borne! Well, then, since I cannot escape you, I know him — know everything — know more than I wish to know! (*Suddenly restraining herself, then continuing with a violence which by degrees increases to frenzy.*) But dare, unhappy one! — dare but still to love, or be beloved by him! What did I say? Dare but to think of him, or to be one of his thoughts! I am powerful, unhappy one! — dreadful in my vengeance! As sure as there is a God in heaven thou art lost for ever!

LOUISA. (*undaunted*) Past all redemption, my lady, the moment you succeed in compelling him to love you!

LADY M. I understand you — but I care not for his love! I will conquer this disgraceful passion. I will torture my own heart; but thine will I crush to atoms! Rocks and chasms will I hurl between you. I will rush, like a fury, into the heaven of your joys. My name shall affright your loves as a spectre scares an assassin. That young and blooming form in his embrace shall wither to a skeleton. I cannot be blessed with him — neither shalt thou. Know, wretched girl, that to blast the happiness of others is in itself a happiness!

LOUISA. A happiness, my lady, which is already beyond your reach! Seek not to deceive your own heart! You are incapable of executing what you

threaten! You are incapable of torturing a being who has done you no wrong — but whose misfortune it is that her feelings have been sensible to impressions like your own. But I love you for these transports, my lady!

LADY M. (*recovering herself*) Where am I? What have I done? What sentiments have I betrayed? To whom have I betrayed them? Oh, Louisa, noble, great, divine soul, forgive the ravings of a maniac! Fear not, my child! I will not injure a hair of thy head! Name thy wishes! Ask what thou wilt! I will serve thee with all my power; I will be thy friend — thy sister! Thou art poor; look (*taking off her brilliants*), I will sell these jewels — sell my wardrobe — my carriages and horses — all shall be thine — grant me but Ferdinand!

LOUISA. (*draws back indignantly*) Does she mock my despair? — or is she really innocent of participation in that cruel deed? Ha! then I may yet assume the heroine, and make my surrender of him pass for a sacrifice! (*Remains for awhile absorbed in thought, then approaches* LADY MILFORD, *seizes her hand, and gazes on her with a fixed and significant look.*) Take him, lady! I here voluntarily resign the man whom hellish arts have torn from my bleeding bosom! Perchance you know it not, my lady! but you have destroyed the paradise of two lovers; you have torn asunder two hearts which God had linked together; you have crushed a creature not less dear to him than yourself, and no less created for happiness; one by whom he was worshipped as sincerely as by you; but who, henceforth, will worship him no more. But the Almighty is ever open to receive the last groan of the trampled worm. He will not look on with indifference when creatures in his keeping are murdered. Now Ferdinand is yours. Take him, lady, take him! Rush into his arms! Drag him with you to the altar!

But forget not that the spectre of a suicide will rush between you and the bridal kiss. God be merciful! No choice is left me! (*Rushes out of the chamber.*)

SCENE VIII.

LADY MILFORD *alone, in extreme agitation, gazing on the door by which* LOUISA *left. At length she recovers from her stupor.*

LADY M. What was that? What preys so on my heart? What said the unhappy one? Still, O Heaven, the dreadful, damning words ring in my ears! "Take him! Take him!" What should I take, unfortunate? the bequest of your dying groan — the fearful legacy of your despair? Gracious Heaven! am I then fallen so low? Am I so suddenly hurled from the towering throne of my pride that I greedily await what a beggar's generosity may throw me in the last struggle of death? "Take him! Take him!" And with what a tone was it uttered! — with what a look! What! Amelia! is it for this thou hast overleaped the bounds of thy sex? For this didst thou vaunt the glorious title of a free-born Briton, that thy boasted edifice of honour might sink before the nobler soul of a despised and lowly maiden? No, proud unfortunate! No! Amelia Milford may blush for shame, — but shall never be despised. I, too, have courage to resign. (*She walks a few paces with a majestic gait.*) Hide thyself, weak, suffering woman! Hence, ye sweet and golden dreams of love! Magnanimity alone be now my guide. These lovers are lost, or Amelia must withdraw her claim, and renounce the prince's heart. (*After a pause, with animation.*) It is determined! The dreadful obstacle is removed — broken are the bonds which

bound me to the duke — torn from my bosom this raging passion. Virtue, into thy arms I throw myself. Receive thy repentant daughter. Ha! how happy do I feel! How suddenly relieved my heart, and how exalted. Glorious as the setting sun, will I this day descend from the pinnacle of my greatness; my grandeur shall expire with my love, and my own heart be the only sharer of my proud exile! (*Going to her writing-table with a determined air.*) It must be done at once — now, on the spot — before the recollection of Ferdinand renews the cruel conflict in my bosom! (*She seats herself, and begins to write.*)

Scene IX.

Lady Milford, *an* Attendant, Sophia, *afterward the* Marshal, *and then* Servants.

Servant. Marshal von Kalb is in the antechamber, and brings a message from his Highness.

Lady M. (*not hearing him in the eagerness of writing*) How the illustrious puppet will stare! The idea is singular enough, I own, the presuming to astonish his serene numskull. In what confusion will his court be thrown! The whole country will be in a ferment.

Servant *and* Sophia. Marshal von Kalb, my lady!

Lady M. (*turning round*) Who? the marshal? So much the better! Such creatures were designed by nature to carry the ass' panniers. [*Exit* Servant.

Sophia. (*approaching anxiously*) If I were not fearful, my lady, that you would think it presumption! (Lady Milford *continuing to write eagerly.*) Louisa Miller rushed madly to the hall — you are agitated — you speak to yourself. (Lady Milford *continues*

writing.) I am quite alarmed. What can have happened?

(*The* MARSHAL *enters, making repeated bows at* LADY MILFORD'S *back; as she takes no notice of him, he comes nearer, stands behind her chair, touches the hem of her dress, and imprints a kiss on it, saying in a tremulous voice.*)

His Serene Highness —

LADY M. (*while she peruses hastily what she has written*) He will tax me with black ingratitude! "I was poor and forsaken! He raised me from misery! From misery." Detestable exchange! Annul my bond, seducer! The blush of my eternal shame repays my debt with interest.

MARSHAL. (*after endeavouring in vain to catch her eye*) Your ladyship seems somewhat absent. I take the liberty of permitting myself the boldness (*very loud*) — his Serene Highness, my lady, has sent me to inquire whether you mean to honour this evening's gala with your presence, or the theatre?

LADY M. (*rising, with a laugh*) One or the other, sweet sir. In the meantime take this paper to your duke for his dessert. (*To* SOPHIA.) Do you, Sophia, give directions to have my carriage brought to the door without delay, and call my whole household together in this saloon.

SOPHIA. (*goes out in great astonishment*) Heavens! What do I forebode? What will this end in?

MARSHAL. You seem excited, my lady!

LADY M. The greater the chance of my letting you into a little truth. Rejoice, my lord marshal! There is a place vacant at court. A fine time for panders. (*As the* MARSHAL *throws a look of suspicion upon the paper.*) Read it, read it! 'Tis my desire that the contents should be made public. (*While he reads it, the domestics enter, and range themselves in the background.*)

MARSHAL. (*reading*) "Your Highness — an engagement, broken by you so lightly, can no longer be binding on me. The happiness of your subjects was the condition of my love. For three years the deception has lasted. The veil at length falls from my eyes! I look with disgust on favours which are stained with the tears of your subjects. Bestow the love which I can no longer accept upon your weeping country, and learn from a British princess compassion to your German people. Within an hour I shall have quitted your dominions.

"JOANNA NORFOLK."

SERVANTS. (*exclaiming to each other in astonishment*) Quitted the dominions!

MARSHAL. (*replaces the letter upon the table in terror*) God forbid, my dear and most excellent lady! The bearer of such a letter would be as mad as the writer!

LADY M. That is your concern, you pink of a courtier! Alas! I am sorry to know that you, and such as you, would choke even in the utterance of what others dare to do. My advice is that you bake the letter in a venison pasty, so that his most Serene Highness may find it on his plate!

MARSHAL. God preserve me! What presumption! Ponder well, I entreat you. Reflect on the disgrace which you will bring down upon yourself, my lady!

LADY M. (*turning to the assembled domestics, and addressing them in the deepest emotion*) You seem amazed, good people; and anxiously awaiting the solution of this riddle? Draw nearer, my friends! You have served me truly and affectionately; have looked into my eyes rather than my purse. My pleasure was your study, my approbation your pride! Woe is me, that the remembrance of your fidelity must be the record of my unworthiness! Unhappy

fate, that the darkest season of my life should have been the brightest of yours! (*Her eyes suffused with tears.*) We must part, my children. Lady Milford has ceased to exist, and Joanna of Norfolk is too poor to repay your love. What little wealth I have my treasurer will share among you. This palace belongs to the duke. The poorest of you will quit it far richer than his mistress! Farewell, my children! (*She extends her hand which they all in turn kiss with marks of sorrow and affection.*) I understand you, my good people! Farewell! for ever farewell! (*Struggling with her feelings.*) I hear the carriage at the door. (*She tears herself away, and is hurrying out when the* MARSHAL *arrests her progress.*) How, now? Pitiful creature, art thou still there?

MARSHAL. (*who all this while has been gazing in vacant astonishment at the letter*) And must *I* be the person to put this letter into the most august hands of his most Serene Highness?

LADY M. Pitiful creature, even thou! Thou must deliver into his most august hands, and convey to his most august ears, that, as I cannot go barefoot to Loretto, I will support myself by the labour of my hands, that I may be purified from the disgrace of having condescended to rule him. (*She hurries off—the rest silently disperse.*)

ACT V.

Scene I.

Twilight; a room in Miller's *house.*

Louisa *sits silent and motionless in a dark corner of the room, her head reclining upon her hand. After a long pause,* Miller *enters with a lantern, the light of which he casts anxiously around the chamber, without observing* Louisa, *he then puts his hat on the table and sets down the lantern.*

Louisa, Miller.

Mill. She is not here either. No, she is not here! I have wandered through every street; I have sought her with every acquaintance; I have inquired at every door! No one has seen my child! (*A silence of some moments.*) Patience, poor unhappy father! Patience till morning; then perhaps the corpse of your only one may come floating to shore. Oh, God in heaven! What though my heart has hung too idolatrously upon this daughter, yet surely the punishment is severe! Heavenly Father! Surely it is severe! I will not murmur, Heavenly Father; but the punishment is indeed severe! (*Throws himself sorrowfully into a chair.*)

Louisa. (*without moving from her seat*) Thou dost well, wretched old man! Learn betimes to lose.

Mill. (*starts up eagerly*) Ah! art thou there, my child? Art thou there? But wherefore thus alone, and without a light?

Louisa. Yet am I not alone. When all things around me are dark and gloomy then have I the companionship which most I love.

MILL. God defend thee, my child! The worm of conscience alone wakes and watches with the owl; none shun the light but criminals and evil spirits.

LOUISA. And eternity, father, which speaks to the soul in solitude!.

MILL. Louisa, my child! What words are these?

LOUISA. (*rises, and comes forward*) I have fought a hard fight — you know it, father! but God gave me the strength! The fight is over! Father, our sex is called timid and weak; believe it no more! We tremble at a spider, but the black monster, corruption, we hug to our arms in sport! This for your edification, father. Your Louisa is merry.

MILL. I had rather you wept. It would please me better.

LOUISA. How I will outwit him, father! How I shall cheat the tyrant! Love is more crafty than malice, and bolder — he knew not that, the man of the unlucky star! Oh! they are cunning so long as they have but to do with the head; but when they have to grapple with the heart the villains are at fault. He thought to seal his treachery with an oath! Oaths, father, may bind the living, but death dissolves even the iron bonds of the sacrament! Ferdinand will learn to know his Louisa. Father, will you deliver this letter for me? Will you do me the kindness?

MILL. To whom, my child?

LOUISA. Strange question! Infinitude and my heart together had not space enough for a single thought but of him. To whom else should I write?

MILL. (*anxiously*) Hear me, Louisa! I must read this letter!

LOUISA. As you please, father! but you will not understand it. The characters lie there like inanimate corpses, and live but for the eye of love.

MILL. (*reading*) "You are betrayed, Ferdinand! An unparalleled piece of villainy has dissolved the

union of our hearts; but a dreadful vow binds my tongue, and your father has spies stationed upon every side. But, if thou hast courage, my beloved, I know a place where oaths no longer bind, and where spies cannot enter." (MILLER *stops short, and gazes upon her steadfastly.*)

LOUISA. Why that earnest look, father? Read what follows.

MILL. "But thou must be fearless enough to wander through a gloomy path with no other guides than God and thy Louisa. Thou must have no companion but love; leave behind all thy hopes, all thy tumultuous wishes — thou wilt need nothing on this journey but thy heart. Darest thou come; then set out as the bell tolls twelve from the Carmelite Tower. Dost thou fear; then erase from the vocabulary of thy sex's virtues the word courage, for a maiden will have put thee to shame." (MILLER *lays down the letter and fixes his eyes upon the ground in deep sorrow. At length he turns to* LOUISA, *and says, in a low, broken voice*) Daughter, where is that place?

LOUISA. Don't you know it, father? Do you really not know it? 'Tis strange! I have described it unmistakably! Ferdinand will not fail to find it.

MILL. Pray speak plainer!

LOUISA. I can think of no pleasing name for it just now! You must not be alarmed, father, if the name I give it has a terrible sound. That place, — oh! why has no lover invented a name for it! He would have chosen the softest, the sweetest — that place, my dear father — but you must not interrupt me — that place is — the grave!

MILL. (*staggering to a seat*) Oh, God!

LOUISA. (*hastens to him, and supports him*) Nay, father, be not alarmed! These are but terrors which hover round an empty word! Take away the name, and the grave will seem to be a bridal-bed over which

Aurora spreads her golden canopy and spring strews her fairest flowers. None but a groaning sinner pictures death as a skeleton; to others he is a gentle, smiling boy, blooming as the god of love, but not so false — a silent, ministering spirit who guides the exhausted pilgrim through the desert of eternity, unlocks for him the fairy palace of everlasting joy, invites him in with friendly smiles, and vanishes for ever!

MILL. What meanest thou, my child? Surely thou wilt not lay guilty hands on thine own life?

LOUISA. Speak not thus, father! To quit a community from which I am already rejected, to fly voluntarily to a place from which I cannot much longer be absent, is that a sin?

MILL. Suicide is the most horrible of sins, my child. 'Tis the only one that can never be repented, since death arrives at the moment the crime is committed.

LOUISA. (*stands motionless with horror*) That is dreadful! But my death will not be so sudden, father. I will spring into the river, and while the waters are closing over me, cry to the Almighty for mercy and forgiveness!

MILL. That is to say, you will repent the theft as soon as the treasure is secure! Daughter! Daughter! beware how you mock your God when you most need his help! Oh! you have gone far, far astray! You have forgotten the worship of your Creator, and he has withdrawn his protecting hand from you!

LOUISA. Is it, then, a crime to love, father?

MILL. So long as thou lovest God thou wilt never love man to idolatry. Thou hast bowed me down low, my only one! low! very low! perhaps to the grave! Yet will I not increase the sadness of thy heart. Daughter! I gave vent to my feelings as I entered. I thought myself alone! Thou hast overheard me! and why should I longer conceal the truth? Thou

wert my idol! Hear me, Louisa, if there is yet room in thy heart for a father's feelings. Thou wert my all! Of thine own thou hast nothing more to lose, but I have my all at stake! My life depends on thee! My hairs are turning gray, Louisa; they show that the time is drawing nigh with me when fathers look for a return of the capital invested in the hearts of their children. Wilt thou defraud me of this, Louisa? Wilt thou away and bear with thee all the wealth of thy father?

LOUISA. (*kissing his hand in the deepest emotion*) No, father, no! I go from this world deeply in your debt, and will repay you with usury in the world to come.

MILL. Beware, my child, lest thy reckoning should be false! (*Very earnestly and solemnly.*) Art thou certain that we shall meet in that world to come? Lo! how the colour fades from thy cheek! My child must feel that I can scarcely overtake her in that other world if she hurries there before me. (LOUISA *throws herself shuddering into his arms, he clasps her warmly to his bosom, and continues in a tone of fervent adjuration.*) Oh! Louisa! Louisa! Fallen, perhaps already lost, daughter! Treasure in thy heart the solemn counsels of a father! I cannot eternally watch over thee! I may snatch the dagger from thy hands; but thou canst let out life with a bodkin. I may remove poison from thy reach; but thou canst strangle thyself with a necklace. Louisa! Louisa! I can only warn thee. Wilt thou rush boldly forward till the perfidious phantom which lured thee on vanishes at the awful brink of eternity? Wilt thou dare approach the throne of the Omniscient with the lie on thy lips? "At thy call am I here, Creator!" while thy guilty eyes are in search only of their mortal idol! And when thou shalt see this perishable god of thine own creation, a worm like thee, writhing at the Almighty's feet;

when thou shalt hear him in the awful moment give the lie to thy guilty daring, and blast thy delusive hopes of eternal mercy, which the wretch implores in vain for himself; what then? (*Louder and more fervently.*) What then, unhappy one? (*He clasps her still closer to his bosom, and gazes upon her with wild and piercing looks; then suddenly disengages himself.*) I can do no more! (*Raising his right hand toward heaven.*) Immortal Judge, I can do no more to save this soul from ruin! Louisa, do what thou wilt. Offer up a sacrifice at the altar of this idolised youth that shall make thy evil genius howl for transport and thy good angels forsake thee in despair. Go on! Heap sin upon sin, — add to them this, the last, the heaviest, — and, if the scale be still too light, throw in my curse to complete the measure. Here is a knife; pierce thy own heart, and (*weeping aloud and rushing away*), and with it, thy father's!

LOUISA. (*following and detaining him*) Stay! stay! Oh! father, father! — to think that affection should wound more cruelly than a tyrant's rage! What shall I? — I cannot! — what must I do?

MILL. If thy lover's kisses burn hotter than thy father's tears — then die!

LOUISA. (*after a violent internal struggle, firmly*) Father! Here is my hand! I will — God! God! what am I doing! What would I? — father, I swear. Woe is me! Criminal that I am where'er I turn! Father, be it so! Ferdinand! God, look down upon the act! Thus I destroy the last memorial of him. (*Tearing the letter.*)

MILL. (*throwing himself in ecstasy upon her neck*) There spoke my daughter! Look up, my child! Thou hast lost a lover, but thou hast made a father happy. (*Embracing her, and alternately laughing and crying.*) My child! my child! I was not worthy to live so blest a moment! God knows how I, poor miserable sinner,

became possessed of such an angel! My Louisa! My paradise! Oh! I know but little of love; but that to rend its bonds must be a bitter grief I can well believe!

LOUISA. But let us hasten from this place, my father! Let us fly from the city, where my companions scoff at me, and my good name is lost for ever — let us away, far away, from a spot where every object tells of my ruined happiness, — let us fly if it be possible!

MILL. Whither thou wilt, my daughter! The bread of the Lord grows everywhere, and he will grant ears to listen to my music. Yes! we will fly and leave all behind. I will set the story of your sorrows to the lute, and sing of the daughter who rent her own heart to preserve her father's. We will beg with the ballad from door to door, and sweet will be the alms bestowed by the hand of weeping sympathy!

SCENE II.

The former; FERDINAND.

LOUISA. (*who perceives him first, throws herself shrieking into* MILLER'S *arms*) God! There he is! I am lost!

MILL. Who? Where?

LOUISA. (*points, with averted face, to the* MAJOR, *and presses closer to her father*) 'Tis he! 'Tis he! himself! Look round, father, look round! — he comes to murder me!

MILL. (*perceives him and starts back*) How, baron? You here?

FERD. (*approaches slowly, stands opposite to* LOUISA, *and fixes a stern and piercing look upon her. After a pause, he says*) Stricken conscience, I thank thee! Thy confession is dreadful, but swift and true, and spares

me the torment of an explanation! Good evening, Miller!

MILL. For God's sake! baron, what seek you? What brings you hither? What means this surprise?

FERD. I knew a time when the day was divided into seconds, when eagerness for my presence hung upon the weights of the tardy clock, and when every pulse-throb was counted until the moment of my coming. How is it that I now surprise?

MILL. Oh, leave us, leave us, baron! If but one spark of humanity still linger in your bosom; — if you seek not utterly to destroy her whom you profess to love, fly from this house, stay not one moment longer. The blessing of God deserted us when your foot first crossed its threshold. You have brought misery under a roof where all before was joy and happiness. Are you not yet content? Do you seek to deepen the wound which your fatal passion has planted in the heart of my only child?

FERD. Strange father, I have come to bring joyful tidings to your daughter.

MILL. Perchance fresh hopes, to add to her despair. Away, away, thou messenger of ill! Thy looks belie thy words.

FERD. At length the goal of my hopes appears in view! Lady Milford, the most fearful obstacle to our love, has this moment fled the land. My father sanctions my choice. Fate grows weary of persecuting us, and our propitious stars now blaze in the ascendant — I am come to fulfil my plighted troth, and to lead my bride to the altar.

MILL. Dost thou hear him, my child? Dost thou hear him mock at thy cheated hopes? Oh, truly, baron! It is so worthy of the deceiver to make a jest of his own crime!

FERD. You think I am jesting? By my honour I am not! My protestations are as true as the love of

my Louisa, and I will keep them as sacred as she has kept her oaths. Nothing to me is more sacred. Can you still doubt? Still no joyful blush upon the cheek of my fair bride? 'Tis strange! Falsehood must needs be here the current coin, since truth finds so little credit. You mistrust my words, it seems? Then read this written testimony. (*He throws* LOUISA *her letter to the* MARSHAL. *She opens it, and sinks upon the floor pale as death.*)

MILL. (*not observing this*) What can this mean, baron? I do not understand you.

FERD. (*leads him to* LOUISA) But your daughter has understood me well.

MILL. (*throws himself on his knees beside her*) Oh, God! my child!

FERD. Pale as a corpse! 'Tis thus your daughter pleases me the best. Your demure and virtuous daughter was never half so lovely as with that deathlike paleness. The blast of the day of judgment, which strips the varnish from every lie, has wafted the painted colours from her cheek, or the juggler might have cheated even the angels of light. This is her fairest countenance. Now for the first time do I see it in its truth. Let me kiss it. (*He approaches her.*)

MILL. Back! Away, boy! Trifle not with a father's feelings. I could not defend her from your caresses, but I can from your insults.

FERD. What wouldst thou, old man? With thee I have naught to do. Engage not in a game so irrevocably lost. Or hast thou, too, been wiser than I thought? Hast thou employed the wisdom of thy sixty years in pandering to thy daughter's amours, and disgraced those hoary locks with the office of a pimp? Oh! if it be not so, wretched old man, then lay thyself down and die. There is still time. Thou mayest breathe thy last in the sweet delusion, "I was a happy

father!" Wait but a moment longer and thine own hand will dash to her infernal home this poisonous viper; thou wilt curse the gift, and Him who gave it, and sink to the grave in blasphemy and despair. (*To* LOUISA.) Speak, wretched one, speak! Didst thou write this letter?

MILL. (*to* LOUISA, *impressively*) For God's sake, daughter, forget not! forget not!

LOUISA. Oh, father — that letter!

FERD. Oh! that it should have fallen into the wrong hands. Now blessed be the accident! It has effected more than the most consummate prudence, and will at the day of judgment avail more than the united wisdom of sages. Accident, did I say? Oh! Providence directs when a sparrow falls, why not when a devil is unmasked? But I will be answered! Didst thou write that letter?

MILL. (*to* LOUISA, *in a tone of entreaty*) Be firm, my child, be firm! But a single "Yes," and all will be over.

FERD. Excellent! excellent! The father, too, is deceived! All, all are deceived by her! Look, how the perfidious one stands there; even her tongue refuses participation in her last lie. I adjure thee by that God so terrible and true — didst thou write that letter?

LOUISA. (*after a painful struggle, with firmness and decision*) I did!

FERD. (*stands aghast*) No! As my soul liveth, thou hast lied. Even innocence itself, when extended on the rack, confesses crime which it never committed — I ask too passionately. Is it not so, Louisa? Thou didst but confess, because I asked passionately?

LOUISA. I confessed the truth!

FERD. No, I tell thee! No! no! Thou didst not write that letter! It is not like thy hand! And, even though it were, why should it be more difficult to

counterfeit a writing than to undo a heart? Tell me truly, Louisa! Yet no, no, do not! Thou mightest say yes again, and then I were lost for ever. A lie, Louisa! A lie! Oh! if thou didst but know one now — if thou wouldst utter it with that open angelic mien — if thou wouldst but persuade mine ear and eye, though it should deceive my heart ever so monstrously! Oh, Louisa! Then might truth depart in the same breath — depart from our creation, and the sacred cause itself henceforth bow her stiff neck to the courtly arts of deception.

LOUISA. By the Almighty God! by him who is so terrible and true! I did!

FERD. (*after a pause, with the expression of the most heartfelt sorrow*) Woman! Woman! With what a face thou standest now before me! Offer Paradise with that look, and even in the regions of the damned thou wilt find no purchaser. Didst thou know what thou wert to me, Louisa? Impossible! No! thou knewest not that thou wert my all — all! 'Tis a poor insignificant word! but eternity itself can scarcely circumscribe it. Within it systems of worlds can roll their mighty orbs. All! and to sport with it so wickedly. Oh, 'tis horrible.

LOUISA. Baron von Walter, you have heard my confession! I have pronounced my own condemnation! Now go! Fly from a house where you have been so unhappy.

FERD. 'Tis well! 'tis well! You see I am calm; calm, too, they say, is the shuddering land through which the plague has swept. I am calm. Yet ere I go, Louisa, one more request! It shall be my last. My brain burns with fever! I need refreshment! Will you make me some lemonade? [*Exit* LOUISA.

SCENE III.

FERDINAND *and* MILLER.

They both pace up and down without speaking, on opposite sides of the room.

MILL. (*standing still at length, and regarding the* MAJOR *with a sorrowful air*) Dear baron, perhaps it may alleviate your distress to say that I feel for you most deeply.

FERD. Enough of this, Miller. (*Silence again for some moments.*) Miller, I forget what first brought me to your house. What was the occasion of it?

MILL. How, baron? Don't you remember? You came to take lessons on the flute.

FERD. (*suddenly*) And I beheld his daughter! (*Another pause.*) You have not kept your faith with me, friend! You were to provide me with repose for my leisure hours; but you betrayed me and sold me scorpions. (*Observing* MILLER'S *agitation.*) Tremble not, good old man! (*falling deeply affected on his neck*) — the fault was none of thine!

MILL. (*wiping his eyes*) Heaven knows, it was not!

FERD. (*traversing the room, plunged in the most gloomy meditation*) Strange! Oh! beyond conception strange, are the Almighty's dealings with us! How often do terrific weights hang upon slender, almost invisible threads! Did man but know that he should eat death in a particular apple! Hem! Could he but know that! (*He walks a few more turns; then stops suddenly, and grasps* MILLER'S *hand with strong emotion.*) Friend, I have paid dearly for thy lessons — and thou, too, hast been no gainer — perhaps mayst even lose thy all. (*Quitting him dejectedly.*) Unhappy flute-playing, would that it never entered my brain!

MILL. (*striving to repress his feelings*) The lemonade is long in coming. I will inquire after it, if you will excuse me.

FERD. No hurry, dear Miller! (*Muttering to himself.*) At least to her father there is none. Stay here a moment. What was I about to ask you? Ay, I remember! Is Louisa your only daughter? Have you no other child?

MILL. (*warmly*) I have no other, baron, and I wish for no other. That child is my only solace in this world, and on her have I embarked my whole stock of affection.

FERD. (*much agitated*) Ha! Pray see for the drink, good Miller! [*Exit* MILLER.

SCENE IV.

FERDINAND *alone.*

FERD. His only child! Dost thou feel that, murderer? His only one! Murderer, didst thou hear, his only one? The man has nothing in God's wide world but his instrument and that only daughter! And wilt thou rob him of her?

Rob him? Rob a beggar of his last pittance? Break the lame man's crutch, and cast the fragments at his feet? How? Have I the heart to do this? And when he hastens home, impatient to reckon in his daughter's smiles the whole sum of his happiness; and when he enters the chamber, and there lies the rose — withered — dead — crushed — his last, his only, his sustaining hope. Ha! And when he stands before her, and all nature looks on in breathless horror, while his vacant eye wanders hopelessly through the gloom of futurity, and seeks God, but finds him nowhere, and then returns disappointed and despairing! Great God!

and has not my father, too, an only son? an only child, but not his only treasure. (*After a pause.*) Yet stay! What will the old man lose? She who could wantonly jest with the most sacred feelings of love, will she make a father happy? She cannot! She will not! And I deserve thanks for crushing this viper ere the parent feels its sting.

Scene V.

Miller *returning, and* Ferdinand.

Mill. You shall be served instantly, baron! The poor thing is sitting without, weeping as though her heart would break! Your drink will be mingled with her tears.

Ferd. 'Twere well for her were it only with tears! We were speaking of my lessons, Miller. (*Taking out a purse.*) I remember that I am still in your debt.

Mill. How? What? Go along with you, baron! What do you take me for? There is time enough for payment. Do not put such an affront on me; we are not together for the last time, please God.

Ferd. Who can tell? Take your money. It is for life or death.

Mill. (*laughing*) Oh! for the matter of that, baron! As regards that I don't think I should run much risk with you!

Ferd. You would run the greatest. Have you never heard that youths have died. That damsels and youths have died, the children of hope, the airy castles of their disappointed parents? What is safe from age and worms has often perished by a thunderbolt. Even your Louisa is not immortal.

Mill. God gave her to me.

Ferd. Hear me! I say to you your Louisa is not

immortal. That daughter is the apple of your eye; you hang upon her with your whole heart and soul. Be prudent, Miller! None but a desperate gamester stakes his all upon a single cast. The merchant would be called a madman who embarked his whole fortune in one ship. Think upon this, and remember that I warned you. But why do you not take your money?

MILL. How, baron, how? All that enormous purse? What can you be thinking of?

FERD. Upon my debt! There! (*Throws a heavy purse on the table; some gold drops out.*) I cannot hold the dross to eternity.

MILL. (*astonished*) Mercy on us! what is this? The sound was not of silver! (*Goes to the table and cries out in astonishment.*) In heaven's name, baron, what means this? What are you about? You must be out of your mind! (*Clasping his hands.*) There it lies! or I am bewitched. 'Tis damnable! I feel it now; the beauteous, shining, glorious heap of gold! No, Satan, thou shalt not catch my soul with this!

FERD. Have you drunk old wine, or new, Miller?

MILL. (*violently*) Death and furies! Look yourself, then. It is gold!

FERD. And what of that?

MILL. Let me implore you, baron! In the name of all the saints in heaven, I entreat you! It is gold!

FERD. An extraordinary thing, it must be admitted.

MILL. (*after a pause; addressing him with emotion*) Noble sir, I am a plain, straightforward man — do you wish to tempt me to some piece of knavery? — for, Heaven knows that so much gold cannot be got honestly!

FERD. (*moved*) Make yourself quite easy, dear Miller! You have well earned the money. God forbid that I should use it to the corruption of your conscience!

MILL. (*jumping about like a madman*) It is mine,

then! Mine indeed! Mine with the knowledge and consent of God! (*Hastening to the door.*) Daughter, wife, hurrah, come hither! (*Returning.*) But, for heaven's sake, how have I all at once deserved this awful treasure? How am I to earn it? How repay it, eh?

FERD. Not by your music lessons, Miller! With this gold do I pay you for (*stops suddenly, and shudders*) — I pay you — (*after a pause, with emotion*) — for my three months' unhappy dream of your daughter!

MILL. (*taking his hand and pressing it affectionately*) Most gracious sir! were you some poor and low-born citizen, and my daughter refused your love, I would pierce her heart with my own hands. (*Returning to the gold in a sorrowful tone.*) But then I shall have all, and you nothing — and I should have to give up all this glorious heap again, eh?

FERD. Let not that thought distress you, friend. I am about to quit this country, and in that to which I am journeying such coin is not current.

MILL. (*still fixing his eyes in transport on the money*) Mine, then, it remains? Mine? Yet it grieves me that you are going to leave us. Only just wait a little and you shall see how I'll come out! I'll hold up my head with the best of them. (*Puts on his hat with an air, and struts up and down the room.*) I'll give my lessons in the great concert-room, and won't I smoke away at the best *puyke varinas* — and, when you catch me again fiddling at the penny-hop, may the devil take me!

FERD. Stay, Miller! Be silent, and gather up your gold. (*Mysteriously.*) Keep silence only for this one evening, and do me the favour henceforward to give no more music lessons.

MILL. (*still more vehemently grasping his hand, full of inward joy*) And my daughter, baron! my daughter! (*Letting go.*) No, no! Money does not make the man

— whether I feed on vegetables or on partridges, enough is enough, and this coat will do very well as long as the sunbeams don't peep in at the elbows. To me money is mere dross. But my girl shall benefit by the blessing; whatever wish I can read in her eyes shall be gratified.

FERD. (*suddenly interrupting him*) Oh! silence! silence!

MILL. (*still more warmly*) And she shall learn to speak French like a born native, and to dance minuets, and to sing, so that people shall read of her in the newspapers; and she shall wear a cap like the judge's daughter, and a *kidebarri*,[1] as they call it; and the fiddler's daughter shall be talked of for twenty miles round.

FERD. (*seizing his hand in extreme agitation*) No more! no more! For God's sake be silent! Be silent but for this one night; 'tis the only favour I ask of you.

SCENE VI.

LOUISA *with a glass of lemonade; the former.*

LOUISA. (*her eyes swelled with weeping, and trembling voice, while she presents the glass to* FERDINAND) Tell me, if it be not to your taste.

FERD. (*takes the glass, places it on the table, and turns to* MILLER) Oh! I had almost forgotten! Good Miller, I have a request to make. Will you do me a little favour?

MILL. A thousand with pleasure! What are your commands?

FERD. My father will expect me at table. Unfortunately I am in very ill humour. 'Twould be insup-

[1] Meaning, no doubt, *Cul de Paris*, a bustle.

portable to me just now to mix in society. Will you go to my father and excuse my absence?

LOUISA. (*terrified, interrupts him hastily*) Oh, let me go!

MILL. Am I to see the president himself?

FERD. Not himself. Give your message to one of the servants in the antechamber. Here is my watch as a credential that I sent you. I shall be here when you return. You will wait for an answer.

LOUISA. (*very anxiously*) Cannot I be the bearer of your message?

FERD. (*to* MILLER, *who is going*) Stay — one thing more! Here is a letter to my father, which I received, this evening enclosed in one to myself. Perhaps on business of importance. You may as well deliver it at the same time.

MILL. (*going*) Very well, baron!

LOUISA. (*stopping him, and speaking in a tone of the most exquisite terror*) But, dear father, I could do all this very well! Pray let me go!

MILL. It is night, my child! and you must not venture out alone! [*Exit.*

FERD. Light your father down, Louisa. (LOUISA *takes a candle and follows* MILLER. FERDINAND *in the meantime approaches the table and throws poison into the lemonade*). Yes! she must die! The higher powers look down, and nod their terrible assent. The vengeance of Heaven subscribes to my decree. Her good angels forsake her, and leave her to her fate!

Scene VII.

Ferdinand *and* Louisa.

Louisa *re-enters slowly with the light, places it on the table, and stops on the opposite side of the room, her eyes fixed on the ground, except when she raises them to him with timid, stolen glances. He stands opposite, looking steadfastly on the earth — a long and deep silence.*

Louisa. If you will accompany me, Baron von Walter, I will try a piece on the harpsichord! (*She opens the instrument.* Ferdinand *makes no answer. A pause.*)

Louisa. You owe me a revenge at chess. Will you play a game with me, Baron von Walter? (*Another pause.*)

Louisa. I have begun the pocketbook, baron, which I promised to embroider for you. Will you look at the design? (*Still a pause.*)

Louisa. Oh! I am very wretched!

Ferd. (*without changing his attitude*) That may well be!

Louisa. It is not my fault, Baron von Walter, that you are so badly entertained!

Ferd. (*with an insulting laugh*) You are not to blame for my bashful modesty —

Louisa. I am quite aware that we are no longer fit companions. I confess that I was terrified when you sent away my father. I believe, Baron von Walter, that this moment is equally insupportable to us both. Permit me to ask some of my acquaintances to join us.

Ferd. Yes, pray do so! And I too will go and invite some of mine.

LOUISA. (*looking at him with surprise*) Baron von Walter!

FERD. (*very spitefully*) By my honour, the most fortunate idea that in our situation could ever enter mortal brain! Let us change this wearisome duet into sport and merriment, and, by the aid of certain gallantries, revenge ourselves on the caprices of love.

LOUISA. You are merry, Baron von Walter!

FERD. Oh! wonderfully so! The very street-boys would hunt me through the market-place for a merry-andrew! In fact, Louisa, your example has inspired me—you shall be my teacher. They are fools who prate of endless affection—never-ending sameness, grows flat and insipid—variety alone gives zest to pleasure. Have with you, Louisa, we are now of one mind. We will skip from amour to amour, whirl from vice to vice; you in one direction, I in another. Perhaps I may recover my lost tranquillity in some brothel. Perhaps, when our merry race is run, and we become two mouldering skeletons, chance again may bring us together with the most pleasing surprise, and we may, as in a melodrama, recognise each other by a common feature of disease—that mother whom her children can never disavow. Then, perhaps, disgust and shame may create that union between us which could not be effected by the most tender love.

LOUISA. Oh, Walter! Walter! Thou art already unhappy—wilt thou deserve to be so?

FERD. (*muttering passionately through his teeth*) Unhappy? Who told thee so? Woman, thou art too vile to have any feelings of thine own; how, then, canst thou judge of the feelings of others? Unhappy, did she say?—ha! that word would call my anger from the grave! She knew that I must become unhappy. Death and damnation! she knew it, and yet betrayed me! Look to it, serpent! That was thy only chance of forgiveness. This confession has condemned

thee. Till now I thought to palliate thy crime with thy simplicity, and in my contempt thou hadst well-nigh escaped my vengeance. (*Seizing the glass hastily.*) Thou wert not thoughtless, then—thou wert not simple—thou wert nor more nor less than a devil! (*He drinks.*) The drink is bad, like thy soul! Taste it!

LOUISA. Oh, heavens! 'Twas not without reason that I dreaded this meeting.

FERD. (*imperiously*) Drink! I say.

[LOUISA, *offended, takes the glass and drinks. The moment she raises the cup to her lips,* FERDINAND *turns away with a sudden paleness, and recedes to the farther corner of the chamber.*

LOUISA. The lemonade is good.

FERD. (*his face averted and shuddering*) Much good may it do thee!

LOUISA. (*sets down the glass*) Oh! could you but know, Walter, how cruelly you wrong me!

FERD. Indeed!

LOUISA. A time will come, Walter—

FERD. (*advancing*) Oh! we have done with time.

LOUISA. When the remembrance of this evening will lie heavy on your heart!

FERD. (*begins to walk to and fro more vehemently, and to become more agitated; he throws away his sash and sword*) Farewell the prince's service!

LOUISA. My God! what mean you!

FERD. I am hot, and oppressed. I would be more at ease.

LOUISA. Drink! drink! it will cool you.

FERD. That it will, most effectually. The strumpet, though, is kind-hearted! Ay, ay, so are they all!

LOUISA. (*rushing into his arms with the deepest expression of love*) That to thy Louisa, Ferdinand?

FERD. (*thrusting her from him*) Away! away!

Hence with those soft and melting eyes! they subdue me. Come to me, snake, in all thy monstrous terrors! Spring upon me, scorpion! Display thy hideous folds, and rear thy proud coils to heaven! Stand before my eyes, hateful as the abyss of hell e'er saw thee! but not in that angel form! Take any shape but that! 'Tis too late! I must crush thee like a viper, or despair! Mercy on thy soul!

LOUISA. Oh! that it should come to this!

FERD. (*gazing on her*) So fair a work of the heavenly artist! Who would believe it? Who can believe it? (*Taking her hand and elevating it.*) I will not arraign thy ordinations, oh! incomprehensible Creator! Yet wherefore didst thou pour thy poison into such beauteous vessels? Can crime inhabit so fair a region? Oh! 'tis strange! 'tis passing strange!

LOUISA. To hear this, and yet be compelled to silence!

FERD. And that soft, melodious voice! How can broken chords discourse such harmony? (*Gazing rapturously upon her figure.*) All so lovely! so full of symmetry! so divinely perfect! Throughout the whole such signs that 'twas the favourite work of God! By heaven, as though all mankind had been created but to practise the Creator, ere he modelled this his masterpiece! And that the Almighty should have failed in the soul alone! Is it possible that this monstrous abortion of nature should have escaped as perfect? (*Quitting her hastily.*) Or did God see an angel's form rising beneath his chisel, and balance the error by giving her a heart wicked in proportion?

LOUISA. Alas for this criminal wilfulness! Rather than confess his own rashness, he accuses the wisdom of Heaven!

FERD. (*falls upon her neck, weeping bitterly*) Yet once more, my Louisa! Yet once again, as on the day of our first kiss, when you faltered forth the name of

Ferdinand, and the first endearing "Thou!" trembled on thy burning lips. Oh! a harvest of endless and unutterable joys seemed to me at that moment to be budding forth. There lay eternity like a bright May-day before our eyes; thousands of golden years, fair as brides, danced around our souls. Then was I so happy! Oh! Louisa! Louisa! Louisa! Why hast thou used me thus?

LOUISA. Weep, Walter, weep! Your compassion will be more just toward me than your wrath.

FERD. You deceive yourself. These are not nature's tears! not that warm delicious dew which flows like balsam on the wounded soul, and drives the chilled current of feeling swiftly along its course. They are solitary ice-cold drops! the awful, eternal farewell of my love! (*With fearful solemnity, laying his hand on her head.*) They are tears for thy soul, Louisa! tears for the Deity, whose inexhaustible beneficence has here missed its aim, and whose noblest work is cast away thus wantonly. Oh! methinks the whole universe should clothe itself in black, and weep at the fearful example now passing in its centre. 'Tis but a common sorrow when mortals fall and Paradise is lost; but, when the plague extends its ravages to angels, then should there be wailing throughout the whole creation!

LOUISA. Drive me not to extremities, Walter. I have fortitude equal to most, but it must not be tried by a more than human test. Walter! one word, and then — we part for ever. A dreadful fatality has deranged the language of our hearts. Dared I unclose these lips, Walter, I could tell thee things! I could — But cruel fate has alike fettered my tongue and my heart, and I must endure in silence, even though you revile me as a common strumpet.

FERD. Dost thou feel well, Louisa?

LOUISA. Why that question?

FERD. It would grieve me shouldst thou be called hence with a lie upon thy lips.

LOUISA. I implore you, Walter —

FERD. (*in violent agitation*) No! no! That revenge were too satanic! No! God forbid! I will not extend my anger beyond the grave! Louisa, didst thou love the marshal? Thou wilt leave this room no more!

LOUISA. (*sitting down*) Ask what you will. I shall give no answer.

FERD. (*in a solemn voice*) Take heed for thy immortal soul! Louisa! Didst thou love the marshal? Thou wilt leave this room no more!

LOUISA. I shall give no answer.

FERD. (*throwing himself on his knees before her in the deepest emotion*) Louisa! Didst thou love the marshal? Before this light burns out — thou wilt stand — before the throne of God!

LOUISA. (*starting from her seat in terror*) Merciful Jesus! what was that? And I feel so ill! (*She falls back into her chair.*)

FERD. Already? Oh, woman, thou eternal paradox! thy delicate nerves can sport with crimes at which manhood trembles; yet one poor grain of arsenic destroys them utterly!

LOUISA. Poison! poison! Oh! Almighty God!

FERD. I fear it is so! Thy lemonade was seasoned in hell! Thou hast pledged death in the draught!

LOUISA. To die! To die! All-merciful God! Poison in my drink! And to die! Oh! have mercy on my soul, thou Father in heaven!

FERD. Ay, be that thy chief concern: I will join thee in that prayer.

LOUISA. And my mother! My father, too! Saviour of the world! My poor forlorn father! Is there then no hope? And I so young, and yet no hope? And must I die so soon?

FERD. There is no hope! None! — you are already doomed! But be calm. We shall journey together.

LOUISA. Thou too, Ferdinand? Poison, Ferdinand! From thee! Oh! God forgive him! God of mercy, lay not this crime on him!

FERD. Look to your own account. I fear it stands but ill.

LOUISA. Ferdinand! Ferdinand! Oh! I can be no longer silent. Death — death absolves all oaths. Ferdinand! Heaven and earth contain nothing more unfortunate than thou! I die innocent, Ferdinand!

FERD. (*terrified*) Ah! What do I hear? Would she rush into the presence of her Maker with a lie on her lips?

LOUISA. I lie not! I do not lie! In my whole life I never lied but once! Ugh! what an icy shivering creeps through my veins! When I wrote that letter to the marshal.

FERD. Ha! That letter! Blessed be God! Now I am myself again!

LOUISA. (*her voice every moment becomes more indistinct. Her fingers tremble with a convulsive motion*) That letter! Prepare yourself for a terrible disclosure! My hand wrote what my heart abhorred. It was dictated by your father! (*Ferdinand stands like a statue petrified with horror. After a long silence, he falls upon the floor as if struck by lightning.*) Oh! that sorrowful act! — Ferdinand — I was compelled — forgive me — thy Louisa would have preferred death — but my father — his life in danger! They were so crafty in their villainy.

FERD. (*starting furiously from the ground*) God be thanked! The poison spares me yet! (*He seizes his sword.*)

LOUISA. (*growing weaker by degrees*) Alas! what would you? He is thy father!

FERD. (*in the most ungovernable fury*) A mur-

derer — the murderer of his son; he must along with us that the Judge of the world may pour his wrath on the guilty alone. (*Hastening away.*)

LOUISA. My dying Redeemer pardoned his murderers, — may God pardon thee and thy father! (*She dies.*)

FERD. (*turns quickly round, and perceives her in the convulsions of death, throws himself distractedly on the body*) Stay! stay! Fly not from me, angel of light! (*Takes her hand, but lets it fall again instantly.*) Cold! cold and damp! her soul has flown! (*Starting up suddenly.*) God of my Louisa! Mercy! Mercy for the most accursed of murderers! Such was her dying prayer! How fair, how lovely even in death! The pitying destroyer has touched gently on those heavenly features. That sweetness was no mask — the hand of death even has not removed it! (*After a pause.*) But how is this? why do I feel nothing? Will the vigour of my youth save me? Thankless care! That shall it not. (*He seizes the glass.*)

SCENE VIII.

FERDINAND, *the* PRESIDENT, WORM, *and* SERVANTS, *who all rush in alarm into the room. Afterward* MILLER, *with a crowd, and Officers of Justice, who assemble in the background.*

PRES. (*an open letter in his hand*) My son! what means this? I never can believe —

FERD. (*throwing the glass at his feet*) Convince thyself, murderer! (*The* PRESIDENT *staggers back. All stand speechless. A dreadful pause.*)

PRES. My son! Why hast thou done this?

FERD. (*without looking at him*) Why, to be sure! I ought first to have asked the statesman whether the

trick suited his cards. Admirably fine and skilful, I confess, was the scheme of jealousy to break the bond of our hearts! The calculation shows a master-mind; 'twas pity only that indignant love would not move on wires like thy wooden puppets.

PRES. (*looking round the circle with rolling eyes*) Is there no one here who weeps for a despairing father?

MILL. (*calling behind the scenes*) Let me in! For God's sake, let me in!

FERD. She is now a saint in heaven! Her cause is in the hands of another! (*He opens the door for* MILLER, *who rushes in, followed by Officers of Justice and a crowd of people.*)

MILL. (*in the most dreadful alarm*) My child! My child! Poison, they cry — poison has been here! My daughter! Where art thou?

FERD. (*leading him between the* PRESIDENT *and* LOUISA'S *corpse*) I am innocent. Thank this man for the deed.

MILL. (*throwing himself on the body*) Oh, Jesus!

FERD. In few words, father! — they begin to be precious to me. I have been robbed of my life by villainous artifice — robbed of it by you! How I may stand with God I tremble to think, but a deliberate villain I have never been! Be my final judgment what it will, may it not fall on thee! But I have committed murder! (*In a loud and fearful voice.*) A murder whose weight thou canst not hope that I should drag alone before the judgment-seat of God. Here I solemnly bequeath to thee the heaviest, the bloodiest, part; how thou mayst answer it be that thy care! (*Leading him to* LOUISA.) Here, barbarian! Feast thine eyes on the terrible fruits of thy intrigues! Upon this face thy name is inscribed in the convulsions of death, and will be registered by the destroying angel! May a form like this draw thy curtain when thou

sleepest, and grasp thee with its clay-cold hand! May a form like this flit before thy soul when thou diest, and drive away thy expiring prayer for mercy! May a form like this stand by thy grave at the resurrection, and before the throne of God when he pronounces thy doom! (*He faints, the servants receive him in their arms.*)

PRES. (*extending his arms convulsively toward heaven.*) Not from me, Judge of the world. Ask not these souls from me, but from him! (*Pointing to* WORM.)

WORM. (*starting*) From me?

PRES. Accursed villain, from thee! From thee, Satan! Thou gavest the serpent's counsel! thine be the responsibility; their blood be not on my head, but on thine!

WORM. On mine! on mine! (*Laughing hysterically.*) Oh! Excellent! Now I understand the gratitude of devils. On mine, thou senseless villain! Was he *my* son? Was *I* thy master? Mine the responsibility? Ha! by this sight which freezes the very marrow in my bones! Mine it shall be! I will brave destruction, but thou shalt perish with me. Away! Away! Cry murder in the streets! Awaken justice! Bind me, officers! Lead me hence! I will discover secrets which shall make the hearer's blood run cold. (*Going.*)

PRES. (*detaining him*) Surely, madman, thou wilt not dare?

WORM. (*tapping him on the shoulder*) I will, though, comrade, I will! I am mad, 'tis true; but my madness is thy work, and now I will act like a madman! Arm in arm with thee will I to the scaffold! Arm in arm with thee to hell! Oh! how it tickles my fancy, villain, to be damned with thee! (*The Officers carry him off.*)

MILL. (*who has lain upon* LOUISA'S *corpse in silent anguish, starts suddenly up, and throws the purse be-*

fore the MAJOR'S *feet*) Poisoner, take back thy accursed gold! Didst thou think to purchase my child with it? (*Rushes distractedly out of the chamber.*)

FERD. (*in a voice scarcely audible*) Follow him! He is desperate. The gold must be taken care of for his use; 'tis the dreadful acknowledgment of my debt to him. Louisa, I come! Farewell! On this altar let me breathe my last.

PRES. (*recovering from his stupor*) Ferdinand! my son! Not one last look for a despairing father? (FERDINAND *is laid by the side of* LOUISA.)

FERD. My last must sue to God for mercy on myself.

PRES. (*falling down before him in the most dreadful agony*) The Creator and the created abandon me! Not one last look to cheer me in the hour of death! (FERDINAND *stretches out his trembling hand to him, and expires.*)

PRES. (*springing up*) He forgave me! (*To the Officers*) Now, lead on, sirs! I am your prisoner.

[*Exit, followed by the Officers; the curtain falls.*

THE END